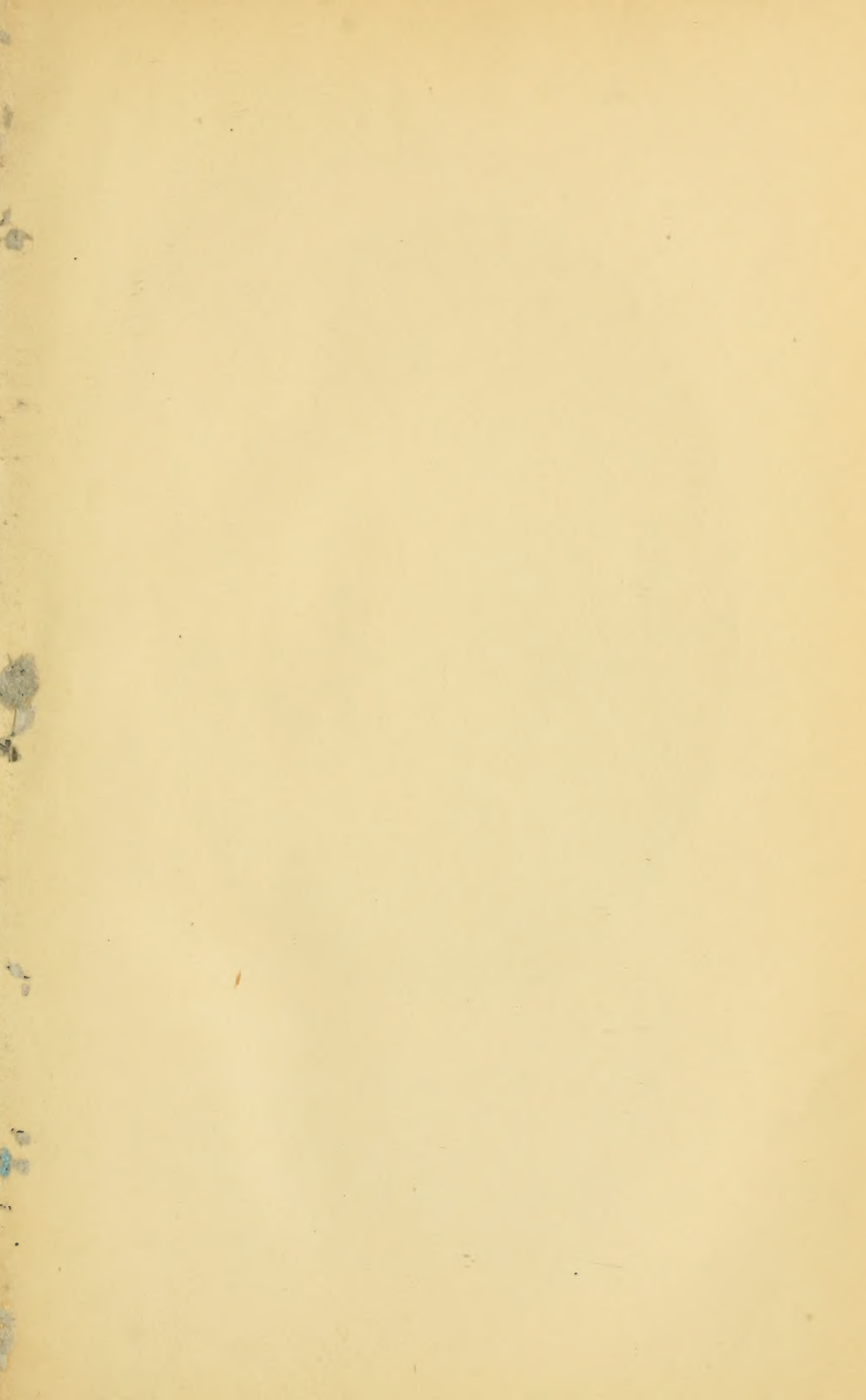
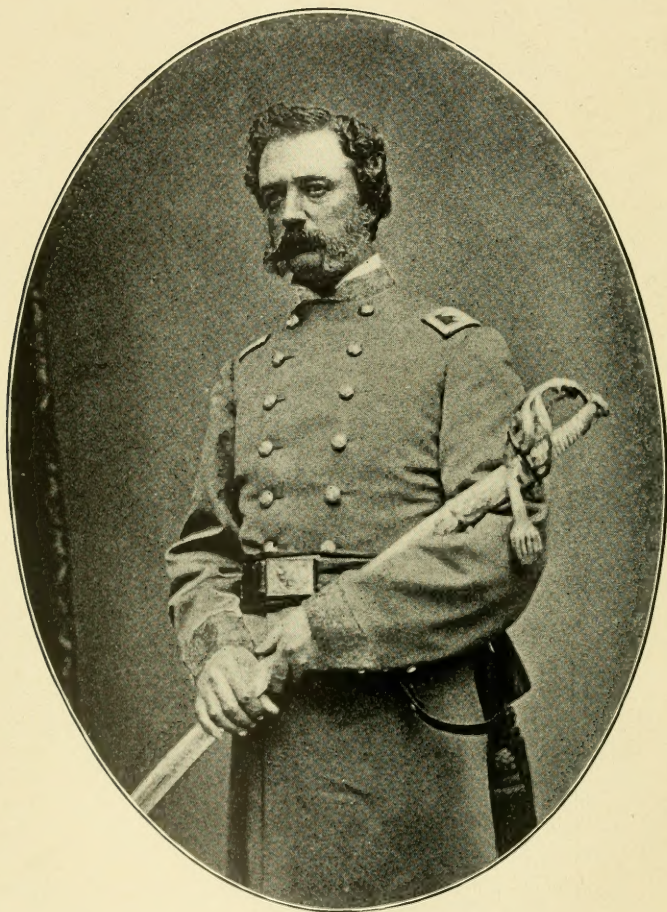


HISTORY
of the
118TH REGT. P. V.
CORN EXCHANGE





Charles M. Prevost

Col. 118th Regt. P. V.
Brevet-Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols.

HISTORY
OF THE
118th Pennsylvania
Volunteers

CORN EXCHANGE REGIMENT

FROM THEIR FIRST ENGAGEMENT AT

ANTIETAM TO APPOMATTOX

TO WHICH IS ADDED A RECORD OF ITS ORGANIZATION AND A
COMPLETE ROSTER. FULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH
MAPS, PORTRAITS, AND OVER ONE
HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

—WITH ADDENDA—

Pennsylvania infantry 118th regt.

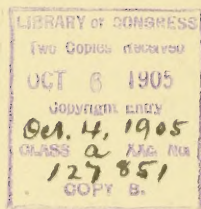
BY THE SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION

118TH (CORN EXCHANGE) REGT., P. V.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.:
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1905

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TO THE
CORN EXCHANGE ASSOCIATION,
NOW
THE COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE

OF PHILADELPHIA,

WHOSE LOYALTY AND GENEROSITY CALLED THE 118TH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS INTO EXISTENCE:

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE REGIMENT WHOSE
VALOR AND PATRIOTISM MADE ITS HISTORY: AND
TO THE FAMILIES OF ITS DEAD HEROES,

This Volume,

WHICH RECORDS ITS GALLANT SERVICE AND BRAVE DEEDS IN THE
CAUSE OF AN IMPERILLED COUNTRY,

Is Dedicated.

Our List of 39 Engagements.

ANTIETAM, SHEPHERDSTOWN,
FREDERICKSBURG, CHANCELLORSVILLE,
ALDIE, GETTYSBURG,
WAPPING HEIGHTS, BRANDY STATION,
BRISTOE STATION, RAPPAHANNOCK STATION,
MINE RUN, WILDERNESS,
SPOTTSYLVANIA, LAUREL HILL,
PO RIVER, TODD'S TAVERN,
JERICHO'S MILL, PEACH ORCHARD,
NORTH ANNA, HARRIS' FARM,
TOLOPOTOMY CREEK, MAGNOLIA SWAMP,
BETHESDA CHURCH, COLD HARBOR,
NORFOLK RAILROAD, JERUSALEM PLANK ROAD,
PETERSBURG, WELDON RAILROAD,
PEEBLE'S FARM, including Storming of Fort McRae.
PEGRAM'S FARM, CHAPEL HOUSE,
HATCHER'S RUN, RAID ON WELDON R. R.,
DAENEY'S MILLS, LEWIS'S FARM,
BOYDTON PLANK ROAD, GRAVELLY RUN,
FIVE FORKS, APPOMATTOX.

PREFACE.

IN this History, thirty years after, we fight our battles over again.

It is not a labor, but a pleasure. Nothing delights an old soldier so much as to live again in the stirring scenes, and on the battle-fields. But in these pages we do not pretend to write the history of the war. We only give sketches and incidents that came under the observation of the privates in the ranks. Of course the histories are all correct. They tell of achievements of great men who wear the laurels of victory, have great honor conferred on them, high positions in civil life.

Ponderous histories of the war have been written in which the generals were giants and the privates pygmies. But we believe that it was the patriotism and the sturdy valor of the private soldier that triumphed, rather than the skill and courage of the generals.

This book will tell of the men who did the drilling, standing guard and picket-duty, built breast-works, corduroy roads, stood firm when bullet, shot and shell were doing their deadly work, and making gaps in the line; who were wounded and killed for their love of Union. This book tells of these men, who drew thirteen dollars a month, rations, and the ramrod.

We only describe what we saw in an infantry regiment. We write entirely from notes taken at the time and letters sent home then and answered. You must remember that these

things happened thirty years ago—a long time in a man's life. Every man who clung to his regiment became a living part of it, and of its history. This volume is the life of the 118th.

To bring the past back clearly and vividly its scenes and events must be recalled. Many of the facts and incidents are drawn from the letters sent home of officers and men of the regiment. Notable among those who have assisted are: General Charles P. Herring, Surgeon Joseph Thomas, Major Joseph Ashbrook, Sergeant Alfred Layman, Sergeant Samuel Nugent, L. Teal and Captain N. D. Preston.

Thanks are due Sergeant Thomas J. Hyatt for revising the manuscript and adding a number of interesting and humorous incidents, as well as for the reliable picture of life in the prison-pens of the South from his actual experience and observation.

To Private Henry H. Hodges is due acknowledgment for his preparation of the admirable roster.

Acknowledgments are due to Col. John P. Nicholson; Col. George Meade; Major Thomas Ward, Asst. Adjt.-Gen. U. S. A.; ex-Senator A. G. Cattell; Col. O. L. Pruden, and Capt. I. W. Heysinger, M.A., M.D.

Many works have been consulted; among them are: Humphrey's "Virginia Campaign of 1864-65;" Doubleday's "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg;" Palfrey's "Antietam and Fredericksburg;" Lt.-Col. Wm. F. Fox's "Regimental Losses;" Gen. Walker's "Second Corps;" Parker's (History of) "22d Mass. Regiment," and Lt.-Col. Wm. H. Powell's "History of the Fifth Army Corps."

In addition to the above, much matter of an important character from the hitherto unpublished manuscripts of Generals Warren, Griffin and Chamberlain on the later campaigns of the war, has been added.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT is peculiarly agreeable to me to have this opportunity of bearing testimony to the soldierly character and honorable service of the 118th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers.

It was my good fortune to be more or less intimately associated with this regiment during its entire career in the field. On many occasions of special service, and at last permanently, it was in my own command. I had therefore opportunity to observe and occasion to test its qualities.

I was witness of the terrible initiation into the realities of war, which precipitated itself like an avalanche upon this gallant regiment within three weeks from its muster into the service, where, by the force of manly character which well supplied the place of long discipline, and by the principle of *noblesse oblige* which recalls the times of chivalry, it held its front against desperate odds and at fearful cost, long after the rules of war, and even the orders of the division commander, permitted it to retire with honor. This conduct won for it, while as yet almost the junior regiment in the corps, that respect which veterans give only to veterans.

I need only say that its whole career confirmed the prestige of this beginning.

The history of this regiment affords a notable instance of that strange and hitherto unexplained phenomenon so frequent in the experiences of our civil war, that those reared amidst

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what are supposed to be the enervating influences of city life, when suddenly summoned to the privations and hardships of war, grew stronger under the test, and in multitudes of instances even surpassed in endurance and persistence of physical force men inured to outdoor toil, and whose stalwart and muscular forms on their appearance in the field made them seem invincible.

But whatever may be the hidden physiological law shadowed forth in this, the record of this regiment gave ample illustration of those other truths made clear in days of trial, that "blood tells"—that virtue is manhood, and valor, worth.

It was a fitting consummation of this faithful and gallant service that this regiment was one of those which won the triumphant privilege of forming that last line of battle before which Lee's army laid down the arms and colors of its surrendered cause.

These words are written for the brave men held in cherished memory and undying affection by one who shared with them the sufferings and glories of the field, following, or rather bearing forward, the blood-red cross which made way for the Nation's flag.

And I bespeak of the readers of this history that appreciative interest which is due to those who for the well-being of their country pledged and imperilled all that life holds dear, and in this devotion gave proof that there are things nobler than pleasure and greater than self, which men and women count worthy of bravest endeavor and supreme sacrifice.

JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN.

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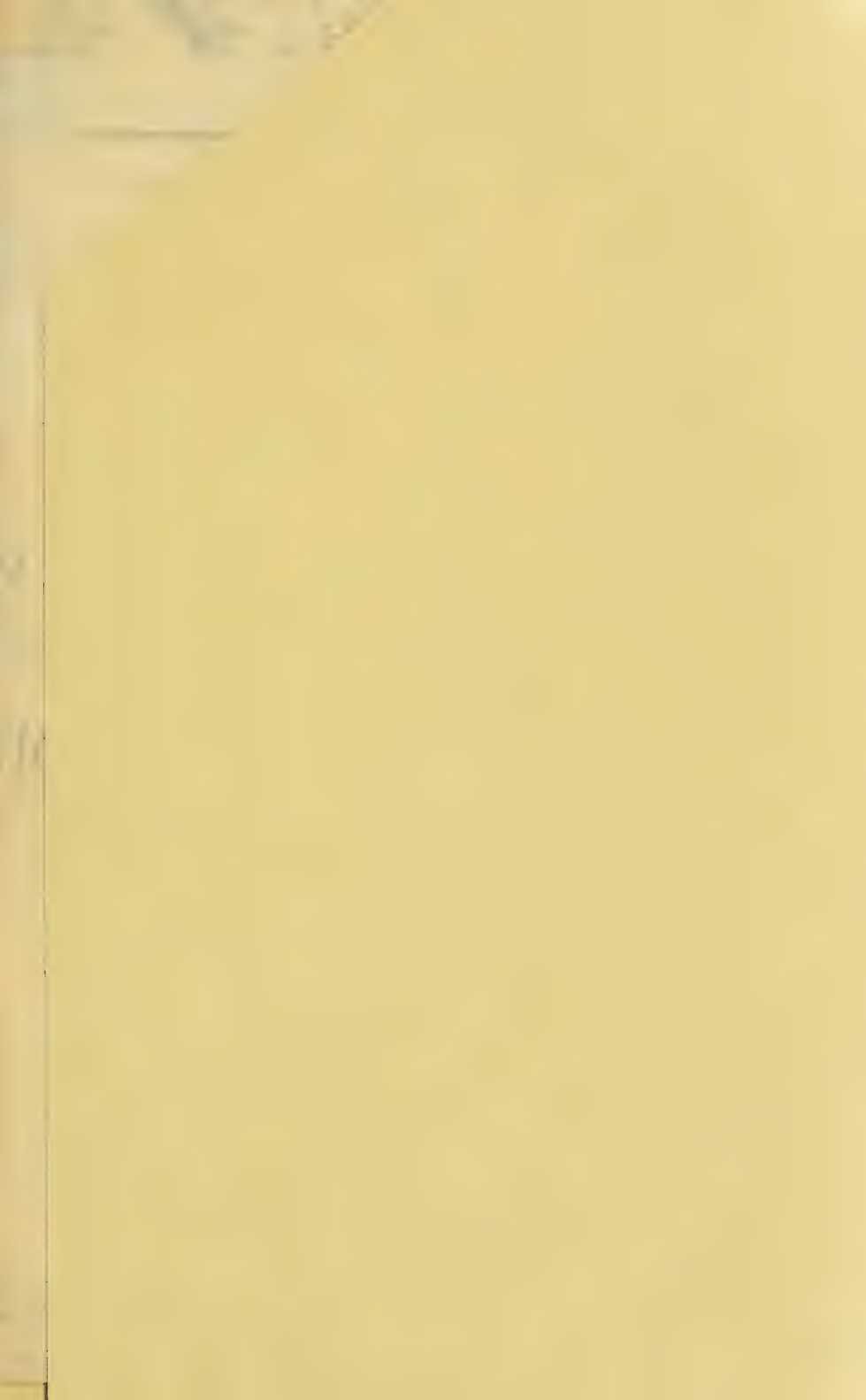
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MAP

OF THE REGION
Between

GETTYSBURG AND APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA.

SHOWING THE BATTLE FIELDS AND ILLUSTRATING
THE MARCHES OF THE

118TH REGT. PENN'A. VOL'S.

PREPARED FOR THIS WORK FROM THE

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT MAP

based on Surveys made by

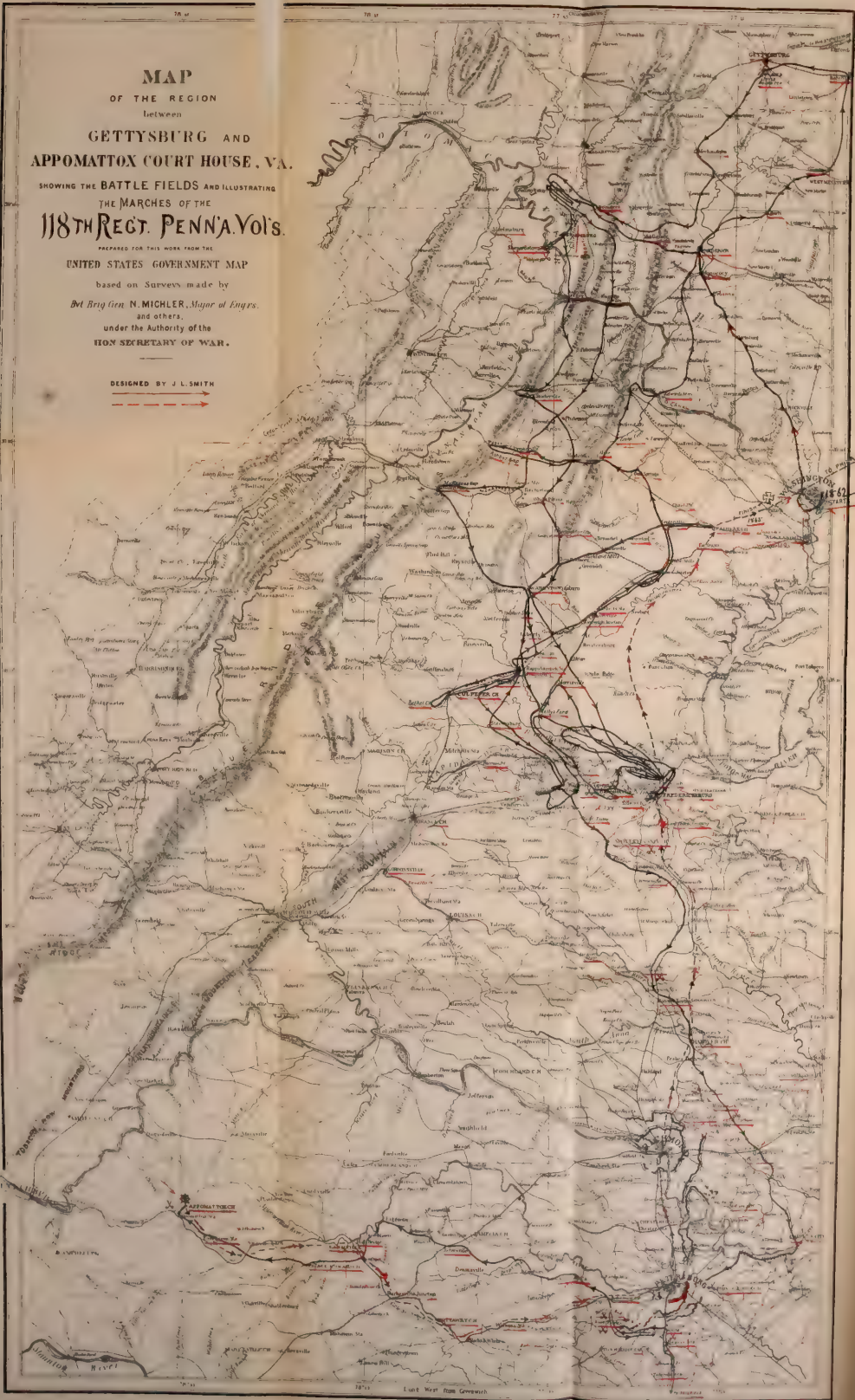
Bvt Brig Gen N. MICHLER, Major of Eng'rs.

and others,

under the Authority of the

WAR SECRETARY OF WAR.

DESIGNED BY J. L. SMITH



Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5

HISTORY

OF THE

118TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS

CHAPTER I.

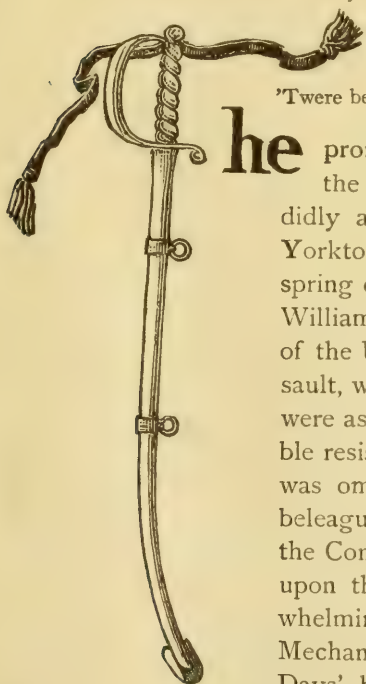
ORGANIZATION—CAMP UNION—FORTS ALBANY AND COCHRAN.

AND blessed is a country with stout hearts like these;

The tramp of her armies is swelling
the breeze.

They rush to her rescue, their lives
freely give—

'Twere better to die than in bondage to live.



he promising results anticipated from the majestic advance of the splendidly appointed Potomac Army from Yorktown to the Chickahominy in the spring of 1862 were speedily dissipated. Williamsburg had tested the capacity of the Union soldiery for vigorous assault, while Fair Oaks and Seven Pines were assurances of ability for indomitable resistance. Then for a month there was ominous quiet, while the lines of beleaguerment were maintained about the Confederate capital, when suddenly upon the exposed right fell the overwhelming shock of Gaines' Mill and Mechanicsville. The famous Seven-Days' battles followed, with all their

valor and all their fatalities, and concluding resultlessly at Malvern Hill, the leaguers went a-summering on the banks of the James.

An anxious people viewed the situation with alarm. The Government, stirred to renewed activities, called again upon the gallant North to recuperate the depleted ranks of her sorely-pressed soldiers. Disaster had not abated enthusiasm, nor failure diminished zeal. Emergencies are the opportunities of heroes, and the patriotic freemen of the North, the East and the West again promptly responded with their sturdy volunteers. It was this condition of public sentiment that gave birth to the 118th Pennsylvania.

The Corn Exchange of Philadelphia, now better known by the more significant name of the Commercial Exchange, was composed of a membership conspicuous for their loyalty to the Union and their zeal and liberality in sustaining the Government in all its efforts to put down the Rebellion.

On the morning of the 15th of April, 1861, when the telegraphic announcement had reached the North of South Carolina's defiant insult to the American flag by opening fire on Fort Sumter, the busy hum and bustle of the every-day life of the association was arrested to give voice to their indignation. The members gathered around the speaker's rostrum with anxious faces and sorrowing hearts, and after some preliminary proceedings, including stirring addresses by Alexander G. Cattell and others, it was unanimously resolved "that the Room Committee be instructed to purchase immediately and cause to be extended the insulted and still-beloved flag of the United States in front of their building, and to keep it flying there under all circumstances until the Rebellion was subdued."

Upon the minute-book of the association of that day may be found the following preamble and resolution, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Armed rebellion has raised its hand against the Government of the United States, and is now engaged in infamous outrages upon the honor, integrity and safety of our beloved country; and,

WHEREAS, It is the duty of all true men, in a crisis like the present, to express their devotion to the sacred cause of their country, and their firm determination never to abandon her to her enemies; therefore

Resolved, That the Corn Exchange Association, in the manifestation of their unreserved and entire sympathy with the administration in this trying hour, and of their earnest desire to do all that men may do in behalf of their country, do now instruct their Room Committee to purchase immediately, and cause to be extended, the insulted but still beloved flag of the United States in front of their building before sunset, and to keep it flying there under all circumstances.

Both the letter and spirit of this resolution were faithfully kept. Before the sun had sunk behind the western hills, the old flag was waving in the breeze, and there it continued to wave, in sunshine and in storm, through summer's heat and winter's cold, until its honor was vindicated and its supremacy and rightful authority were recognized all over the land.

Nor did this patriotic commercial body stop with sentiment, patriotic and assertive as it was. In the first year of the war its generous treasury was lavish with contributions, and its individual members were liberal with their private means to sustain the Government, and aid the soldier to meet the emergencies the country had been so unexpectedly called upon to encounter.

In the summer of 1862, still fervent in its unflinching loyalty, and abreast with the time, the Corn Exchange resolved, as its response to the call for three hundred thousand volunteers, that it would give its money and lend its strength and influence to furnish an entire regiment of Pennsylvania soldiers, to discharge in part the obligation put upon the good old Commonwealth by this other call for troops.

At a meeting of the association held July 24, 1862, the following action was taken, as appears by the minutes of that day. Mr. Cattell offered the following :

WHEREAS, Some of the members have taken the preparatory steps towards the organization of a regiment, under the auspices of this Association, and have indicated for the colonel of said regiment Captain C. M. Prevost, a gentleman and a soldier; and

WHEREAS, The Governor of the Commonwealth has signified his great pleasure in view of our proposed action; therefore be it

Resolved, That this Association, declaring their undying devotion to the country, and their willingness to bear their full proportion of the duties which now devolve on every good citizen, hereby pledge themselves to give their sympathy, aid and co-operation to the prompt formation of a regiment, to be commanded by Captain C. M. Prevost.

Resolved, That to carry out this purpose a committee of twenty-one be appointed by the chairman, to collect, by voluntary subscription, the amount of means necessary to organize said regiment, and to consult with and aid in all proper ways the officers that may be selected to put the regiment in fighting trim.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting, that the duty of the hour requires of all loyal and true men to aid, by their influence, their counsel and means, the prompt enlistment of Pennsylvania's proportion of the new call for troops.

The preamble and resolutions, as read, were unanimously adopted.

It was also moved by Mr. James, and seconded by Mr. Budd, that the funds in the hands of the treasurer of the association be contributed to the above object, which was also adopted unanimously.

In accordance with these resolutions, a committee of twenty-one of the most substantial members of the association were appointed at this meeting to further and insure the project—and most successfully did they fulfil their mission. The names of the gentlemen composing the committee were as follows :

ALEXANDER G. CATTELL, *Chairman*.

CHARLES KNECHT,	EDWARD G. JAMES,	SAMUEL L. WARD,
JOSEPH W. MILLER,	PHILIP B. MINGLE,	ALEXANDER J. DERBYSHIRE,
SAMUEL L. WITMER,	JOB IVINS,	JOSIAH BRYAN,
JAMES STEEL,	HENRY WINSOR,	W. DUKE MURPHY,
SAMUEL F. HARTRANFT,	ARCHIBALD GETTY,	JAMES BARRATT, JR.,
HENRY BUDD,	LEWIS G. MYTINGER,	FRANK K. SHEPPARD.
GEORGE A. MCKINSTRY,	HUGH CRAIG,	

The committee entered at once upon the work assigned them with great zeal and energy. They offered a large special bounty in addition to that given by the Government, with other inducements, to secure a high grade of volunteers, and in the incredibly short period of thirty days a regiment numbering nine hundred and sixty men had been recruited, officered and drilled at Camp Union, on the banks of the Schuylkill—had broken its camp of recruitment, and was on its way to the front to do its part to meet the then impending crisis in the nation's fate.

Each private of the regiment was provided with a rubber blanket, and many other articles of convenience and comfort

for the soldier, at the expense of the association, and it is questionable whether any regiment that went to the front during the war was more generously provided with all things needed to minister to the comfort of the private soldier.

From the inception of the work to its close, when this magnificent regiment, fully and elegantly equipped, left for the field, the chairman and other members of the committee gave almost their entire time to the work, not only devoting the hours of the day but often the entire night in pushing forward and perfecting their arrangements. The chairman of the committee, Alexander G. Cattell, an earnest and efficient supporter of the Union cause from the beginning of the war, who was afterwards United States Senator from New Jersey, was conspicuous in the work of the committee. Giving up attention to his private business almost entirely, he could be found at almost any hour of the day or night, either at the rooms of the committee, or at the recruiting stations, or the camp, pressing forward the work of recruiting and organization. Indeed, so marked were his services, that he acquired the honor of being called the "Father of the Regiment," and his interest in the "Survivors' Association" thereof, of which he is an honorary member, shows that even at this late day, after a quarter of a century has passed away, his interest in the regiment with which he was so closely connected has not abated.

Mr. Samuel L. Ward, the treasurer of the fund subscribed for the purpose of raising the regiment, was also conspicuous for his devotion to the work and endeared himself to all by the faithful discharge of his duties and his uniform courtesy and kindness to all with whom he came in contact. Indeed, the entire committee, with a zeal worthy of all commendation, worked faithfully and in entire accord for the accomplishment of the purpose which the association had committed to their hands.

It is worthy of mention that when the camp wherein the troops had lain during the time of their organization was broken up, and the regiment had gone to the field, his fellow-members of the committee, recognizing Mr. Cattell's valuable

services, voted that the old flag-staff under which the regiment had been formed should be presented to him; and when it had been planted upon the lawn of his country-seat at Merchantville, New Jersey, where it still stands, a handsome flag was, with appropriate ceremonies, presented to him by the association as a body.

Nor did the work of the committee and the association end, or their interest in the regiment cease when it had gone to the field. They followed with intense interest and anxiety, mingled with pride, each step of its progress through all its varying fortunes to the close of the war. Their interest was manifested by frequent visits of committees to the front, carrying words of cheer and bearing gifts for the men; by their ministrations to the sick and wounded, notably after the calamity of Shepherdstown, and by faithful attention to the wants of such needy families as were left behind, whenever such wants were made known, and also by generous contributions to the widows and orphans of those who fell on the battle-field. More than one hundred thousand dollars were collected and expended by the association and its members in their patriotic work of sending men to the field and of providing for the needy families connected therewith. Although technically called the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, the regiment was known throughout the war as the "Corn Exchange Regiment of Philadelphia," and the association has ever felt a just pride in the valor and achievements of the brave boys that bore their name.

At the close of the war the survivors of the regiment deposited with the Corn Exchange the worn and tattered battle-flag carried at Shepherdstown, and from there to Appomattox. It was afterwards presented by the association to General Prevost, as its rightful custodian and guardian. In the course of his graceful speech of acceptance, in reply to the presentation remarks of President Hinchman, he did the association the honor to say: "It is my duty, as well as pleasure, to say for myself and for my brother-officers, that we feel that whatever character we have made as soldiers, whatever distinction we

have earned, we are largely indebted to this association for giving us the opportunity. It was your patriotism and liberality that placed the Corn Exchange Regiment in the field; and you, gentlemen, are sharers in the glory it earned. Nor did your liberality end there. Your donations were placed in the hands of such devoted men as Hoffman, Ward, Knecht, Hartmanft, and others, who were untiring in their devotion to the wounded and dying, and smoothed the path to the grave of many a brave fellow; and widows and orphans have reason to bless the Corn Exchange Association for your liberal donations dispensed by these gentlemen."

Since the Corn Exchange took their patriotic action in connection with the regiment a quarter of a century has passed away, and many, indeed most of those who bore an active part in this loyal work, have passed to that "bourn from which no traveller returns." Of the committee of twenty-one there are but eight survivors. But the loyal men of the association of that day sowed broadcast the seeds of patriotism in their organization which have ripened into an abundant harvest, and the flame of liberty burns as brightly in the hearts of their successors, "The Commercial Exchange," as it did in the parent body. And if ever the nation is again imperiled by foes from without or within, it will stand by the Government with the same zeal and fidelity as did its predecessor, "The Corn Exchange," on the 24th day of July, 1862.

Already the spirit of the old has been reproduced in the new organization, as shown by their recent generous contribution for the erection of an elegant monument on the battle-field of Gettysburg, to commemorate the part which was taken by the regiment on that memorable field.

The following letter from Governor Curtin, written on a special occasion after the disaster at Shepherdstown, in which this regiment suffered largely, will be read with interest, as, in addition to his words of sympathy, he speaks of the connection of the Corn Exchange with "the 118th Pennsylvania" in very complimentary terms:

HARRISBURG, PA., October 6, 1862.

To the President and Members of the Corn Exchange, Philadelphia, Pa. :

GENTLEMEN: I have been so constantly occupied that I have been unable to express to you, and through you to the regiment of volunteers called into service for the defence of the Government, and with which your association is so closely identified, my deep sympathy and painful regrets at the occurrence of the recent terrible disaster which befell the regiment.

It is painful, indeed, that brave men, who are ever willing to risk life in the field in defence of our State and the safety of our people, when threatened by a numerous army of the enemies of their country, should meet a fate so melancholy as this which has cast a gloom over our entire community at a time when they would have been hopeful and exultant. Please express my sympathy to the injured, and my condolence with families and friends of the dead. I avail myself of this opportunity to express to you my acknowledgment for your patriotic liberality in assisting to place in the field the 118th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and of offering you my congratulations on the courage and gallantry of the officers and men in the recent battle.

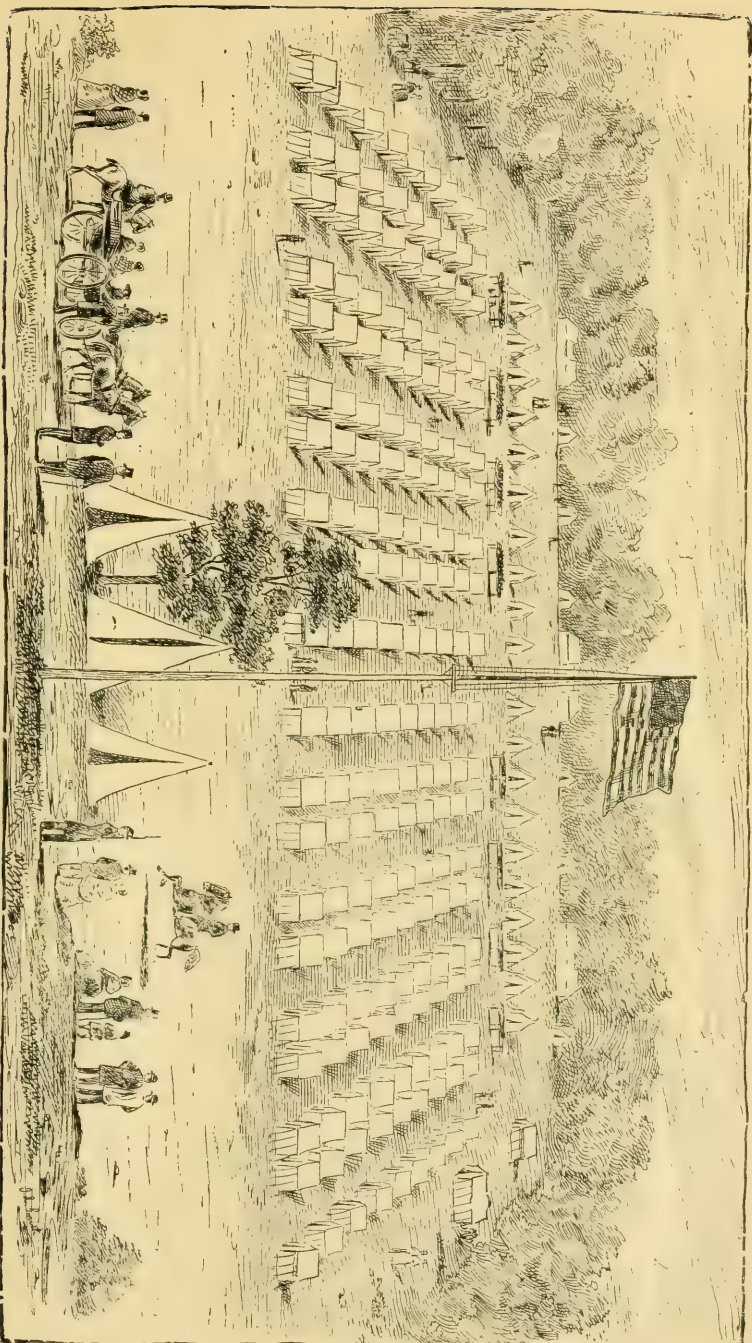
Indeed, gentlemen, while our hearts are saddened by the thoughts that so many of the brave and patriotic who left our State in the volunteer service, in defence of the holy cause of constitutional liberty, are numbered with the mighty hosts of the slain—a monument that needs no scroll—yet we cannot fail to find consolation in the fact that so many gallant achievements have been performed by our officers and men, that the people of Pennsylvania have never failed in their constant loyalty and courage, and that in all the great army of freemen called from their homes to sustain our wise and beneficent Government, the troops from Pennsylvania stand second to none.

With the earnest hope, gentlemen, that you may continue to work with the same dutifulness in the future, and contribute from your means with the same liberality that you have in the past, until this unnatural and insane rebellion has been suppressed and the supremacy of the law and order fully re-established,

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. G. CURTIN.

This commercial body had already furnished from its membership, or those who had affiliations with it, many good and worthy men, who had tasted deeply of the stern severities of war. Notable among them was Captain Charles M. Prevost. He had earned prominence and distinction on the staff of their fellow-townsmen, Brigadier-General Frank Patterson, in the hard-fought battles of the Peninsula, and on him fell worthily the choice of the colonelcy of the regiment their energies had so manfully projected. To him they wisely committed its



CAMP UNION, AUGUST, 1862.

destinies; to him they intrusted its reputation and theirs; to his skill they gave its training; to his soldierly judgment they consigned its military keeping. But six other officers, Gwynn, Donaldson, Batchelder, Hand, Walters and McCutchen, had been in actual battle. Many others, among them Colonel Prevost as a captain and Major Herring as a lieutenant, had been well schooled in tactical instruction in the Gray Reserves, a regiment of high repute in the Pennsylvania militia. From the ranks of this organization the line of the 119th Pennsylvania, as well as the regiment the history of which we are now writing, was supplied with some of its best commissioned officers. It still bears distinguished place in the service of the State as the 1st Regiment Infantry of the National Guard.

The authority to recruit was received early in August. The substantial aid supplied by the Corn Exchange lent an impetus to the labor, and the work was prosecuted with unusual vigor. Recruiting stations were opened in the most available locations: A at 727 Market street, and D at Eighth and Market; B Walnut below Second, C at 833 Market, and G on the north side of Market below Ninth; E at the Girard House, F at the north-east corner of Broad and Race, and H on Fifth above Chestnut; I at 513 south Second, and K at 241 Race street. A was the first to fill its quota to the maximum. Although several other regimental organizations were in active competition, the 118th was the first to fully complete its quota. In fact, before any of the others had actually completed theirs, the emergency became so pressing that they were hurried to the front with the required maximum still incomplete.

Major Herring was placed in charge of the camp of rendezvous and instruction. It was located on a most attractive spot on the west side of Indian Queen Lane, near the Falls station, on the Norristown branch of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad, and designated as "Camp Union." From the forty-seven men, with which the encampment started,

the daily acquisition of recruits soon swelled the number to respectable proportions. Guard-duty and a practical application of the principles in the school of the soldier were taught as well as the opportunities would permit. But few officers could be spared from the recruiting stations. Lieutenants Binney, Moss and West were among those on duty at the camp. The first guard ever mounted in the regiment was in charge of Sergeants Charles Silcox, Company F, and Hillery Snyder, Company K, consisting of the following privates:

Company K—Thomas J. Hyatt; Wm. H. H. Davis; Wm. B. Mayberry; Jos. P. Davis; August Sigel; Ambrose Schwoerer. *Company F*—Wm. Genn; Robert Harnly; Wm. H. King. *Company G*—Thos. O'Donold; John Coonan; Henry Craig; John Werntz; James Dougherty. *Company A*—Joseph Hess; Thos. H. Bullock; Lewis G. Hoffman; G. W. Wainwright; Samuel N. Robertson.

Sergeant J. Rudhall White, who shortly afterwards was promoted to a lieutenancy, was detailed as clerk to the commandant. The supplies, tolerably fair, were furnished with reasonable regularity. There were but few breaches of discipline, and the men, in a spirit of commendable contentment, cheerfully accepted the change from the comforts of home to the inconveniences necessarily attending a newly-organized camp.

A few days after the camp was formed, the men then on the ground were furnished with uniforms. As the garments were not made to order by fashionable tailors, and were handed out somewhat indiscriminately, the effect, in some cases, was peculiar. A tall, slender man exhibited himself to the quartermaster and requested a size adapted to his shape. The attempt to accommodate him was a failure. The bottoms of his pantaloons were three inches above his ankles, with a corresponding declension of the top from his waist, while the roominess in other ways was marvellous. At the same time, in the next tent to that from which the tall volunteer had emerged, a stout little chap had pulled on a pair the waist of which was almost to his armpits, while his toes had not yet appeared at the bottoms. Justice compels

the statement that all the fits were not as bad as these two, the fact being that some one, whose sense of duty had been throttled in a spirit of mischief, had adroitly changed the indispensables. Nevertheless, a gentle shade of melancholy stole over many faces as their owners looked down upon the shapeless mass of cloth that hung over the manly limbs, the contemplation of which had theretofore been a pride and satisfaction. The coarse, ponderous brogans, given out with the uniforms, were also a vexation to vanity. One, to whose lot fell a forage cap that covered his ears, was assured it would shrink to proper proportions in the first rain-storm, while another, whose cap sat nattily upon the very tip of his crown, after the manner of the British soldier, was consoled with the assurance that the August sun would soon expand it to suit his comfort and convenience.

The uniforms having been donned, and the brogans relegated to the obscure recesses of the tents for the time being, it became incumbent upon the aspirant for military fame to assume the position of the soldier. The men were taken out upon the parade-ground in squads, and there the squads were separately informed that "the position of the soldier should be one of grace and ease." Whereupon, naturally or unnaturally, each individual portion of each squad became about as ungraceful and stiff as was possible. This, combined with a burning inquisitiveness on the part of every one in the line to see whether the others were graceful and easy, produced an



effect the reverse of soldierly. The drill in the "facings" disclosed the fact that many, otherwise intelligent, were not certain as to which was their right hand or their left. Consequently, when the order "Right, face!" was given, face met face in inquiring astonishment, and frantic attempts to obey the order properly made still greater confusion. The drill in marching and wheeling resulted in tortuous, uncertain lines and semi-circular formations that were ludicrous caricatures of the results intended to be produced.

This was the beginning. These were the ripples upon the surface of the volunteer's life. Beneath was the deep resolve to act well the part assigned them in the great tragedy of the Rebellion.

The record of the conduct of the regiment on many a battlefield, the graves in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, the armless sleeves, and the folded pantaloons of numbers of the survivors, bear witness to the faithful execution of that resolve.

The greater part of the month of August was spent in fitting the volunteers for the life before them and, among other things, to accustom them to the sight and taste of boiled salt pork and bacon. The day of hard-tack had not yet come. The evil hour of salt pork was put off for a time, as "rations" were purchased from the stores in town, and of the pedlers who visited the camp. Supplies were also obtained from the homes of the volunteers.

After the men had been drilled in squads and companies, the field-officers determined to have a battalion drill, in a field that sloped down from the side of the encampment. On the afternoon of a clear August day, the regiment was formed into a battalion, front on the brow of the slope, and the order, "Forward, march!" given.

It was a delightful and inspiring sight. The men moved down the slope with steady, ringing tread, in perfect line, the bright rifle-barrels, with the bayonets on them, gleaming and shimmering in the sunlight. They seemed invincible. As

they marched on, the band playing, the colors flying, a martial spirit in the very air, some unfortunate trod upon a yellow-jacket's nest hidden in the grass. There was music in the air. On, on, regardless of the stings of the indignant buzzers. But another nest was disturbed, and still others; the music increased. The yellow-jackets made a spirited attack. The regiment hesitated, faltered, wavered, fled!—fled in confusion, covered with stings instead of glory. The Corn Exchange Regiment had suffered its first defeat.

It was a dearly-bought victory for the yellow-jackets. Towards evening scouts were sent out to ascertain the positions of the enemy. Camp-kettles filled with boiling water were hurried to the front, and ladlefuls discharged into the nests. No quarter was given. The yellow-jackets were annihilated.

The regimental surgeon had not yet arrived in camp. A volunteer from the country, Charles F. Dare, afterwards selected as hospital steward, who had had some previous experience in warfare with the winged, stinging foe, assumed the position, and, with becoming gravity, treated his wounded comrades with mud plasters, while their unwounded friends gave them unlimited chaff.

There was no more than the usual awkwardness that usually attended a first military venture, but some of the incidents were highly ludicrous. Prompt and efficient sentinel-duty seems to be slow of acquisition. The corporal of the guard is sometimes prone to exercise his brief authority with unusual severity. The untrained recruit views his approach with dread, and is rejoiced when he is relieved of his presence. Colonel Gwyn, who, seated in his tent, had for some time noticed the exceptional awkwardness of a sentry in his vicinity as he passed his beat, finally approached him and relieved him of his musket. The colonel was entirely unknown to the sentry, either by name or rank. The sentry submitted quietly to his disarmament, and, as the colonel walked off carrying the piece with him, he turned and anxiously said, "Say, you—what shall I say to that 'bossy fellow' when he comes around?"

It was the fierce and martial corporal that alone he feared, and if the colonel could supply him with an explanation that would have been satisfactory to the "bossy fellow," he was at liberty to do what he pleased with his piece. He learned better afterwards.

On one occasion Corporal Ferguson, in a spirit of mischief, concocted a happy scheme to elude the guard and pass beyond the line. He happened on the south-west side of the camp, overlooking the Falls of Schuylkill, where a sentry was on duty, who appeared neither wise nor vigilant. It was in the early evening, and there was a positive prohibition against passing the camp-limits after dark. Fifteen or twenty men were in the vicinity, and, without communicating his purpose, Ferguson, in a loud and authoritative tone, commanded, "Fall in!" It was promptly obeyed, and, after exercising his squad in a few manœuvres, he deliberately marched it, without challenge or interruption, over the beat of the sentry. As they drew farther and farther from the reach of the sentinel's voice, Ferguson's purpose became apparent, and then, with a wild hurrah, the whole party broke for the village. Their liberty was of short duration. They ran suddenly upon an officer returning to camp, who, quickly conceiving from their actions and numbers that something was wrong, hustled them back without giving them opportunity to invent a story to deceive him.

Every morning, as the August sun rose from his bath in the Atlantic, he looked warmly at a mass of hastily and not over-completely dressed, yawning, sleepy-headed fellows, with tumbled hair, who had just risen from their heaps of straw and emerged from the shelter of their tents to answer the imperative roll-call. In each company were one or two sluggards who appeared in undress uniform—that is, fatigue-caps on their heads, dress-coats pulled on over their under-clothing, their feet clad in nature's adornments. For obvious reasons, and to the honor of the regiment, these spectacles clung closely to the rear rank.

From a more elevated position the sun saw the company-cooks, invested with all the dignity of their important position, dealing out coffee, bacon and soft-tack (baker's bread)—the coffee in quart tin mugs, the bacon on tin plates, and the bread into outstretched hands. A study of the faces of the men, as, seated on the grass, or surrounding improvised tables, they partook of their morning meal, revealed content, discontent or indifference. Some, blessed—or cursed, as short rations in the field at times subsequently proved—with the century-famed and chestnut-storied appetite of the ostrich, and the robust health of the anaconda, ate with a relish and avidity that told of the peaceful complacency of easy digestion. Others were certainly longing, not for the flesh-pots of Egypt, but the pepper-pots and other mild appetizers of their Philadelphia homes. Still others ate as though eating were simply part of the business of life; something that, like other things, had to be done, and might as well be done at that time as at any other.

Getting still higher in the sky, the bright-eyed master of the day gazed upon the men at company-drill. Some companies were evolving the mysteries of "shoulder arms," "present arms," "carry arms," "right shoulder shift," and loading and firing. Others were marching by the flank, wheeling, fronting, facing and perspiring—the last without orders.

At noon the sun looked straight down upon the soup, boiled beef, vegetables and half-melted cooks; later, from his westerling place, glanced at the complicated and hurrying movements of the battalion-drill; and still later, just before he disappeared behind the hills, reviewed the regiment as they stood drawn up on dress-parade, with great satisfaction, as well he might.

So the days went by in single file, each carrying its load of work in the manual of arms, and in squad, company and battalion-drill. Gradually the heterogeneous was moulded into the homogeneous. Metaphorically licked into shape, the volunteers became—or looked, at least, like—veritable dogs of

war, ready to be let loose. Enforcement of discipline and obedience to orders; the yielding up, to an extent, of individuality and personal will, compacted the regiment into that essential state in which it could be wielded by one man as a weapon of offence or defence—ready to be hurled against an enemy to overwhelm, or to stand as a breastwork to bar the advance of an approaching foe.

In the summer evenings, after the sun had given place to near-sighted twilight, in the range of whose vision all sorts of pranks could be played without being noticed, many of the men changed into boys, and did whatever mischief their hands found to do. One, who had an inventive turn of mind in the direction of practical jokes, gathered every toad that he could find within the limits of or near the encampment. These he confined in a pen in the woods, concealed by some underbrush. After his comrades slept, he would introduce two or three of his toads into each of the two tents adjoining that in which he was quartered. This proceeding, for several nights, was without proper effect. A night came, however, on which he was delighted with the results.

“Jim!” screamed one of the occupants of the next tent; “Jim! get up, quick! There’s a snake in the straw!”

The four sleepers were awake, up in an instant, and out of the tent. Once outside, they interrogated the alarmist:

“How do you know there is a snake there?”

“I was turning over and put my hand on him.”

This was most conclusive proof. The proprietor of the toads came out of his tent and obligingly offered to furnish a candle to throw light on further investigations. Arming themselves, they cautiously pulled the straw out of the tent, little by little, and with raised sticks watched at the entrance, while an extended arm, with the light, was held inside. The night scene was an interesting one. The rays from the candle revealed two solemn-looking toads, squatted on their haunches, apparently wondering what the fuss was all about. The presence of toads in the tent on the other side of the joker having been discov-



James Guy

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL 118TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS
BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

ered, suspicion was, somehow, directed to him. The boys watched, and detected his little game without his being aware of it. One morning, in dressing, he found the bottoms of his pantaleon legs neatly pinned and a half-dozen or so of toads in each. Not confounded, he only said sadly: "Boys, I didn't think you'd be guilty of toadying to me in this way."

Sunday, August 10th, the camp was visited by several hundred persons. In the afternoon there was divine service under the auspices of Samuel L. Ward and James Barratt, Jr., at which the Rev. Mr. McConnell and Rev. Wm. R. McNeill officiated. The former gentleman delivered a most impressive and patriotic address.

Sunday, August 17th, divine service was held at camp by Rev. Dr. Jackson, whose eloquent and forcible remarks at the war meeting in Independence Square so electrified his hearers.

By August 20th there were over nine hundred men enrolled and distributed among the companies as follows: A, 98; B, 97; C, 98; D, 89; E, 95; F, 92; G, 98; H, 98; I, 50; K, 94; and at roll-call that evening 674 privates answered to their names. In addition to that number, 100 were on guard, 18 sick, 20 on special service, and 18 were missing. During the day Major Herring drilled the regiment at the tap of the drum.

More than usual was accomplished in the short season of instruction at this camp of organization. To one officer nearly the whole credit of the good results there obtained was due. In season and out of season Major Herring was constant, watchful and attentive, and no detail escaped his observation, no fault passed without notice. He instilled a duty, obedience and discipline that bore rich fruit, as upon this elementary training was grafted the severe and graver responsibilities of a soldier's life.

Sunday, August 24th, was a memorable day. In the morning Rev. Kingston Goddard delivered a very eloquent discourse, which was attentively listened to by nearly 1,000 uniformed soldiers of the organization and some 2,000 visitors. A fine

quartette attached to Company C greeted the reverend gentleman on his approach with some familiar and finely-executed sacred music, and added greatly to the interest of the occasion. In the afternoon it was computed about 5,000 visited the camp. There was no disorder—the behavior of all was in keeping with the day.*

On the 28th Companies H and K made a short street parade from 12th and Girard streets, under Captain Donaldson, accompanied by a band, and made a creditable display.

On the 29th dress-parade was held at 5 P. M., after which the Rev. John Walker Jackson presented to each man, on behalf of the members of the Corn Exchange Association, a Bible, a hymn-book, and a blanket. The presents were received by the Rev. Charles E. Hill, the chaplain of the regiment. At the same time Miss Anita Ward, aged ten years, a daughter of Samuel L. Ward, the treasurer of the fund, gave each man of Company E a pincushion, the product of her own industry.

* One of the most eligible and picturesque camps which has yet been established in this vicinity is that of the Corn Exchange Regiment, Colonel Prevost, out near the Falls of Schuylkill. It is visited daily by thousands of people, and the roads leading to it are lively with vehicles all day and evening. About 1,000 men are in camp, which is beautifully arranged in a large field, surrounded on three sides by groups of forest trees. Last evening an interesting ceremony took place at the camp. Lieutenant L. L. Crocker, of Company C, was presented with a beautiful sword, sash, belt and accoutrements. His company, which is one of the finest in this or any other regiment, was drawn up in line in its company street, and in a few graceful remarks Mr. Stephen N. Winslow, on behalf of the donors of the beautiful weapon, presented the sword. Mr. Winslow complimented Lieutenant Crocker highly, as from a fifteen years' acquaintance he was able to do nobly, and he spoke in warm terms of the soldierly and gentlemanly bearing of the men of Company C, many of whom he had known in social and business relations before they had been called on to defend their country with the musket against this wicked Rebellion. Mr. Winslow's spirited and eloquent address was greeted with nine cheers by the company. Lieutenant Crocker appropriately responded. At the close of the speaking the company marched to the Falls and indulged in some pleasant singing and other agreeable exercises, after which they bade good-bye to them and returned to camp. Yesterday the regiment at 3 P. M. received their Enfield rifles. At 5 P. M. the men were put through the manual of arms with distinguished accuracy on dress-parade, when Adjutant James P. Perot acquitted himself handsomely.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, August 26, 1862

Beck's band was in attendance, and a lively and enjoyable time was had.

On the Sunday before the departure the regiment was honored by the distinguished presence of Parson Brownlow, the renowned Union clergyman, statesman and soldier of East Tennessee. He preached a memorable sermon, that thrilled his hearers with fervid patriotism.

August was near its end. Whispers and rumors circulated through the camp to the effect that the regiment had been ordered to the front. The whispers and rumors were true. On the last day of August the regiment was divided, half starting on that day and half on the next. For the first time many of the men fully understood the import and consequences of the step they had taken in enlisting. The hour for separation from all home associations was at hand. As it drew nearer and nearer the laugh and the jest were checked on many a lip, and few, indeed, were they who did not see more clearly the serious and dangerous side of the undertaking. Hope told of easy victory and renown won. But, somehow, the other side would turn up and show a reverse of ugly wounds, of sudden death, of defeat and disaster. One was leaving a tearful-eyed wife, who, at their parting, would bid him God-speed with a brave smile, and then, turning in at the open door as he was lost to sight, give way to the bitter sobs and tears that she had repressed for his sake. They would meet again—when? Another would part with his wife and his boy—his pride, his hope, a part of himself, it would seem, when the wrench came. Another was going away from his mother, and she was a widow. Sisters would cling around the neck of a brother at the parting. All had one or more bound to them by the closest, tenderest ties, from whom they were to be severed by time and distance. No wonder, then, that sad reflections filled their minds and threw grave and anxious shadows upon their faces.

The good-byes were over. The men were on their way through Wilmington and Baltimore to Washington. Some sat, with tremulous lips and tears forcing themselves from their

eyes, in the shadow. True-hearted they were, and tender. Afterwards, and often, when the hail of bullets swept the field, and the shrieks of shells, like the moans of demons, filled the air, these same men marched in the front with faces so stern and lips so set that none could dream that thoughts of love or pity had ever entered their hearts. Some were moody, some laughed with a ring that wanted something to make it honest, and some—let it be said under the breath—were jovial with a joviality that brought headache in the morning.

The 31st of August, 1862, had been a disastrous day for the Union arms. All the hard blows Pope had received culminated in the hardest, and Bull Run, destined only for fatality, again recorded a Confederate triumph.

The gravity of the situation called for every available recruit. All the regiments organizing about Philadelphia were hurried to the front. By ten o'clock in the evening Camp Union was abandoned forever, and at midnight the 118th, or most of it, was at Broad and Prime street depot awaiting its turn, among the others, for transportation to Washington. The limited supply caused a tedious wait, and it was five o'clock on the morning of the 1st of September before—packed on the inside and crowded on the roof of overladen box-cars—a full start was made for the destination.

Reasonably fair speed was made for the character of the train, and by two o'clock in the afternoon the command was debarked at the President street station in Baltimore, and promptly marched to the Washington depot, on Camden street. There the indications were, from lack of transportation, of a weary and uncomfortable all-night's delay. Fledglings in the service, a number of the officers surreptitiously hied away to the Eutaw House for a substantial meal and better rest. They had arranged to be communicated with should the regiment move unexpectedly, and left instructions with the clerk that, upon the receipt of such intelligence, they were to be at once notified.

At the supper table the somewhat boisterous conduct of a

few of them drew forth frowning, disapproving glances from old General Wool, of Mexican fame, at that time commanding the city, who happened, with his family, to be occupying seats in the dining hall. After ten o'clock the noise rather increased, and the hotel corridors resounded with a good deal of roystering. A few, a very few, really did retire; when, about midnight, those who had sought repose were aroused from their slumbers, and the others who had not were interrupted in their frolic, with the summons to hurry to the depot, that the regiment was in motion. It was obeyed with all the hurry and excitement incident to its peremptory character. Neither, however, was necessary; for, upon reaching the station, instead of finding active preparations going on for departure, every man was soundly wrapped in slumber.

It was asserted that General Wool had taken this method to rid the hostlery of its noisy, undesirable guests. Whoever it was, the ruse was successful, and chagrined, and disappointed, those who had sought to steal the comforts denied their fellows found poor consolation in fretting away the balance of the night chafing over a lost opportunity. Nor did the train move out until ten in the morning. It was a slow run to Washington and four in the afternoon before it reached its destination.

The regiment was marched to the Soldier's Retreat to be fed. A most distinguished misnomer, if by the term retreat was meant ease, repose and comfort; and a travesty on subsistence, if it was intended by feeding to imply that those to be fed were to be furnished with a nourishing, substantial meal. Sour bread, coffee-colored water, decomposed potatoes, decayed beef were in such striking contrast with the comforting, well-served supplies furnished by the Volunteer and Cooper-Shop Refreshment Saloons in Philadelphia, that the soldiers howled a unanimous dissatisfaction.

The night was spent in the Government corral. Famished mules howled discordantly, teamsters yelled their imprecations as wagons came and went. In the intervals of quiet there was a little rest.

On the morning of the 3d of September the regiment crossed the Long Bridge, and bivouacked on Arlington Heights, at Fort Albany. The journey, which began on the 31st at midnight, with its frequent and lengthy interruptions, was at last concluded.

Other dry and healthful-looking unoccupied sites were in view, but the location assigned for our encampment was a veritable swamp. Here and there a little fast-land afforded better accommodations to those to whose good fortune it fell to occupy it; but the camp was mainly on soft and miry ground. Such inconveniences were soon but little noticed; any place was good enough if the column would only halt.

The discomforts were insignificant contrasted with the sorry plight in which were some of the brave but shattered battalions of the Potomac army encamped around and about the vicinity, recuperating from the hard work entailed upon them by the Bull Run disaster.

A very handsome silk national standard, of the size prescribed for regimental colors, had been presented to Company H by one of its admiring lady friends, before it left Philadelphia. Up to this time the regiment had been provided with the State flag only, and the captain of H, with appropriate ceremonies, very gracefully devoted his national colors to supply the deficiency. Whilst here a detail of the regiment, under Lieutenant Walters, was detached to the Balloon Corps, and remained absent from the command for some weeks.

Hard practical work occupied the four days the regiment remained at Fort Albany. Drills of every character followed each other at intervals so close as to leave but little opportunity for leisure or aught else. On the last day of the encampment on the low ground, the men, suspecting from its taste, that the water of the creek from which they obtained their supplies for drinking and cooking was not of the purest, commissioned a squad to find the source of the creek and report. They went and returned. Some quarter of a mile or more up the stream they found a carcass of a horse lying. Still farther

up they discovered a regiment encamped on both sides of the creek, some of the men washing their garments in its waters.

The tribulations of inexperience come to the soldier as they do to the collegian. Men are as prone to gibe and twit as are the youths of the academy. No prohibitory regulation restrained the bent of inclination, and the early history of all regiments is rife with many practical pleasantries perpetrated at the expense of the readily susceptible.

Often the victim lays the snare for himself, in his own guileless innocence.

A young officer standing by the roadside, in the first camp his regiment ever made, noticed on the covers of the wagons of a passing ammunition train the designation of their contents, "Cal. 58." Carried away with enthusiasm for what he believed evidenced such unselfish practical patriotism in his fellow-citizens of the Pacific coast, he gave vent to his appreciation in the expression: "Great heavens, has California, so far removed from the scene of hostilities, already furnished so many regiments to the Union army!" Such unusual verdancy offered a tempting opportunity, and it was not long before his brother-officers had him fully persuaded that the Government, solicitous to encourage amusements to while away the hours of leisure, would supply, upon a duly approved stationery requisition, an annual allowance of playing-cards. So firmly was this young gentleman convinced that he had been honestly informed as to rights of which he was ignorant, that he filled out a requisition for two decks of cards, one whist, one euchre, and presented it to the colonel for approval. Upon finishing the explanation which was, of course, demanded, he was bade to acquaint himself more familiarly with the regulations and not permit himself to be so trifled with in the future.

It is quite questionable whether all, or nearly all the officers of the 118th were not victims of what, if not a practical joke, was certainly a practical mistake. Most of the three officers of each company supplied themselves with a mess-chest of the most ponderous proportions, large enough to cover nearly

half the bed of an army wagon. This they stored with all the desirable appliances of kitchen and table furniture in prolific quantities. With such a multiplication of *impedimenta* throughout an army, its field-operations might as well be suspended. Those who had the experience of active service advised against such investments. Their advice was not only unheeded, but it was strongly intimated that it was prompted by motives of parsimony. These mess-chests, though, really got farther on their way than those better acquainted had expected. It was confidently believed that the depot at Washington would see the last of them. Some, however, reached Frederick City. There the last survivor was abandoned. One by one they had been dropped along the road, and were never heard of afterwards.

On the 8th of September, the command moved to a dry, sloping hill-side, in the vicinity of Fort Cochran. Another four days of similar exacting instruction followed, and then began the sterner calls of duty. All else was soon absorbed in the march, the picket, the battle and bivouac; and so it went until the end had accomplished the full purpose of the soldier's mission, and he had once more found his home in a citizenship he had helped make secure.



Charles Henry

Major 118th Regt. P. V.
Brevet-Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols.

CHAPTER II.

ANTIETAM.

WHEN first under fire and you're wishful to duck,
Don't look or take heed at the man that is struck;
Be thankful that you're living and trust to your luck,
And march to your front like a soldier.

ON the 12th the regimental individuality was measurably lost through its absorption into the combinations necessary in the management of great armies and the conduct of grand campaigns. The brigade to which it was allotted had borne the crucial test of the Peninsular battles and the Second Bull Run, and the laurels it had gathered were not to be dimmed by the conduct of the 118th, which so soon showed its valor in the hard fighting at Shepherdstown.

The brigade, the 1st of the 1st Division of the 5th Corps, was commanded by Brigadier-General John H. Martindale, the division by Major-General George W. Morrell, and the corps by Major-General Fitz John Porter. The brigade was composed of the 22d Massachusetts Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. S. Tilton commanding; the 18th Massachusetts, Colonel James Barnes; the 13th New York, Colonel E. S. Marshall; the 25th New York, Colonel Chas. A. Johnson; the 1st Michigan, Colonel Ira C. Abbott; the 2d Maine, Lieutenant-Colonel George Varney.

The 22d Massachusetts had obtained celebrity from the name of its distinguished statesman-colonel, the Hon. Henry Wilson, senator from that State. Its march through Philadelphia under his personal command, during the very early days of the war, may yet be recollected by the citizens of that day. This was about all of the senator's service with troops. His great abilities and unflinching patriotism could not be safely spared from the halls of Congress, where they were most in requisition and where his countrymen demanded his continuous presence.

Colonel Barnes, of the 18th Massachusetts, and Colonel Marshall, of the 13th New York, had both been educated at the United States Military Academy at West Point, and Colonel Barnes, by virtue of his seniority, in the absence of General Martindale, was temporarily in command of the brigade.

The old song, "Comrades, Touch the Elbow" (which will be found on pages 27 and 28), that rang its stirring melodies through all the war, and yet awakens the echoes of the olden times, had its birth in this brigade. It was here General Martindale, with his facile pen, caught his inspiration for its authorship. And that these brigade associations were never severed except by casualties, is convincing that the author was not mistaken when he intuitively caught his notions of soldier-fellowship from his early associations with this command. The work of the 13th and 25th New York and 2d Maine was done, and well done, and they passed out of the service at the expiration of their term. Otherwise there were no changes in the organization save additions, except that the 22d Massachusetts a few months before the conclusion of its three years' service was transferred, but not away from the division. The brigade remained continuously in the same division and corps; its only change was in designation at the opening of the Wilderness Campaign, from the 1st to the 3d. This change came about through the general consolidation of the other corps of the Army of the Potomac into the 2d, 5th and 6th. All the troops of the 1st Division, nine regiments, well tried and true, were made the 3d Brigade. To the other two brigades, regiments were mostly assigned that were not before a part of the division organization. The proud badge of distinction was always the red maltese cross.

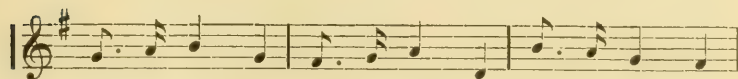
It was as early as seven o'clock in the morning when the order of the assignment was executed, and promptly at that hour the brigade began the march from Fort Cochran over the Potomac, by the aqueduct bridge, and into the city of Washington. Hither and thither it wandered, up and down its broad, dusty highways, apparently without aim or purpose. Its citi-

Comrades! Touch the Elbow.

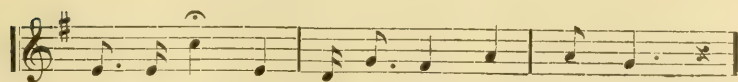
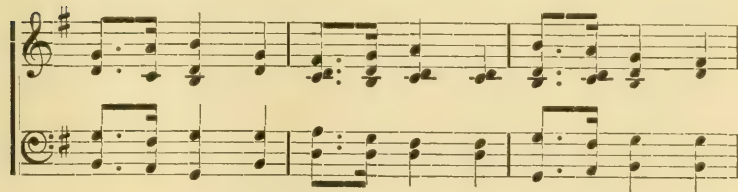
Words by Gen. J. H. MARTINDALE.



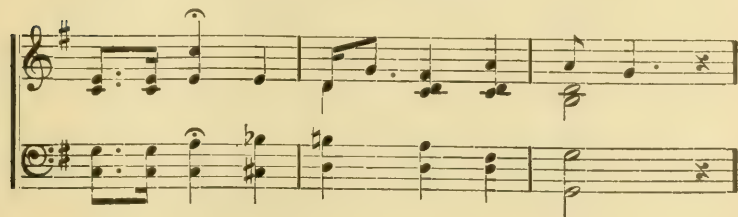
When bat - tle's mu - sic greets the ear, Our



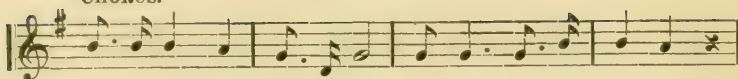
guns are sight - ed at the foe, Then nerve the hand and



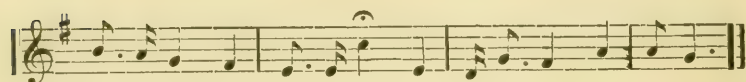
ban - ish fear, And, com-rades, touch the el - bow.



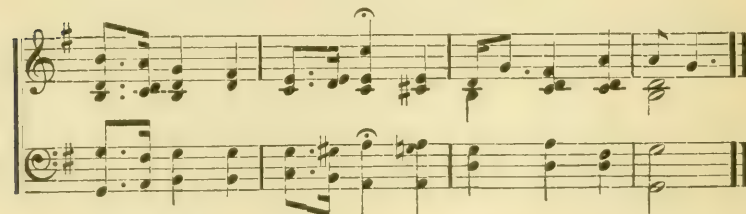
CHORUS.



Touch the el - bow! now, my boys, Comrades, touch the el - bow.



Nerve the hand and ban - ish fear, Then, comrades, touch the el - bow.



2.

Home and country patriots fire,
Kindle your souls with fervid glow,
The Southern traitors shall retire
When Northmen touch the elbow!—CHO.

3.

Though many brave men bite the sod,
And crimson heart's blood freely flow,
Shout, as their spirits soar to God,
On! comrades, touch the elbow.—CHO.

4.

Now show the rocks of which you're made,
The general signals, march! Holloa!
Then double quickstep, first brigade,
Charge! Comrades, touch the elbow.—CHO.

zens were conspicuously absent from the thoroughfares, and its dwellings and mansions wore a forsaken, deserted look. The bustle and disorder attending the Bull Run disaster had measurably subsided, but there was evidently still lacking convincing assurance that all things were well. The men had grown heart-sick and weary of this aimless tramp, when the column, ultimately turning into the Seventh street road, gradually left the hot, dusty city behind it.

Passing through the formidable earthworks on the north of the city, then garrisoned by the 2d Pennsylvania Artillery, it bivouacked for the night at Silver Springs, an indifferent hamlet in Montgomery county, Maryland. Though the march had been a long and weary one, the actual distance accomplished toward any definite destination was but seven miles. Wholly unused to such fatigues, and totally unacquainted with reducing their loads to the minimum by dispensing with useless appendages and trappings, the march told upon the men severely. The heat was intolerable, the air, unruffled by the lightest breeze, stifling, and the huge volumes of grinding dust impenetrable to the eye and overpowering. The Washington thoroughfares, upon which most of the tramping had been done, were not the fine, smooth, even-paved highways of to-day, but no better than country dirt roads, and from their continuous use, were less suitable for heavy pedestrian operations. The experienced soldiers of the brigade tramped along stolidly and leisurely, encumbered with no such ponderous, heavily-laden knapsacks as bore the men of the 118th down to the very depths of exhaustion. Their personal baggage had simmered to the few indispensables conveniently transportable over the shoulder in the light and readily adjustable blanket-roll. This contained their house and home and what little extra apparel the few changes in the fashions of the day demanded. Their migratory households were at all times available, with canvas or the canopy skies for their dormitories, as weather, time or inclination indicated. Their diet was a movable feast or a transitory famine, according as a rich farming country furnished the edibles,

or a scant *commissariat* meagrely supplied subsistence. This day's lessons in burden and carriage from their older brethren were not lost. Necessities and comfort are cogent factors to tuition. Example and illustration in this connection were better teachers than the remoter methods of the pedagogue. In a very short time the 118th had shed itself. The cumbrous knapsack had been abandoned for its less military substitute, and the roll of blanket, gum-blanket and shelter-tent found its place by a practical adaptability in experiences, without delays, recommendations or intervention of advisory boards, quartermasters or ordnance officers. With their bronzed faces, battle-trying valor of Shepherdstown and tact in adjusting their appendages, they were soon indistinguishable in general appearance from the men who had the longest training. They had learned to eat and sleep and rest with satisfaction and comfort with whatever advantages there were at command, and having acquired with facility the axiom that they were never to lose anything, the soldierly appointments others had were habitually at their disposal.

But the results of the day's march were shocking. Overburdened, worn and weary, man after man, yielding to the inevitable, had dropped by the wayside, or straggling, broken and dejected, was struggling to reach the goal of his apparently endless journey. The sergeant and the color-guard fell in complete exhaustion, and the colonel himself bore the standard to the bivouac. Three men to a company, as the "strength present for duty," was a most creditable showing when the final halt was made.

One weary, dusty private, trudging solemnly and slowly along the road, near nightfall, struggling against the heat and his own demoralized condition, met General Morrell, and, touching his hat, said:

"General, can you tell me where the 118th Pennsylvania is?"

"Certainly, my man," replied the general, seriously; "everywhere between here and Washington."

The saddest thing about the matter is, that the general told

the truth. Reclining against fences, or meditating under apple trees, the 118th averaged about one hundred to the mile.

The invigorating shadows of nightfall revived many, and one by one during the night they gathered about their more fortunate fellows who had fully completed their task. But when the "general" sounded next morning, not more than half the battalion responded. Major Herring was despatched over the route travelled, to collect the scattered remnants of the other half, and shortly had returned them to their companions and restored the regimental symmetry.

This scattering on the first march out from the national capital was not peculiar to the 118th. The early part of the month of September, 1862, was unusually oppressive, and the new troops, who joined the army about that time, in their earlier marches lined the streets of that city and the adjacent roadways with many of their numbers who fell by the wayside. Nor was the straggling confined solely to the fresh levies; so persistent had the offence become with the older soldiers, about this time, that severe and ignominious punishments were resorted to to correct the abuse, and with the old fellows there was nothing to be said in mitigation. Toughened and seasoned in previous campaigns, they were not forced to abandon their standard from physical exhaustion. There was design and method in their conduct, and what they did was with purpose and deliberation. Happily, though, time and circumstances set all things right, and the brilliant achievements at Antietam restored the Army of the Potomac to all the vigor of its original cohesion.

On the 13th *reveille* sounded at daybreak, and the morning meal disposed of, and articles to be transported and carried hurriedly gathered and packed, the column moved at seven o'clock. There was no improvement in temperature—the sun beat down relentlessly, and the dust rose in the same thickening, suffocating masses. The route, though, lay through a fresh, charming, arable country, with farms and fences and buildings indicating thrifty husbandry.

The bivouac was made half a mile beyond Rockville, the shire-town of Montgomery county, sixteen miles from Washington and some thirty from Baltimore. It was a smart-looking little hamlet, with the usual court-house and jail, a fair complement of churches, and a population, when at home, of some four or five hundred. The women stood about the doorways curiously gazing upon the marching men, but there was a notable scarcity of males. This, with no highly demonstrative or publicly expressed union sentiment, produced the uncharitable inference that they had gone to "Ki-yi-yi*" in the other band.

Sunday, the 14th, was pregnant with events and gave birth to the annals, historic and reminiscent, of South Mountain and Crampton's Gap. Through sultry, suffocating heat and clouds of permeating, choking dust, the column bowled along uninterruptedly from seven in the morning until six in the evening; the wearisome journey concluded on the banks of the Monocacy, near a village of the same name with the stream, four miles from Frederick City.

This ground became famous subsequently, in the summer of 1864, as the scene of the battle of "the Monocacy," where Ricketts, with his 3d Division of the 6th Corps, aided by Lew Wallace with troops from Baltimore, gallantly checked Early's formidable advance upon the national capital. The stream, flowing transparent over its rocky bed, the old stone arches of the turnpike bridge, the deep-green, gently sloping fields, extending their vegetation right to the water's edge, and the timber, with open grassy sward between the trees, made the spot especially adapted to forgetful repose. Exhausted by their continuous tramp of eleven hours, the weary men soon sank into restful sleep.

The startling rumble of far-off cannonading during the morning hours broke sullenly upon the ear. These indications of distant conflict were an early initiation in the sounds of bat-

* The well-known yell of the Confederates.

tle. As the day advanced and the distance shortened it grew intense ; the heavy, thundering, portentous roar was convincing that an affair of some magnitude was in progress. And so it was ; the day's work dislodged the enemy from the gaps in the South Mountain range, and opened the highways to the broad valleys beyond.

John Monteith, a corporal of H, was a strong, well-proportioned man, yet in his twenties. He was full of a generous, genial flow of spirits ; his whole manner was catching. Whether fresh and well-fed, or tired and hungry, he could stimulate his companions to hilarity that would stir them, when weary, to renewed energy and activity, or hugely entertain them when occasion afforded opportunity for amusement. His abilities and industry indicated a promising future and speedy advancement. His sad end, so soon to follow, cut off a career bright with the promise of a successful soldier life. He had a rich, melodious voice, clear, round and ringing. The column had trudged along to that degree of weariness when a painful stillness follows real fatigue. Monteith had noted the situation. Suddenly his ringing voice rolled out amidst the quietude, in notes full, free and true, in the melodious strains of the entrancing song, " I Came from the Old Granite State," each verse concluding with a chorus, ending in "boom, boom, boom!" The effect was instantaneous and the inspiration catching. Gradually the regiment caught the strain, fatigues were forgotten, and the whole air was sonorous with the melody. It spread beyond the regiment, through the entire column of the brigade, and as the "boom, boom, boom" died away in our command, another took it up until, at last, it subsided in the distance. The effect, manifested by enlivened spirits and quickened step, was marvellous. It continued through the remainder of the journey and brought the command to their destination a better, brighter set of men.

There happened in the late afternoon a chance to indulge in a sort of "movable feast," that, as has been suggested, was opportune only when a productive country was the source of

supply. As it was a Sabbath day's journey that had just been accomplished, it was aptly fitted to such an opportunity. Our men were young as soldiers, but already fair foragers.

After the bivouac was made the still-lingering daylight kept animate objects moving about the wooded hillside beyond the camp, well in view. Their location for the night definitely fixed, a number of the men, prompted by a desire for investigation, or with a view to better their diet, had, with rifle in hand, strolled about in the near vicinity. Some hogs had broken their cover and were straggling through the woods, seeking a sustenance which their owners, to encourage domes-



tic habits as well as realize on them when fairly fattened, would have gladly furnished. It required but a slight effort of the imagination, even in this thickly-peopled, well-tilled country, to treat such strolling beasts as wild. Fresh pork was a succulent morsel when contrasted with the daily issues of its salted sister. Shots rang out sharply on the evening air, and two well-rounded porkers fell victims to unerring aim. Pork boiled, fried and toasted "ruled the roost," and many of the 118th, that way inclined, gorged themselves to restfulness with fresh pig before the evening shadows faded into the depths of night.

The march of the 15th began so late as eight o'clock. A few miles out the column passed through Frederick City, forty-

five miles from Washington, and the county-seat of Frederick county. It is a borough of some interest, with clean highways, well-paved sidewalks, and its streets all laid out at right angles. The stores and mansions are well-built substantial brick structures, and indicate it to be a town well grown in years. It is nestled in a fertile, prosperous country, and its citizens had been a well-to-do, thrifty people. There are the usual courthouse and jail and some eight or ten places of worship, some of them quite attractive.

Chief among the objects for which the soldier hungers is glory, and next comes a good dinner. From behind the curtains of an open window of one of the houses a matron in Quaker-like garb was peeping, when one of the men, desirous of reaching some degree of certainty as to the character of his next meal, approached the window, and lifting his cap politely, inquired anxiously :

“ Madam, what is there in the village ? ”

“ A college of some reputation, sir.”

“ Great heavens, madam, I can’t eat a college ! ” he said, testily, and marched on.

But there was no halt for extended investigation, and the observations noted were in the hurry of a pressing march.

The movement continued beyond the town along the turnpike, with the sun as hot as ever and the dust as thick as usual. This roadway had been well travelled by heavy columns of marching men, artillery and trains. Most of the Confederate army and several corps of the Union had, the former preceding and the others closely following, gone over it. The stones were ground into dust. Each side of the road in the fields was well tramped out by the infantry, the main thoroughfare having been left for the trains. The fences were down entirely. *Débris*, broken wagons and abandoned property were strewn about everywhere. Telegraph poles and wires were cut and destroyed, and it was quite apparent the only purpose of pursuers and pursued was to get along as rapidly as possible, regardless of what was lost, mutilated or forgotten.

From the journey of the day before and the appearances on the next, the merest tyro could conclude that if the enemy waited long enough anywhere, something momentous was sure to occur, and somebody certainly was bound to be hurt. Occasional discharges of artillery were heard during the day and intelligence was received that General Reno, a corps-commander of prominence and distinction, had fallen at the battle of South Mountain just as the engagement had nearly terminated.

The march concluded at six o'clock and the bivouac was made for the night close to the eastern base of the Catoctin range of mountains, upon the other side of which, near at hand, was the borough of Middletown.

Between six o'clock on a bright morning in middle September and the break of day there is but little margin for preparation for a hard all-day tramp. But at that hour on the 16th, the column was all out on the roadway and, stimulated by the invigorating morning air, had soon crowned the summit of the Catoctins. The autumn shadows had not yet tinged a single leaf, and there, in the distance, parallel with the Catoctin and sweeping from the north to south, away beyond the range of vision, rose the more prominent South Mountain belt. There it stood, clothed in all the grandeur of its patriarchal forests, dim and majestic in the misty distance. Beneath, for miles, lay the broad, beautiful valley, dotted everywhere with barns and houses. Its stacks of garnered grain, its tall, waving corn, and bright green pasturage, told of the plenty of a toiling, prosperous community. Along the western base of the Catoctins the little stream which bore their name threaded its way—cool, refreshing, silent—through its sloping, meadowed banks. Middletown, almost a mile in length, with the turnpike for its only highway, lay motionless near where the mountains ended and the valley began. The scene, broadening in the scope of its grandeur, was a rare landscape of mountain and valley, hill and dale, stream and village.

Middletown, a quaint, old-fashioned village of a few hundred

inhabitants, was eminently suggestive of the old-time country loafing-place. Now, there were no loungers about the grocery, and the tavern stoops were deserted. The wayside gossip had been lost in the thunders of war on the Sunday just gone by. The mighty hosts contending for the mastery on its western boundary had left this peaceful vale a charnel-house.

The handles had been removed from all the pumps in Middletown. This aroused much indignation with threats of vengeance from the thirsty soldiers. Their anger subsided when it became known that the measure was resorted to only because the inhabitants feared a permanent loss of their water supply. The demand from such a wonderful and sudden increase of population had taxed the wells beyond their capacity. Some, however, had vented their spleen by loading them with stones, earth and rubbish, before the reason for disabling the pumps had been made known.

The distance across the valley was soon covered. The turn-pike, the old national road, up the mountain through Turner's Gap, is a gradual, easy rise, and on either side of the roadway the lands, on the eastern slope, almost to the very summit, had been cleared and were under tillage. Most of the hard fighting on the 14th had been done to the right and left of the pike, the scene concealed from view by the timber. Besides the many new-made graves, and the dead gathered in heaps and piled by the roadside, there were other evidences of heavy fighting on the road.

From the summit there was a martial display which, for concentration of great masses of soldiery, all in full view at the same time, was probably never equalled at any time during the war. From the mountains to the Antietam, a stream flowing to the southward, and moving directly parallel with them, is a distance of from eight to ten miles. Within this area, over plain and valley, deployed, massed, in column and by the flank, some moving and others at rest, was nearly the whole Army of the Potomac, its infantry, cavalry, artillery and trains. With the exception of Franklin's Corps on the left, concealed from

observation, in Pleasant Valley, in the vicinity of Maryland Heights, the entire army was within the range of vision to an observer standing on the top of the mountain. The day was perfect, the air clear and still, the sun bright and dazzling. Near the foot lay the hamlet of Boonesboro', a town apparently of more thrift and enterprise than Middletown, a good-sizeable, comfortable village of some six or eight hundred people. The day before the Union cavalry had sent the Confederate rear through the place rather precipitately. Many of the enemy were killed and wounded, a number taken prisoners and an entire battery of artillery captured. It was a spirited affair and was the cannonading previously noted as "occasional discharges."

From the mountain to the bluffs and knolls which line the banks of the Antietam westward, and southward to the spur which makes the western boundary of Pleasant Valley, the whole country was in full view. To the right and northward the arable open lands rolled off, with earth and sky united in a horizon miles and miles away.

Noticeable to the right on the mountain-top stood Monument Hill, the highest peak of the range. It derived its name from a monument erected there by the patriotic citizens of the neighborhood many years before, to the memory of Washington. Except the base, which still stood, it was all in ruins; since the war the same patriotic sentiment has reconstructed it.

Lacking the prominent mountain-sides for its boundaries, the valley was not so distinctly marked as that through which ran the Catoctin. It was evidently as rich, fertile and productive as the other, but as the ground was almost wholly concealed by the great mass of men and the paraphernalia of war, which literally covered it, its thrift and fertility were better indicated by the substantial character of the houses and out-buildings, and the size of the farms. The houses were solid and massive, some of brick and some of stone, and the barns of stone, large and commodious, much after the pattern of their Pennsylvania neighbors.

Miles to the right and front, climbing the hills and sinking over them out of view, were columns upon columns of infantry, attenuated by the distance to widths so narrow as to but little resemble a moving mass of human beings, and reduced in size to patterns so pigmy as scarcely to be distinguishable as men. They seemed to writhe and crawl, until the heavy body, designated for some determined purpose in that direction, had passed entirely out of sight. But with all its strength, as it simmered away, the withdrawal of this column seemed in the distance to make no perceptible diminution in the vast numbers that still remained deployed, halted or shifting for position, over the whole surface of the valley below. Smoke twirled from miniature camp-fires kindled for a little noon-day bite; stacked in "line of masses," the sun softly glistened from the bright barrels of the muskets, or flashed on the pointed bayonets; batteries were parked with their divisions; squadrons stood to horse with their battalions. Quarter-masters, wagon-masters, teamsters detaching the ordnance from the other wagons, gathered their trains into park. Surgeons, ambulances, stretcher-bearers, separated from the combatants, and the whole countryside—roads, fields, and timber—swarmed with manœuvring soldiery.

That a great battle was imminent was plain. Nor could the 118th stand longer in wonderment and gaze admiringly upon the splendid military display passing in the valley before it, as if in panoramic appointments for its especial entertainment. It passed down the mountain-side and was soon lost amid the legions shaking off their *impedimenta* preparatory to the struggle of the morrow.

There was inspiration everywhere; It culminated in open demonstration in the sonorous melody of the "boom, boom, boom" again, as the column passed through Boonesboro', and the inhabitants joyously told of the demoralization of the enemy that followed the dash of the Yankee cavalry through the town on the day previous.

During the afternoon the whole army loosened itself, and by

five o'clock the regiment went into bivouac in line of battle at the foot of a ridge just beyond the village of Keedysville. The road from Keedysville crosses the Antietam by "Porter's Bridge," a name derived from the neighboring hamlet of Portertown. The ridge overlooked the creek and the country for some distance beyond. A battery in front was in action when the regiment came upon the ground, firing with deliberation, at extended intervals. Each shot brought its response, and though the practice was poor, that indescribable screech of the shells, heard for the first time, produced just a perceptible tremor of anxiety. Artillery at long range soon ceases to terrorize, and the men shortly treated the exploding missiles as familiar acquaintances. But away off to the right Hooker's Division was having it tremendously. The roar of the musketry was unceasing, the discharge of the batteries continuous. Close enough for at least a full appreciation of the noise of a great battle, it was here the desperate struggle of the cornfield and Dunker church was in progress, terminating the next morning in, probably, as many casualties, for the numbers engaged and the space and time covered, as any other field of the war.

The eve of a great battle is a wonderful curiosity-breeder. Naturally inquisitive, danger, anxiety, novelty, doubt, but more particularly the irresistible desire for information he has no business with, all impel the soldier to search for material to aid him to shape his resultless conclusions. And such they habitually are. Truth and rumor, fact and fancy, are moulded together to produce wonderful items of news, which are given forth as indubitable facts, but prove to be the opposite of real results. The stores of assumed wisdom, boastfully communicated to willing, susceptible listeners, are prodigious. Our regiment, new to such things, utterly bewildered with all the fugitive gossip manufactured for the occasion, awoke on the morrow to find these deceptive fancies lost in the portentous happenings they had not even remotely conceived.

The morning of Wednesday, September 17, Antietam's

fateful day, dawned with a clear and cloudless sky. The regiment was pushed a little farther to the front, in support of a battery of the 1st New York Artillery, still occupying ground commanding a view of a wide expanse of country upon the other side of the creek. Through the night the army found its positions, and as darkness disappeared before the daylight it unfolded vast deployments of lines of battle arrayed for the contest soon to be precipitated everywhere. Troops yet arriving upon the ground poured in one continuous stream to where the battle waged wickedly on the right. There, from earliest break of day, the musketry rolled and thundered and roared incessantly. The desperate intensity of its terrible crash was magnified to the real depth of its deadly purpose from the almost total silence of the batteries. The lines of the combatants impinged or struggled at range so close that the guns on either side stood dumb for fear their punishment would fall upon friend and foe alike. No shout or cheer or yell relieved the one all-absorbing, terrible sound; all else was hushed in awe before the deep and deafening roar, increasing in intensity and developing in extent as fresh battalions lent their energies to the deadly fray. It really never seemed to cease, but was absorbed as it extended to the left, and as the day grew apace came nearer and nearer to our own immediate front.

The whole of the corps, the 5th, had come upon the field. It lay stretched to the right and rear, impressive from its numbers, awaiting its allotment to the front, as the progress of the fight demanded that wavering lines be strengthened, or columns of assault assisted. Still to the rear, massed farther down the valley, the lances of the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, not yet abandoned, with their bright red pennants, were distinctive in the distance. And away off on top of "Elk Hill" the active operations of the signal-flags told of communications of moment that the exceptionally clear atmosphere and their position of such especial prominence gave them opportunity to gather and transmit.

The guns of the New York battery were served with more

rapidity than on the previous afternoon. Danger will not suppress curiosity, and the proximity, within call in case of movement, prompted some of the more inquisitive to stroll around the guns, anxious to seize, thus early, opportunity to closely observe artillery in action. It was a place where none had business except those whose duty called them there, and death or wounds resulting from unnecessary and improper exposure are not the honorable scars that add laurels to the chaplets of renown.

The battery commandant, competent to manage his own affairs, jealously insisted that the ground he occupied was as sacredly his as if he were its owner in fee, and he peremptorily bade the trespassers be off. He also vouchsafed to say that a major of a New York infantry regiment, brought there only by curiosity, had been killed within his battery lines only a little while before. Nor did he propose that knots or groups should stand about among his guns to draw the enemy's fire, and thus uselessly expose his own men. A ricocheting round-shot, uncomfortably close, strengthened his objections, accelerated the pace, and the bunch of inquiring minds dispersed suddenly to where they properly belonged.

At noon the combat raged in all its fierceness. It was near this hour when General McClellan, with his large and imposing staff, rode upon the ground occupied by our division. The deep and abiding enthusiasm that habitually followed him promptly greeted him. Shouts, yells, and cheers of appreciation rent the air. This unusual noise, so loud that it was borne above the din of battle to the enemy's line, brought on a vigorous and persistent shelling. Regardless of the flying, bursting missiles, there he sat astride his splendid charger, glass in hand, calmly reviewing the mighty hosts, whose discomfiture with his trusted legions he was bent upon that day accomplishing. Intent, no doubt, on securing some permanent advantage at this particular point, he turned suddenly to Colonel Webb, the engineering officer of his staff, who subsequently won imperishable fame in command of the Philadelphia Brigade at Gettys-

burg, and, after a few moments of hurried instructions, despatched him on his mission down into the valley—down into the very jaws of death. The smoke of the conflict soon enveloped him and he was lost to view entirely.

The perilous duties of the intelligent staff-officer, so frequently demanding such severe and unusual exposure, so forcibly illustrated to the men of the regiment thus early in their career, in this gallant ride of Webb's, aroused in them an admiration for him which ever afterwards, when he was seen or heard of, caused his name or presence to be most enthusiastically received.

As this rider was shortly followed by the famous charge of General Meagher's Irish Brigade, now historically considered as among the most telling of the war, it was fairly concluded that the purpose of Webb's mission was to direct it. This notable charge took place in full view from the knoll occupied by the regiment. The ground over which they were about to move was rough and uneven, and in the distance appeared to be a freshly ploughed field.

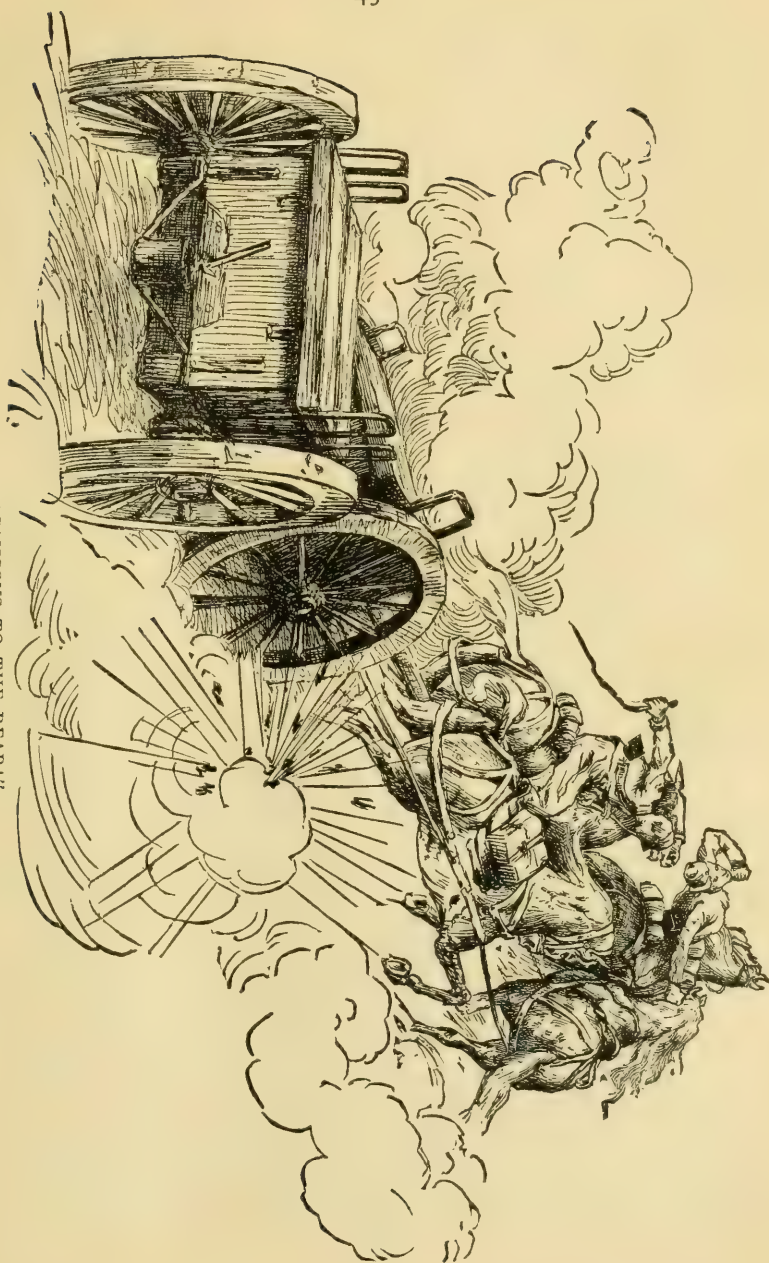
The enemy's line upon which the advance was to be made was in plain view just outside the edge of a belt of timber. It was flanked by several batteries, whose active work of the morning had much improved their practice. They were said to be part of the celebrated Washington Light Artillery of New Orleans, whose fame as artillerists was coextensive with their service. From the formation of the ground the preliminary preparations could not be concealed; the enemy caught them in their very incipency and gun and musket belched forth their vengeful volleys with telling accuracy. But the gallant Irishmen moved into battle-array with the precision of parade. The sun glistened upon the bright barrels of the rifles and the colors fluttered vauntingly in the breeze. Prominent in its place beside the national standard the green harp of Erin was distinctly observed. As the advance progressed and the scathing fire cut out its fearful gaps, the line halted with deliberation to readjust itself. The dead and wounded strewed the ground,

thickening as the distance from the enemy lessened. Twice and again the green standard, more distinctly noticeable than the regimental color, fell, but only to be promptly seized again, still to be borne gallantly onward to its goal. Vast curtains of smoke concealed the enemy, rising at intervals, disclosing him; yet unmoved, holding firmly to his post. But nothing diminished the courage, nothing could stay the onslaught, of these determined men. The deadly moment of impact came, the lines impinged, and the enemy, in irreparable confusion, broke for the friendly cover of the timber. The Irishmen, still maintaining their organization with commendable exactitude, pressed them in their helpless flight, until finally, with shout and cheer, friend and foe were lost to view in the wood the enemy had sought for safety. The unerring fire of Meagher's men had told severely upon his adversary. As he disappeared his abandoned line was distinctly marked by a long array of dead and wounded who had fallen where they stood. It was not the Irishmen alone who entirely did the work, but the brigades of Caldwell and Brooks added their valor to the enemy's rout.

These splendid movements, typical of so many of equal gallantry during the war, to new troops, who had yet participated in no such deadly fray, was an excellent lesson in object teaching. It bore its fruits subsequently in many a desperate encounter, when the metal of the Pennsylvanians was tested with a like severity.

During this advance of the Irish Brigade a battery of the enemy, manned by specially skilled artillerists, by its rapidity and accuracy had caused them much annoyance. Its shells, bursting with remarkable precision, had become fatally effective. When the charging line had about half covered the distance between its starting-point and the enemy's position, the fire was so destructive that an artillery movement seemed essential for its diversion. Promptly a battery galloped to position between the main lines of the two armies, directly in rear of Meagher's advance. It was unlimbered and in action in a trice. Out in the open plain, in full view, with a perfect range, and

"CAISSONS TO THE REAR!"



almost upon a dead level, it was an assignment of unusually severe exposure. In a moment it was wholly obscured; limbers, pieces, caissons, men and horses were entirely lost in the impenetrable clouds of dust and smoke that rose about it. Every shot, solid or explosive, was planted right within its midst, just where the expert gunnery controlling the opposing battery intended it should be. It was silenced instantly, limbered and withdrawn with an alacrity only equalled by the commendable enterprise with which it assumed its perilous task. Lashing, spurring and belaboring the startled animals, the remnants emerged from the smoky obscurity, and still followed by a few parting malignant shots they found the nearest convenient cover for rest and repairs. It had, however, fairly accomplished its purpose and diverted the fire for the moment from the soldiers who had so fearfully borne its brunt.

The day was waning, but the battle-roar continued until total darkness stopped the strife. It was evident, though the enemy still maintained, generally, the lines it held from the beginning, that the advantage had been with the Union forces, and that their adversaries had been severely worsted. Wherever the attack had been pressed with vigor, they had been much discomfited and forced to yield their ground. Such was the assurance of success, that our soldiers rested comfortably through the night in the blissful belief that they had won the day. The regiment did not become actively engaged, but remained all day in support of the battery, and bivouacked on the same ground it occupied in the morning.

On the morning of the 18th the command was moved off some miles towards the left, in the direction where Burnside had made the desperate fight for the stone bridge, the story of which, so often told with thrilling effect in pamphlet and essay, has crowned its grand heroism with the laurels it so justly deserves.

Some of the route was over a portion of the field where the battle had waged fiercely. The unburied dead lay around. Many of the bodies, struck by the heavier missiles, were horri-

bly torn and mangled. There was a leg, with its ragged, bloody edges, severed near the thigh, evidently by a solid shot; another, in its garment, separated from its unseen trunk, lying in a fence-corner. By a broken-down frame building, that had been a field hospital, arms and legs, hurriedly amputated, were scattered here and there.

Down the slope of the road, approaching the bridge, the numbers of the slain increased; abandoned muskets and cartridge-boxes lay everywhere, and the ground, furrowed and upturned by shot and shell, showed the heavy work of the enemy's guns. Just at the entrance of the bridge a man lay stretched upon his back, unconscious, but moaning, a minnie-ball imbedded in his forehead.

These evidences of mortal combat were to become familiar. Seen in such a volume of horrors, so soon away from peaceful homes, the impressive silence with which the sights were viewed was conclusive that the men had a full appreciation of their early realization of the terrors of a battle-field.

The bridge was of stone, with three arches, of the pattern of such country structures so usual in Pennsylvania and Maryland. Upon the thither side the bodies of the dead Confederates showed that they, too, had received some punishment. On the right bank of the creek, which was that occupied by the enemy, the heights rose abruptly, deflecting but little from a true perpendicular. Between their base and the creek there was but width sufficient for a wagon roadway. With these heights manned by the enemy and the main roadway over the bridge wholly under his control, the attempt to carry it seemed but desperation, and its success almost miraculous. Such were the conclusions these untried soldiers of ours reached when they first saw the ground and knew of the work of the previous day.

Debouching from the bridge, the narrow roadway beneath the heights leads both up and down the stream, along which the brigade at once deployed, and without delay clambered the bluff, that the line might be established along the upper edge.

It was a position of much personal discomfort, as the men had literally to hang to bush or bough, or rest on stones, to hold their places. The ascent was so steep that in many instances the officers were forced to use their swords and the men their bayonets to better secure their foothold. A stake and rider fence ran along the bluff but a short distance from the edge, bordering the fields and open country between the heights and the town of Sharpsburg, in full view and within easy rifle-range. The preservation of this fence on ground occupied for full twenty-four hours, first by one side and then by the other, was evidence that they had been more than usually employed with most important work. The straggling houses upon the edge of the town were filled with the enemy's sharpshooters, who, aware that the bluff was occupied, kept up an incessant firing. The exposure of a single individual drew it with direct aim. He was rewarded for his temerity by a disabling shot or returned ignominiously to his cover.

There was an angle in the fence grown about with shrub and bush, however, which afforded safe concealment and full observation. A careful reconnoissance from this point discovered a house, well in advance of the others and farther out of the town, where shingles had been removed from its roof, and from which, through the holes, evidently came the most persistent and annoying shooting. The enemy inside seemed to have cutely drawn their rifles so far in under the roof, resting them upon the rafters, that the smoke was actually retained within the building. They had been engaged so long it probably became stifling, and had caused a window to be opened below for freer ventilation. The officer who had been cautiously and suspiciously watching this house from the place of concealment in the fence-angle, still closely scrutinizing it, noticed, as he believed, smoke delicately twirling from this open window. To be convinced his conclusions were well-founded, he directed several shots to be fired at the roof. This continued for a few moments, and then a number of the men moving to the top of the hill delivered several volleys. For the time the

enemy's fire was silenced, but it was still doubted whether the rebels could *affect* such Yankee aptitude as to so effectually conceal themselves and their shots. A disaster, however, which shortly followed, was conclusive in the matter.

About this time General Burnside, entirely alone, unattended by staff-officer or orderly, rode along the narrow road that ran by the side of the creek. General Burnside's face was of that fresh, inviting nature that, even with his distinguished rank,



seemingly permitted interrogation. Prompted by his kindly look, some one inquired: "General, are there any rebels still about here?" probably more for something to say than anything else, as it had been quite apparent that at least a few were yet around. "Still about? Why, there are thousands of them just over the hill, and they will be coming for you pretty soon." And then he continued, laughingly: "In the meantime I am going to get out of this, as it is no place for me—I don't want to see any more of them;" and so, with another

hearty laugh, generous good-bye, and kindly wave of the hand, he rode away. The presence of a general officer with such high command, particularly away out in the front, is always an occasion for much animation; but the general's gentle salutation and happy, laughing reply, and the troops not at all of his command, was a moment for special gratification.

The doubt as to the character of the occupants of the house where the shingles had disappeared from the roof, and the purpose of their occupancy, was now wholly removed. Corporal Sanford, of Company E, not yet convinced, mounted the fence either for more perfect observation or to tempt an expert marksman. His illusion or temerity cost him dearly. A shot went crashing through his thigh, shattering the bone; amputation immediately followed, and his permanent disability speedily terminated his soldier-days. This was our first casualty.

This event started the enemy to renewed activity, and they kept up such a lively fusillade until nightfall that the more desirable quarters were well down under the protection of the bluff. The bickering fire which had continued most of the day, when darkness set in grew wicked and incessant. Upon the right it grew so in volume as to assume almost battle proportions. A determined attack in force was anticipated, and the watchful care needed to meet it caused the hours of the night to pass in wearisome anxiety. In fact, a short distance to our immediate right a direct assault with decided persistency resulted in gathering in some hundred of the pickets. Just before dawn, without any gradual subsidence, the firing ceased suddenly and abruptly.

When day broke on the 19th the purpose of the continuous fusillade was quite apparent. The enemy had entirely withdrawn, using the firing to conceal and the darkness to cover the movement. He had disappeared from the north of the Potomac, and the invasion of Maryland was a failure.

Details were made from the regiment to carry off the wounded, who had been lying on the ground between the Union and Confederate lines for twenty-four hours, without

water, save what a few of them had caught in their rubber blankets during a shower. One of the men whom they found had been wounded through the fleshy part of both thighs. He belonged to a Connecticut regiment. He was carried to a large farm-house in the neighborhood, which the surgeons were using as a hospital. As they were about to take him into the house he said: "No, boys; lay me down out here; there are others wounded worse than I am—take them inside."

The regiment moved up onto the plain, and the colonel, utilizing every moment of leisure, exercised the command for some time in battalion manœuvres. Singularly, his attention was devoted almost exclusively to the "on right by file into line," a practice soon to be tested in actual combat with fatal effect.

If the improved tactics, uniting the fours, ignoring the right and left, dispensing with the positive adhesion to front and rear, and the consequent absolute dependence upon the slow and dilatory "on right by file into line" had not been necessitated, it is quite questionable whether, with these new tactics, the fatalities might not have been materially reduced or possibly every life been saved.

The drill had not concluded when, called to again resume the march, the column moved off to and through Sharpsburg. Whether our brigade was the first of the Union troops to enter the town after the enemy had abandoned it, was not definitely determined. The reception that awaited them would indicate they were. Demonstrations of joy and hearty greetings resounded everywhere. Men, women and children vied with each other in according a generous welcome. Such a greeting was a fitting rebuke to the flaming proclamation that the mission of the Army of Northern Virginia was to liberate the citizens of Maryland from the thralldom of the Union of the States, and conclusive that, in this locality at least, there was no sympathy with such a purpose.

The town is a pretty little hamlet of some thousand people, beautifully located a few miles from the Potomac, overlooking the Antietam. It contained its proper complement of stores

and churches, but all identity of the purposes for which these buildings had been used was lost; everything had been absorbed for the moment in one universal hospital. Houses and out-buildings were filled, and lawns and gardens covered with the Confederate wounded. Nor were these suffering men the only reminder of the great battle that had ended. Few were the houses that had not been pierced by solid shot or shell. One of the inhabitants said that he and his family were about to sit down at the dinner-table, when a solid shot crashed through the wall, and, falling on the table, spoiled the



“And when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay, ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.”

dinner and the dishes, and, he added, quaintly, “also our appetites.”

Passing beyond the town the regiment halted before noon near the Potomac, in the vicinity of Blackford's Ford. A fringe of timber hid the river and concealed the troops from the enemy, who, with his batteries planted on the bluffs on the other side, occasionally dropped a few shells. Towards night they ceased their fire, leaving their guns still in position, unsupported and even without their own battery-men. It seemed a fitting opportunity to effect a capture, and the corps-commander called for one hundred volunteers from each regiment of the brigade to carry out the design. The response

from the 118th was so hearty, it was more difficult to select from the volunteers than it would have been to order a detail. Captain Ricketts was assigned to the command, and the detachment marched off to report to General Griffin, who had been placed in charge of the movement. They returned about midnight, having been eminently successful in the enterprise. Five pieces of artillery and some of their appurtenances were taken, one of which was a gun of a regular battery which had been lost at the First Bull Run.

The halt and rest continued through the night, and the days and doings of "Antietam" were ended.



CORPORAL WILLIAM L. GABE.

CHAPTER III.

SHEPHERDSTOWN.

WAS there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blundered;

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.

BLACKFORD'S FORD crosses the Potomac just below the breast of an old mill-dam. It bears the name of a family who for several generations occupied the residence and owned the lands in the immediate vicinity. Above the dam three lonely piers marked the site of the bridge that formerly spanned the stream, and had been the highway leading to Shepherdstown and Martinsburg. On the Virginia side the ford road runs along the lower extremity of a high bluff off into the country, and another extends along the foot of the bluff, between it and the river, in the direction of Shepherdstown. The bluff rises precipitously, is almost perpendicular, and is dotted with boulders and a stunted growth of timber. The roadway, a short distance from the Ford, passes a gap or ravine, obstructed and concealed by underbrush and passable with difficulty. Two gate-posts marked its entrance, indicating it as an abandoned private lane. From the ravine, a path led up to the high table-land above. Along the face of the bluff, near the glen, were several kilns or arches, used for the burning of lime. The river road passes over the kilns, the bluff still, as it passes over them, continuing to rise precipitately. Another road passes down from the bluff around and in front of the kilns.

The dam-breast, some ten feet wide, had been long neglected, many of the planks had rotted away or been removed, and water trickled through numerous crevices. The outer face, sloping to its base, was covered with a slippery green slime. On the Virginia side, some twenty feet had been left for a fish-way, through which flowed a rapid current. The river was



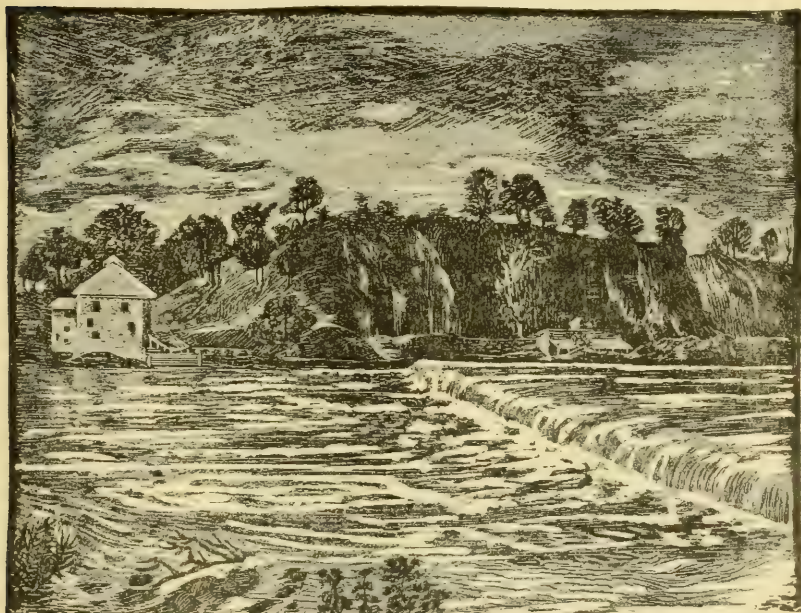
FITZ-JOHN PORTER,

Major-General of Volunteers U. S. Army,
July 4, 1862, to January 27, 1863.

From a photograph by GUTEKUNST Co.
of Philadelphia, taken in 1884.

low, and the fish-way easily fordable. Along the river shore, on the Maryland side, ran the Chesapeake and Ohio canal.

On the morning of the 20th of September Major-General Fitz-John Porter was ordered to send two divisions over the river to co-operate with a cavalry advance, and scour the country in the direction of Charlestown and Shepherdstown. In obedience to these instructions, Sykes, with his division, composed of two brigades of regulars and one of volunteers,



THE DAM AT SHEPHERDSTOWN.

was directed to proceed in the direction of Charlestown, and Morrell, with Barnes's brigade leading, in the direction of Shepherdstown. The cavalry did not, however, reach the Virginia side until Sykes's pickets were in close proximity to the advancing foe.

Sykes crossed the river early in the morning, and Lovell's 2d (regulars) Brigade skirmishers, advancing a mile into the country, soon developed the enemy, some three thousand

strong, approaching with artillery. Warren's 3d Brigade was immediately thrown over in support and formed on Lovell's left, Lovell having meanwhile been directed to fall back slowly; and Barnes's brigade, arriving at the same time, on its road to Shepherdstown, was directed to connect with Lovell's right. The other brigades of Morrell's division did not cross. At the request of General Sykes, Barnes suspended his movement towards Shepherdstown, and supported Sykes. His brigade was deployed under the bluffs. None of his regiments reached the summit, except the 118th.

General Sykes, aware "that the Virginia side of the river was no place for troops, until a proper reconnoissance had been made, and reports from citizens indicating the belief that a large force of the enemy was moving upon us" (him),* communicated his opinion to General Porter, who, agreeing with him, directed the immediate re-crossing of the troops.

The withdrawal actually began before the whole of Barnes's brigade was over the stream. The regulars and all of his brigade, except the 118th, successfully accomplished their retreat with but slight, if any, loss. Colonel Barnes, in his official report, unfairly, if that be not too mild a term, states the severe loss attending the affair as having fallen generally on all the regiments of his brigade, when, in fact, it fell entirely on the 118th Pennsylvania, which alone of all his regiments was actually engaged. The disaster which befell it, in this its first battle, has not, heretofore, been fully or fairly related. It is the purpose of this chapter to faithfully unfold it.†

The day was bright and clear. The sun shone with mellow

* General Sykes's official report of the action.

† Major-General Fitz-John Porter, in his report of the fight at Shepherdstown, says: "Under cover of our guns the whole command recrossed with little injury, *except the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers*, a small portion of which became confused early in the action. Their arms (spurious Enfield rifles) were so defective that little injury could be inflicted by them upon the enemy. Many of this regiment, new in service, volunteered the previous evening, and formed part of the attacking party who gallantly crossed the river to secure the enemy's artillery. *They have earned a good name, which their losses have not diminished.*"—[The italics are the author's.]



JOHN J. THOMAS,
2d Lieut. Co. B.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1889.

DEAR SIR:

I enjoyed the pleasure a few days since, through the kindness of Gen. Chamberlain and Gen. Locke, of reading the history of the 118th Pa. Vol., in the production of which you had so effective a hand.

This is one of the regiments in which I always felt a deep interest from the time it first joined the 5th Corps. I tried my best to have it supplied with good arms before it left Washington. The arms were reported almost worthless and Gen. Halleck assured me that they should be replaced before leaving. But though informed of the danger of sending a regiment with such defective arms to a battle field—lest they should meet with the disaster they did—Secretary Stanton persisted in forcing them forward—though three hours would have supplied the arms—and Gen. Halleck yielded. I did not know that the supply had not been furnished till after the battle.

The story of those few days is very interesting, and also much of what I have read, and I think you all deserve great credit for giving it to the country. The regiment and the State deserved it. It did good service—the country is profiting by it—and its members, if any are in need, should not be sufferers by neglect of government.

Yours truly,
FITZ JOHN PORTER.

To J. L. SMITH, ESQ., Philadelphia.



GEORGE SYKES,

Major-General of Volunteers U. S. Army,

Nov. 29, 1862, to Jan. 15, 1866.

Died Feb. 8, 1880.

From a photograph by BRADY,
taken in 1864.

Autumn radiance. Dew glistened on grass and leaf, and the old Potomac, calm and placid as if it had never known strife, visible for a considerable distance, swept on its course tranquilly. The landscape, varied with its valley and hillside, its meadows and woodlands, sprinkled with barn, house and garden, was peacefully picturesque in the refreshing sunlight of a soft September morning. There were no harbingers that by noon-day the regiment should suffer casualties, severer for a single combat than probably ever fell to the lot of soldiers, even in the heaviest battles of the war.

An early breakfast was interrupted by orders to move. The meal completed, the brigade started in the direction of the river. With a few hurried personal preparations, some of the men removing their shoes and stockings, the column at 9 A. M. began the passage of the stream at Blackford's Ford. There was a good deal of pleasant shouting as the troops splashed through the stream, and roars of laughter greeted those who, less fortunate than their fellows, stumbled and fell headlong into the water.

Just before the head of the column entered the ford, a brigade of Sykes's regulars appeared upon the thither side, marching back again from the same reconnoissance with which Barnes's movement was intended to generally co-operate. The columns passed each other midway in the river. The regulars gave the information that there was "no enemy in sight." * It was evidently twittingly said to encourage the volunteers, whom they held in no very high esteem, for at that time their rear skirmishers were actually engaged.

Though it was clear that the situation was a grave one, yet the 118th Pennsylvania was permitted to mount the cliff with its front entirely uncovered. No skirmish-line protected its advance until its right company was detached, and when it was deployed the enemy were pressing so hard that its de-

* Comrade M. Shaughnessy, of Post 14, G. A. R., Department of Pennsylvania, who, at that time was an enlisted man of Battery C, 3rd Artillery—known as Gibson's battery—was one of those who twittingly gave this information.



FORDING THE POTOMAC.

ployment answered no purpose. The commanding officer had a right to expect that, thrown out in a direction where an engagement was imminent, he would find himself at least covered by skirmishers well out in front of him.

The similar surroundings—high bluffs in front, a wide river in the rear—recalled the Ball's Bluff disaster vividly.

The brigade took the road that followed the base of the bluffs; and, as the head of the regiment approached the ravine or glen which led to the summit, a staff-officer dashed up hurriedly to Colonel Barnes, who rode at the time beside Colonel Prevost, and reported the enemy approaching in heavy force. Some vigorous action being instantly necessary, turning to Colonel Prevost, Colonel Barnes said: "Can you get your regiment on the top of the cliff?" "I will try, sir," was the prompt reply, and dismounting, he conducted the head of his column into the narrow, unfrequented path that led through the glen.

At this time not more than one-third of the regiment were across the river. General Barnes rode into the water and said to them: "Men, hurry up—you are wanted on top of the hill." In a few moments they were all across. As they climbed the hill by the narrow path, they found, near the top, a battery wagon, with its four horses still in harness, that by some mischance had fallen from the path, which was here just wide enough for it. It had caught on some trees and brush and hung between the path and the bottom of the ravine. The horses, tired of rearing and prancing, were quivering and suffering from their vain attempts to extricate themselves. Ricketts, noble, generous soul, fated to be a victim in the coming contest, could not restrain his impetuous humanity, and jumping from the ranks he cut the traces of the struggling animals and released them from their peril. The wagon had evidently belonged to a Confederate battery.

From the top of the bluff it was open country for a mile or more, with occasional cornfields; then the fields changed to forest, and a wide belt of timber skirted the open lands. Farm-

house, barn and hay-stack dotted the plain, and to the right in the distance were the roofs and spires of Shepherdstown.

The report of the staff-officer that the enemy were approaching in force met with ocular confirmation. In front of the timber the musket-barrels of a division, massed in battalion columns, gleamed and glistened in the sunlight. To the right, not half a mile away, a whole brigade was sweeping down with steady tread, its skirmishers, well in advance, moving with firm front; and ere the head of the regimental column had scarce appeared upon the bluff, they opened a desultory, straggling fire.

The teachings of the battalion-drill near Sharpsburg on the day previous now had practical application. In tones indicative of an urgency that demanded speedy execution, the voice of the colonel rang out with clear deliberation: "On right by file into line." Company E, with Lieutenants Hunterson and Lewis, was promptly deployed as a skirmish-line. Advancing but a short distance, it was soon severely engaged, and, unable to resist the heavy pressure, very shortly fell back upon the main line.

At this point Lieutenant Davis, the acting assistant adjutant-general of the brigade, on his way to the right to withdraw other regiments specially assigned to him to retire, observing that the 118th was making no movement to withdraw, but actually becoming engaged, called up the ravine to Lieutenant Kelly, the officer nearest him, to "tell Colonel Prevost, Colonel Barnes directs that he withdraw his regiment at once." The duty of communicating the order to the 118th to withdraw had been delegated to an orderly, a duty which he appears never to have discharged. This information Kelly promptly communicated to his captain, Bankson, who directed him to immediately report it to Colonel Prevost. He went along the line, and finding the colonel in front of the centre—the left was not yet in place—advised him of what he had personally been told.

"From whom did you say you heard this?" inquired the colonel.

"From Lieutenant Davis, of the staff of Colonel Barnes," replied Kelly.

"I do not receive orders in that way," was the colonel's sharp reply; "if Colonel Barnes has any order to give me, let his aid come to me," and he continued to conduct the formation, the business he was engaged in when Kelly interrupted him.

The formation had been completed only to the colors when the action commenced in earnest. "Before one-half the regiment had gotten into line, with the river in our rear, the enemy began to fire upon us, advancing by battalions in all directions."* From the beginning the fire of the enemy was tremendous; the rush of bullets was like a whirlwind. The slaughter was appalling; men dropped by the dozens.

Until the alignment was fully perfected from the colors to the left, as the men came into their places under fire some confusion followed, but when the line was completely established the behavior was gallant, orders were obeyed with alacrity, and the soldiers stood up handsomely against a dozen times their number.

About this time it became lamentably apparent that the muskets were in no fit condition for battle. The Enfield rifle, with which the regiment was originally armed, was at its best a most defective weapon, and of a decidedly unreliable pattern. Some of the weapons were too weak to explode the cap. This defect was at first unnoticed in the excitement; cartridge after cartridge was rammed into the barrel under the belief that each had been discharged, until they nearly filled the piece to the muzzle. A few charged cartridge with the bullet down and exploded cap after cap in a vain attempt to fire. Others, after a few shots, with pieces foul and ramrods jammed, instead of seizing the abandoned ones, crowded about the field-officers anxiously inquiring what they should do, while many, calm and free from excitement, were coolly seated upon the ground picking the nipple to clear the vent.

Private Joseph Mehan thus quaintly describes the situation

* Colonel Prevost's official report.

at this time: "I had broken the nipple of my gun and had picked up another gun lying near me, but, as with the first one, I had great trouble in getting it to go off. It made me very angry. I felt that I would give all the world to be able to shoot the advancing foe. I had fired but about a half-dozen shots, where as many again could have been got off had the guns been good for anything. I had taken a pin out and cleaned the nipple, and had raised my rifle for a shot, when I felt what seemed like a blow with a heavy fist on my left shoulder from behind. I did not realize at first that I was shot, feeling no particular pain, but my almost useless arm soon told me what it was."

In Colonel Prevost's official report he states: "We returned their fire as fast as possible, but soon found that our Enfield rifles were so defective that quite one-fourth of them would not explode the caps. Notwithstanding this discouraging circumstance men and officers behaved with great bravery."

Such was the regiment put upon this hill-top to do battle against the veterans of A. P. Hill and Stonewall Jackson. With but twenty days' experience in the field; with no opportunity for drill or instruction, it bravely withstood their onslaught, and with lines intact, except where a murderous slaughter had thinned them, valiantly battled for over half an hour against those overwhelming and tremendous odds. Nor did it yield until the punishment it inflicted was largely commensurate with what, great as it was, it had itself received.

"Nine or ten Confederate brigades took part in this affair, and the Confederates seem to believe that it ended with 'an appalling scene of the destruction of human life.' Jackson, whose words these are, must have been imposed upon by A. P. Hill, who had charge of the operation, and whose report contains these assertions: 'Then commenced the most terrible slaughter that this war has yet witnessed. The broad surface of the Potomac was blue with the floating bodies of our foe. But few escaped to tell the tale. By their own account

they lost 3,000 men killed and drowned from one brigade alone.*

“‘Or art thou drunk with wine, Sir Knight?
Or art thyself beside?’”

“The reader with a taste for figures will observe that this tale of deaths in one brigade alone wants only ten of being a thousand more than all the men killed in the Army of the Potomac on the 16th and 17th of September.”†

The enemy had now succeeded in pressing as close to the front as fifty yards,‡ and the hot fire at such close range was increasing the casualties with frightful fatality. At the same moment he succeeded in developing a regiment across the ravine, completely covering the entire right. The two right companies, under the immediate supervision of the colonel, promptly changed direction by the right flank and gallantly checked the manœuvre. This movement, mistaken by the hard-pressed centre for a withdrawal, induced it to break temporarily, and with the colors in the advance move in some disorder to the rear. Colonel Prevost caught the disorder in time to promptly check it. Heroically seizing the standard from the hands of the color-sergeant and waving it defiantly, he brought the centre back again to the conflict and completely restored the alignment. He was still waving the flag in defiance at the enemy when a musket-ball shattered his shoulder-blade and he was borne to the rear by Corporal Francis Daley, of Company E. The severity of his wound forced him to withdraw entirely from the action.

The command now devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Gwyn, to whom the colonel, as he passed him in retiring, formally turned it over. As he withdrew the enemy's lines developed in increased strength. His red cross battie-flags were waving in every direction to the front, and the air was

* He reported his own loss as 261.

† Palfrey's "Antietam," page 129.

‡ Colonel Prevost's official report of the action.

resonant with his peculiar, piercing, penetrating yells. In restoring the line it had been advanced somewhat, and the engagement was thus brought to still closer quarters. The horrors of the battle were intensified. The dead and wounded rapidly increased in numbers; the scene was an awful one. Shouts, cheers and orders were drowned in the roar of musketry and the defiant yells of the foe, who, confident in their overwhelming strength, were sure those who still survived would surrender.

After Colonel Prevost had passed through the ravine, he met Colonel Barnes on the road by the river. To prevent mistakes Colonel Barnes was following up the orderly whom he had directed to carry the orders to "retire." It was a fatal interval between the attempt to prevent mistakes and what had been a most grievous one.

"Where is your regiment?" Colonel Barnes earnestly inquired.

"Fighting desperately on the top of the hill, sir, where you placed it," was the colonel's response.

"Why, I sent you orders to retire in good order."

"I never received them, sir," he replied, "and I am sorry I am too seriously wounded to take them off, for they are suffering dreadfully."

"I will do so myself," replied Colonel Barnes, and hurried away to execute his purpose.

John Siner, of Company C, stated after the fight that while he was retiring through the ravine, wounded in the arm, he met a mounted staff-officer, who, inquiring the whereabouts of his colonel, was told by him he was on the bluff fighting with his regiment. "Go tell him," said he, "to retreat in good order, by order of Colonel Barnes." The kind-hearted fellow, considerate for the welfare of his companions, assumed to do the duty which the staff-officer so improperly delegated to him, and returned to the field to execute his mission. He delivered his message to the first officer he met, but by the time he had communicated it, the regiment had already

broken, and was making the best of its way back to the river. For his pains, Siner was again wounded in the leg, but ultimately managed to escape capture.

Just as Colonel Gwyn assumed the direction of the fight, a rout was imminent. To steady the line and strengthen its weakening confidence, he gave the orders to fix bayonets. To those who heard it, it had something of the desired effect, but in the increasing confusion and unsteadiness it was heard by but few. Where it was heard, it was promptly obeyed.

The officers were untiring and persistent in their efforts to hold their men together. At this critical moment, Captain Courtland Saunders and Lieutenant J. Mora Moss were instantly killed, the former with a musket-ball through the head, and the latter with one through the heart.

Here, too, Captain Ricketts fell while in the act of discharging his pistol. Staggering, he was saved from falling by Private William L. Gabe, who started to assist him to the rear.

"Leave me, Gabe," said the captain, "and save yourself."

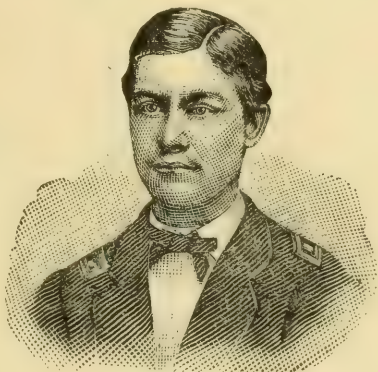
But the brave, generous Gabe would not desist, and again both were shot down together, Gabe wounded, and this time the captain killed. As he fell to the ground he cried, in agony :

"My God ! I am shot by my own men."

"Not so," said Gabe, "but by the 'rebs,' who are right on top of us."

And then the enemy's line swept over them, and the captain lived just long enough to know that he was mistaken.

The enemy's stragglers, who followed his advancing lines, stooped over the prostrate body of Ricketts and, against the earnest protest of the wounded Gabe, who still zealously clung



LIEUTENANT J. MORA MOSS.

to the body of his fallen chief, proceeded to rifle his pockets. They took his watch, diary, money and everything belonging to him, appropriated his sword to their own use, and stole his coat, vest and boots. The diary, the short *résumé* of his few days' service, they conceived of no use, and considerably returned it to Gabe.

Ricketts was a strong man. His energies were untiring, his sense of duty supreme. He had had a military training; was skilful as a tactician. What he knew, he knew thoroughly. He had fully grasped the principles of his teachings and was apt and ready in their application. His generous sympathy was evidenced by his readiness to relieve the suffering horses, and



CAPTAIN RICKETTS.

his heroic death attested his eminent courage. Fitted for an advancement which the casualties of war would have soon brought him, he was destined thus early in his career for the most honorable of all the soldier's epitaphs: "killed in action."

First Lieutenant William M. McKeen was about this time in the action also most seriously wounded. A shot passed

through his body involving a vital organ. His life was for a long time despaired of. He recovered subsequently, however, to again take a prominent place in the business community.

The enemy also suffered. The 14th South Carolina (A. P. Hill's Division) lost 55 killed and wounded in front of the 118th regiment.

The order to retire, which, with the thickening disasters, had been long hoped for, came at last. The welcome direction, communicated through the loud voice of Adjutant James P. Perot, was repeated hurriedly all along the line. The scene that followed almost beggars description. The brave men who

had contended so manfully against these frightful odds broke in wild confusion for the river. Perot, unable from an injury in early life to keep pace with the rapidly retiring soldiers, remained almost alone upon the bluff. True to the instincts of a genuine courage, he stood erect facing the foe, with his pistol resting on his left forearm, emptying it rapidly of all the loads he had left, when he was severely wounded and ultimately fell into the hands of the enemy. Lieutenant Charles H. Hand, who afterwards succeeded him as adjutant, and a number of men were captured with him.

The greater part of the regiment made furiously for the ravine, down which they dashed precipitately. Since the march up, a tree, in a way never accounted for, had fallen across the path. This materially obstructed the retreat. Over and under it the now thoroughly demoralized crowd jostled and pushed each other, whilst, meanwhile, the enemy, having reached the edge of the bluff, poured upon them a fatal and disastrous plunging fire. The slaughter was fearful; men were shot as they climbed over the tree, and their bodies suspended from the branches were afterwards plainly visible from the other side of the river.

Others, who avoided the route by the ravine, driven headlong over the bluff, were seriously injured or killed outright. Among these was Captain Courtney O'Callaghan, who, badly disabled, was never again fitted for active field-service.

An old abandoned mill stood upon the ford road, at the base of the cliff. It completely commanded the ford and the dam-breast. When the last of the fugitives had disappeared from the bluff, the enemy crowded the doors, windows and roof and poured their relentless, persecuting fire upon those who had taken to the water. Numbers, observing the telling effect of the fire upon those who had essayed to the venture of crossing, huddled together and crowded each other in the arches at the base of the bluff; whilst others, hoping to escape the fatal effect of the avenging bullets, took to deeper water and crossed where the stream was deep enough to cover the entire body and leave the head alone exposed.

It was here that Lieutenant Lewis, having previously had his pistol-holster shot away and a musket-ball through the sleeve and another through the skirt of his coat, as he was taking to the water at the breast of the dam, was severely wounded and sent headlong into the stream. Regaining his feet, he ultimately succeeded, with the assistance of Private Patrick Nicholas, in making his way across without other mishap.

In the midst of the rout and confusion the colors had been borne to the water's edge near the dam-breast. At the sight of the terrible fatality attending those preceding him the bearer hesitated to cross. Time was invaluable; the least delay would place the standard in hopeless jeopardy. Major Herring was opportunely at hand. He seized the staff and placing it in the custody of Private William Hummell, of D, directed him to enter the stream. Covering the soldier's body with his own, with the color unfurled and waving with daring taunt, as if defying the enemy to attempt its capture, he successfully made the Maryland shore. A conspicuous mark, it drew towards it a fire resentfully wicked, but both the major and Hummell escaped unscathed.

At this moment a battery from the Maryland side opened heavily. The practice was shameful. The fuses, too short, sent the terrible missiles into the disorganized mass fleeing in disorder before the serious punishment of the enemy's musketry. It was a painful ordeal, to be met in their effort to escape an impending peril by another equally terrible. Shell after shell, as if directly aimed, went thundering into the arches, bursting and tearing to pieces ten or twelve of those who had crowded there for cover. A cry and wail of horror went up, plainly heard above the din and roar of battle. Waving handkerchiefs fixed to ramrods, they endeavored by their signals to warn the gunners to desist, but to no avail; the fatal work continued. Hoping for better treatment, numbers turned with their white insignia of truce towards the enemy and, again ascending to the hill-top, surrendered. The artillerists continued to pound away with an ardor indicative of satisfaction, until Captain B. F.

Fisher and Lieutenant L. R. Fortescue, two officers of the Signal Corps, fortunately detected, with the aid of their long-range telescopes, the damage inflicted, when lengthened fuses and better practice brought their aim more directly towards the accomplishment of its intended purpose.

The dam-breast was still crowded, and here and there across it were the dead, wounded and dying. As the last of the survivors were nearing the Maryland shore, Berdan's Sharpshooters appeared. Deploying hurriedly in the bed of the canal, shouting loudly to those still exposed to seek what cover they could, they opened vigorously with their usual unerring and effective aim and soon almost entirely cleared the other bank.



LIEUT. J. RUDHALL WHITE. LIEUT. J. MORA MOSS. CAPT. JOS. W. RICKETTS.

Ephraim Layman, of I, had escaped from the bluff uninjured. While hurrying along the edge of the river he was shot through the body and fell with his feet in the water. He lay in the same position until the following afternoon, when, under the flag of truce, he was removed to the Maryland side and subsequently taken to the hospital at Sharpsburg. There, a few

hours after the ball had been extracted, he expired. Layman had not yet reached his majority. He was of excellent family, and enlisted from motives of the purest patriotism. His early training, earnest purpose and firm determination to be foremost in answer to all demands of duty, were indicative of a promising future.

One of the saddest incidents of this disastrous day happened after the action was really over. Lieutenant J. Rudhall White had passed through the desperate dangers of the contest and had safely landed upon the Maryland shore. As he reached the top of the river-bank he stopped and said: "Thank God! I am over at last." His halt attracted attention and a musket-ball, doubtless directly aimed from the other side by an experienced marksman, ploughed through his bowels. The wound was almost instantly fatal; he died as he was being borne away.

White was a handsome, soldierly young man of scarce twenty summers. A native of Warrenton, Virginia, at the breaking out of the war he was a young lieutenant in the Black Horse Cavalry, a command subsequently famous in all the campaigns of Virginia. Differing in sentiments from his friends and his family, sacrificing the ties of home and friendship, he determined to defend his convictions with his sword. Firm in his belief that the unrighteous attempt to disrupt the Government should be suppressed, imbued with the purest and highest patriotism, he sought service in the Union army. Instinctively a soldier from principle, his sad and early death interrupted a career that promised the brightest prospects. His short service had secured him the confidence of his superiors and the respect of his soldiers.

The mortality which attended the mess of Ricketts, Moss, White, McKeen and West was singular. They had all been associated as members of Company D of the Gray Reserves, and hence grouped themselves for the closest associations after they took the field. Ricketts, Moss and White were killed outright. McKeen's death subsequently resulted from his

wounds, and West, who now alone survives, escaped a very close shot. A musket-ball cut his coat across the stomach, severing the garment as if by a knife, the lower flap falling to his knee.

The fight was a sad and purposeless affair, with a most disastrous and fatal termination. Yet it secured for the regiment a reputation among its new associates for staying qualities which, maintaining it thoroughly, as it did, down to the very end, bore most excellent fruits.

Experienced soldiers, jealous of their hard-earned glories, are prone, until their mettle is tested, to receive their inexperienced brethren with no boisterous, cheery demonstrations of hearty welcome. This treatment was more pronounced when the soldiers of 1862 joined the Army of the Potomac, as the impression was abroad that their enlistment was prompted solely by a moneyed consideration. Of course, this soon wore away, and the entire army was, as in the beginning, one harmonious whole in feeling, sentiment and purpose.

The 118th's reception in the brigade was not attended by any joyous, gladsome shouts, nor was it exempt from the intimation that its presence at the front was largely due to the paltry shekels. The stolid indifference it met at every hand during the few days previous to the fight was frequently accompanied with epithets apparently intended to be enduring: "Here come the \$200 boys from Philadelphia," and others of like import. The affair at Shepherdstown, though, wiped everything out. That was a crucial test, and one which conquered the prejudices of men whose trials of battle fitted them to judge of the worth of their fellows. Opprobrious allusions were changed to plaudits, and, for months afterwards, the command was pointed out everywhere to strangers as "the men who fought at Shepherdstown."

Madison, an enlisted man of H, had a sorry experience. Past the prime of life, he was still of wiry, nervous energies. He never shirked duty, and, seeking neither cover nor concealment, had stood up manfully through the heat of the action,

escaping unharmed. In common with many of his fellows, he selected the more exposed dam-breast as a means of more rapid transit over the river. He seemed to be chosen as a special mark for the enemy's resentment. They dealt with him in no unstinted way, and before he had reached the Maryland side five balls had passed into or through his body. The last shot struck him as he almost made the shore and had turned sideways to take a resentful glance at his persecutors. Entering his cheek it passed through both jaws, between the tongue and roof of the mouth. With the pluck and energy of desperation, and maddened to a towering rage, he vented his anger in a frightful howl, and facing squarely about gave his enemies the last shot he ever fired in the army, for his wounds terminated his service, but not his life. He is still a hearty, vigorous man.

Joe Kiersted, of H, was an uncouth, rough, turbulent sort of a fellow, but without bad propensities and a man of brave and generous impulse. He had passed safely through the fight, and successfully made the passage across the river. As he reached the bank on the Maryland side, he called to those around him that Corporal John Monteith was still upon the other side, lying seriously wounded near the edge of the river, and announced a half-formed purpose to return again and bring him back. The Berdan Sharpshooters, overhearing his remark and prompted to encourage such a generous intention, called to him, "Go it, my boy; try it—we'll cover you." Thus strengthened in his kindly purpose, he dashed into the stream, and was soon after seen bearing his wounded comrade back again. He successfully landed poor Monteith upon the shore, and left him to the care of his sympathizing companions.

Kiersted served with his regiment until 1864, when he was transferred to a battery, and killed, gallantly fighting with his guns at Spotsylvania, in May of that year.

Monteith had an ugly wound through the lungs. He had worthily won himself into favor, and was universally known and appreciated throughout the entire command. His injuries

were fatal ; he sunk rapidly, and in a few days died at the hospital established at the Episcopal church in Sharpsburg.

Sergeant Joseph Ashbrook, of Company C, was among the badly wounded. A few minutes before the retreat he was shot in the stomach. Believing that he was fatally hurt, and suffering very much, he sought a place to lie down. In doing this he fell half-way down the bluff. In this short time the enemy had advanced to the edge of the bluff and were firing down on the heads of our retreating men. Sergeant Ashbrook, although disabled by his wound and fall, reached the river, where he met Captain Sharwood, of C, who advised him by all means to escape across the river. With difficulty he gained the slimy, half-submerged dam, and while near the Maryland side was again shot, the ball passing through his left thigh. His wounds were so serious that for some time his recovery was doubtful. After an absence of five months he returned to the regiment, joining it at Falmouth. He had not entirely recovered, but was induced to return by the offer of a second lieutenancy in recognition of his gallantry at Shepherdstown. He was afterwards promoted to a first lieutenancy, and finally to the captaincy of Company H ; and was brevetted major, to date from July 6, 1864, "for gallant and distinguished services at the battles of the Wilderness and Bethesda Church, Virginia, and during the present campaign before Richmond, Virginia." He also served on the staff of General Bartlett, commanding the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Army Corps ; and as ordnance-officer on the staff of General Griffin, commanding 1st Division, 5th Army Corps ; and in the latter position was detailed to receive the surrendered arms at Appomattox Court-house.

John R. White was first sergeant of G. It had with it but two commissioned officers, Captain Saunders and Lieutenant J. R. White, both of whom had fallen in the Shepherdstown action. After the engagement Sergeant White was summoned to corps head-quarters, where General Fitz-John Porter, after handsomely commending the gallantry of the regiment for the fight it had made, and expressing regret at the severe casualties

that attended it, announced to him that as he had been recommended for promotion by his immediate superiors, he would at once place him on duty as second lieutenant. It was a rather unusual distinction to be placed in virtual commission before muster, but one which White well deserved, and which he subsequently proved his fitness for by rising to the rank of captain.

The announcement of the death of poor Rudhall in the Philadelphia papers threw the two Whites into rather curious confusion. The two names exactly alike, the publication of that of John R. White among the list of killed, brought grief and sorrow to the home of the survivor, and two of his friends, anxious to secure his remains, started immediately for the front, with a pine box prepared for their reception. They made the journey with fitting gravity, and had reached Hagerstown before their solemn countenances were enlivened with the information that the White they were hunting was alive and well, and would be decidedly indisposed to tenant the contracted quarters they had provided for him. Abandoning their undertaker's accompaniment, they continued their journey to the regimental camp, where, after a few days of suitable entertainment, they returned, well satisfied from ocular demonstration that their friend needed no such services as they had proposed to render.

The battle had its humorous side as well. In the early part of the fight one of the members of Company K received a flesh wound in the thigh. The members of the company were startled by a yell that would have done great credit to an Apache, and the beseeching exclamation: "Oh! Captain Ricketts! Oh! Captain Ricketts!" repeated again and again. Looking around to find from whom the exclamation came, the wounded man was seen holding one hand upon the spot where the ball had struck, while, the other hand meantime waving wildly in the air, he was hopping around the field in an impromptu war-dance upon one foot, occasionally letting the other touch the ground. The boys, who, for several reasons, did not just then feel especially mirthful, were compelled to laugh at

this grotesque and singular exhibition. The wound was a comparatively slight one.

Another member of Company K, John Burke, got a buck-shot in his leg. He went, after the fight, to the surgeon, who extracted the shot and gave him a quinine pill. "What shall I do with it, doctor?" said John. "Shall I put it in the hole?"

A captain of one of the companies, seeking comforts not suitable to the occasion, during the fight ensconced himself behind some scrubby bushes near the top of the bluff, with his back to the regiment. As the bullets began to whistle by he thought he had stirred up a yellow-jackets' nest. Waving his sword with one hand, shouting at the same time, "Give it to them, boys!" he kept the other hand in vigorous and unremittent motion, brushing the supposed yellow-jackets away from his face and ears.

The next day, Sunday, the sun shone brightly and the soft air of early autumn caused a lassitude peculiar to the latitude and location.

It was too soon for reminiscence, but thought and talk ran free and full of the stirring moments of yesterday. There was a better comprehension of the individual heroism with which all had so nobly borne for the first time such a desperate shock of battle. There was a fuller realization of the loss of those who, in the service of their country, the fates had summoned thus early to sacrifice their patriotic lives.

A picket-detail was posted upon the river-bank, in full view of the bluff on the opposite shore and the battle-ground. Occasional shots required tact and activity to find cover from exposure, or called for careful marksmanship to silence the more experienced adversary. The silent forms of the dead, killed in the fight, were in plain view. It was a sorrowful sight. The ground being within the enemy's line, there was no opportunity to effect decent burial or to administer comfort and consolation to a possibly ebbing life.

An incident of the day, unusual in the story of wars, is worthy of exhaustive mention.

The sensibilities of Lieutenant Lemuel L. Crocker had been aroused by the necessary abandonment of the dead and wounded, left uncared for and unattended in the precipitate withdrawal. He entreated Colonel Barnes so earnestly for permission to go and care for the forsaken ones, that the colonel, fully comprehending the impropriety of the request, at last reluctantly consented to present it to General Fitz-John Porter, the corps commander. It met with a flat, emphatic refusal. There was no communication with the enemy, and it was not proposed to open any. War was war, and this was neither the time nor the occasion for sentiment or sympathy. But Crocker was not to be deterred in his errand of mercy, and, in positive disregard of instructions, proceeded deliberately, fully accoutred with sword, belt and pistol, to cross the river at the breast of the dam. It was a novel spectacle for an officer, armed with all he was entitled to carry, to thus commence a lonesome advance against a whole army corps. Bound upon an unauthorized mission of peace and humanity, a little experience might have taught him his reception would have been more cordial if he had left his weapons at home. Still, it was Crocker's heart at work, and its honest, manly beats bade him face the danger.

He found the bodies of Saunders, Ricketts and Moss, and Private Mishaw badly wounded, but still alive. He was bearing them, one by one, upon his shoulders to the river-bank, when he was suddenly interrupted by an orderly from General Porter, who informed him that he was instructed to direct him to return at once or he would order a battery to shell him out. His reply was: "Shell and be damned!" He didn't propose to return until the full purpose of his undertaking had been accomplished.

The orderly thus abruptly disposed of, he continued his operations, when he was again interrupted by an authority which, if it failed to command respect, could enforce obedience. He had carried all the bodies to the bank, and was returning for the wounded Mishaw, when a Confederate general—whom

Crocker always thought was Lee, but in this he was evidently mistaken—accompanied by a numerous staff, came upon the ground. An aide-de-camp rode up, inquiring, with some asperity—explaining that no flag of truce was in operation—as to who and what he was, his purpose in being there, and by whose authority.

Crocker's work, which he had conducted wholly himself, had put him in a sorry plight. He was of large frame, muscular, and finely proportioned. He had carried the bodies over his left shoulder and was absolutely covered with blood and dirt, almost unrecognizable as a soldier, and his voice and form alone indicated his manhood. His reply was prompt and ingenuous: he had been refused permission to cross by his corps commander, to whom he had made his purpose known; the dead and wounded of the régiment that fought on that ground yesterday were of the blood of Philadelphia's best citizens, and, regardless of the laws of war and the commands of his superiors, he was of opinion that humanity and decency demanded that they be properly cared for, which, no one else attempting, he had determined to risk the consequences and discharge the duty himself. The simplicity and earnestness of this reply prompted the further interrogation as to how long he had been in the service. "Twenty days," responded Crocker. The gentle "I thought so" from the lips of the veteran general showed that the ingenuousness and sincerity had wholly captured him. He bade him continue his labors until they were fully completed, pointed out a boat on the shore that he could utilize to ferry his precious freight across the stream, and surrounded the field with a cordon of cavalry patrols to protect him from further molestation or interruption.

But Crocker had a host of troubles to face upon his return. He had openly violated the positive commands of his superior; he had been shamefully insulting to the messenger who bore his superior's instructions, and had acted in utter disregard of well-known laws governing armies confronting each other. Still, there was something about the whole affair so honest, so

earnest, and so true, that there was a disposition to temporize with the stern demands of discipline. And he had fully accomplished his purpose—all the bodies and the wounded man were safely landed on the Maryland side. However, he was promptly arrested.

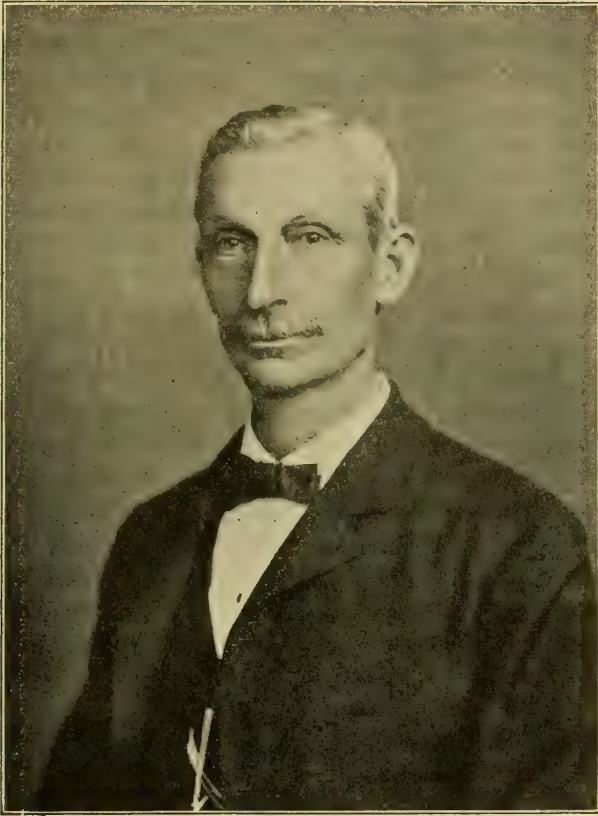
Colonel Barnes, who had watched him through all his operations, was the first of his superiors who was prompted to leniency, and he accompanied him to corps head-quarters to intercede in his behalf. They were ushered into the presence of General Porter, who, shocked at such a wholesale accumulation of improprieties, and angered to a high tension by such positive disobediences, proceeded, in short and telling phrases, to explain the law and regulations—all of which, if Crocker didn't know before he started, he had had full opportunity to gather in during his experiences.

Then followed moments of painful silence, and the general inquired whether he had seen a gun which the regulars had left upon the other side the day before, and if so, what was the likelihood of its recovery. Crocker replied that he had not, but had noticed a caisson, and that he did not consider it likely it would ever come back. Returning to the subject, the general continued his reproof; but, considering his inexperience, unquestioned courage, and evident good intentions, he finally yielded, concluding that the reprimand was sufficient punishment, and released him from arrest and restored him to duty.

As incidents in Crocker's career appear from time to time through these pages, it will be noted that these early manifestations of his daring, pluck and energy intensified as the years grew and the occasions thickened.

The following from the pen of Joseph Meehan, of Company A, is quaintly and truthfully earnest. So honest a description of a battle experience has rarely appeared:

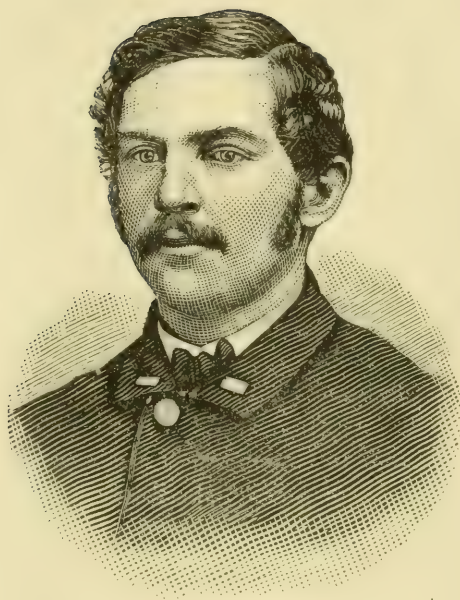
"Towards evening on the 19th our colonel rode up to our front and called for fifty volunteers to take a rebel battery, across the river, five being wanted from each company. I responded the second man from my company. I gave my watch



JOSEPH MEEHAN, CO. A.

and purse to our sergeant to keep for me, my kit to a comrade, and, with a general hand-shaking all around, we were off.

“Clearing a woods between us and the river, we found our artillery posted facing the river. We had a good step to go through an open field before gaining the river. The artillery opened over our heads, under cover of which we reached the river-bank, receiving a volley from the enemy's infantry on the



ALBERT H. WALTERS, CAPTAIN AND BREVET-MAJOR.

opposite side as we advanced, which, however, did us no harm. Wading a canal knee-deep in water, we laid flat on the ground, as the rebel pickets were firing across at us. Waiting this way perhaps half an hour, word came to us that the battery had been captured by another body of troops acting in conjunction with us, and we returned quietly to camp. Our colonel made a complimentary speech to us on our behavior, and took a list of those who had volunteered.

“As this was my first time actually under infantry fire, I was greatly excited. My feelings are hard to describe. When

walking across the open field, with the artillery firing overhead and the rebels firing at us, I felt afraid. My heart beat tumultuously. I thought I might be killed, and had no wish to die. I longed to live, and thought myself a fool for voluntarily placing myself in the army. Yet I had no idea at all of turning back. My feelings were, that if ordered to go on, I would go, but gladly would I have welcomed the order, 'About face.' By the time the river was reached I was much calmer, the dread was working off me, and while not eager, as I had been to start, I felt that if we crossed the river and charged the rebels I could do what the rest could.

"The next day, the 20th of September, ushered in Shepherds-town, a name that will never be forgotten by those of the 118th who were there. I had gone with my tent-mate, Fairbrother, for water, a distance of nearly a mile. On our return to camp, about 9 A. M., we found the regiment just moving. We had barely time to put on our knapsacks and fall into line with the rest.

"Reaching the Potomac, many of us took off our shoes and stockings and rolled up our pants; others did not. When nearly across I began to hear stray shots on the rebel side, which continued as we advanced. My first knowledge of immediate danger came when forming on the rebel shore. Lieutenant Wilson admonished us to be sure and pay attention to our officers' orders, and all would be well. Turning to the right, we hurried a short distance, then taking a turn to the left ascended a hill by the aid of low bushes which grew on the slope, reaching the top of a high bluff. Here we found firing already going on between our skirmishers and the rebels. Our boys began to look very serious indeed. I did not feel one bit alarmed. My little experience of the previous night, I suppose, took fear from me. I remember distinctly the feeling of indifference, so different from the evening before. I can truly say that at no time during the fight which came had I the least fear, or desire to turn back.

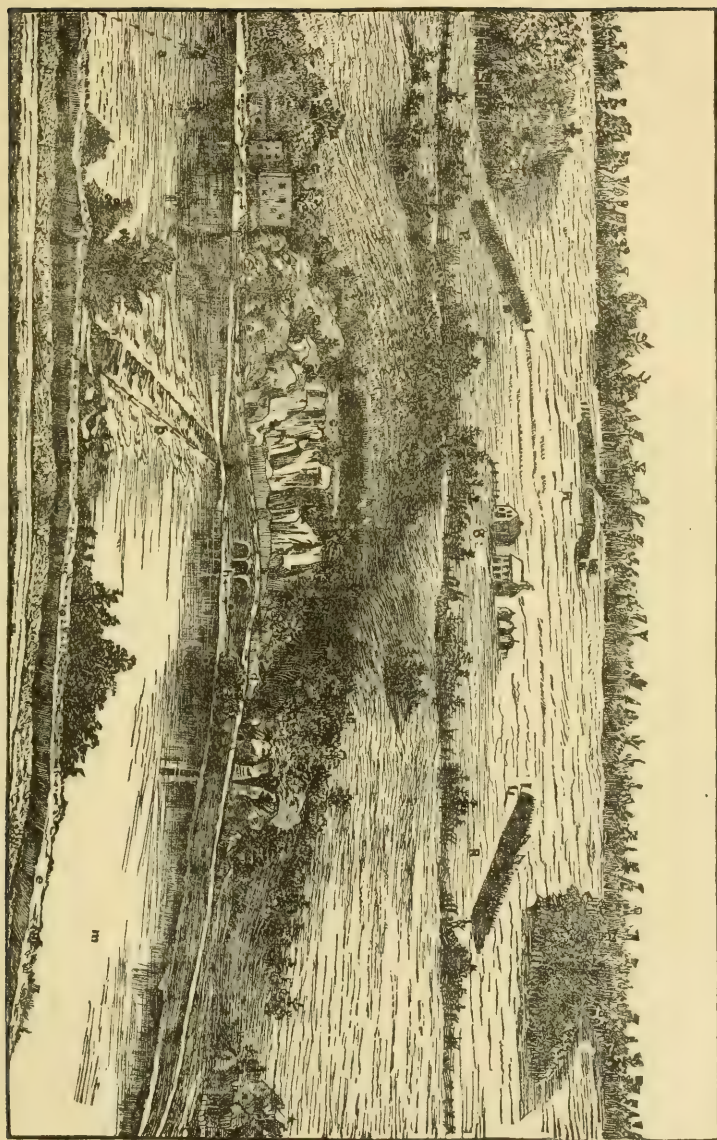
"We were soon formed in line of battle along the crest of the

bluff. We at first knelt down, then in a little while advanced a few steps. The rebels were now in full view, dodging about behind the trees and running along by a rail fence a good distance off. About this time our orderly-sergeant got off his first shot; my own immediately followed, the second in our company. The rebel fire and our own now became brisk.

"There was considerable confusion among our men and much noise, from the suddenness with which we found ourselves called into a brisk fight. A cry reached me about this time to fix bayonets. Who gave it I do not know. I shouted the order loudly to those about me. Captain O'Neil, who was near me, asked me what I said. I replied: 'They are calling to fix bayonets.' He raised his voice and called out: 'Fix bayonets;' but there were but few besides myself who did it. The rebels were now approaching quite close. I had broken the nipple of my gun and had picked up another gun lying near me, but, as with the first one, I had great trouble in getting it to go off. It made me very angry; I felt that I would give all the world to be able to shoot the advancing foe. I had fired but about a half-dozen shots, when as many again could have been got off had the guns been good for anything.

"I had taken a pin out and cleaned the nipple, and had raised my rifle for a shot when I felt what seemed like a blow with a heavy fist on my left shoulder from behind. I did not realize at first that I was shot, feeling no particular pain, but my almost useless arm soon told me what it was. I called to our orderly-sergeant that I was shot. He made no reply, probably not understanding me.

"I then took my first look back of me, and found myself very nearly alone. Two wounded men, McElroy and Tibben, of Company A, were right behind me on the ground. I passed them both, and began to descend the hill with numerous others. There was great disorder. About half-way down, among the brush, an officer was trying to stem the tide of descent. I slid down the slope, with my one free arm to aid me, and reaching the road at the bottom of the bluff ran a short distance till I



BATTLE-FIELD OF SHEPHERDSTOWN.

came to three archways in the hill. Into the first of these I got for protection. Two other wounded men were there and three others, one of whom was John Bray, one of my tent-mates. Our artillery at this time was shelling the heights to cover our retreat. The shells fell short, and one of them exploded in the archway next to me, tearing almost off the leg of Corporal James Wilson, who was therein for shelter.

“Those of us who were in the arches did not know what to do. The shells seemed directed at us, they struck the bluff above us, and sent the stones down in our front. Many splashed in the water alongside of us. Expecting to be hit every minute, some of my companions deemed it safer to surrender to the rebels, and actually fixed a white handkerchief to a bayonet, and started to go up the hill again, but they changed their minds.

“From our retreat we witnessed a scene of great excitement. Men were trying to get across the river, the bullets dropping about them like hail. One or two were swimming, as being a safer plan. A breakwater ran across the river near us, and it contained many dead and wounded men. Nearly all of our party left to go across when the firing slackened, except the wounded men.

“A tribute here should be given to John Bray, who when asked if he was going, refused to go, saying he would stay with the wounded men. A little later he and I determined to try it, first getting for poor Wilson a canteen of water from the river, he asking, ‘in God’s name,’ for a drink of water. Looking at my own canteen here, I found it, too, had been hit, a ball having struck it with force enough to make a hole in one side, but not going clean through. With Bray helping me on my wounded side, we struck into the river. We passed many dead and some who were but wounded. One man asked us, again in God’s name, for help, which we could not render. Near our own side of the river we passed one who was completely under water. We raised his head above the water, when voices from our side bid us to hurry over at once.

“We got across safely, and I was put into a temporary shed with other wounded men, and later in the day, assisted by comrades Evans and Scout, taken to an ambulance, which transported me and two others to Sharpsburg, where a church had been turned into a hospital for the wounded men.”

Dr. Joseph Thomas thus graphically describes his experience within the enemy's lines immediately after the Shepherdstown affair:

“On the afternoon following the day of the fight, soon after Crocker had brought the dead bodies of the officers over, on going down to the river near the dam, I heard the cries of the wounded on the other side, still lying upon the battle-field and calling for help. I resolved to go over and render them aid. Taking with me a companion (one of the hospital attendants), supplied with bandages and case of instruments, I went across the dam without let or hindrance, except the splash of a few rifle-balls in the water a distance off, fired by our own pickets. I discovered several dead men of our regiment still lying on the broken breastwork of the dam. Reaching the opposite side of the river, back of the mill, we proceeded up the ravine until we came to the plateau above. Here a considerable number of the killed still lay, and the wounded that had screamed for help.

“There were, perhaps, a score of them, so badly injured as to be incapable of locomotion or movement. We washed and bathed their wounds, supplied them with water, administered a dose of anodyne, and promised to have them removed as soon as possible.

“While we were engaged at this work, a mounted vidette came up, and inquired our business there and authority. Pointing to my green sash and case of instruments, I answered, ‘Can't you see that we are surgeons attending to the wounded?’ He replied, ‘All right; go on, and when you are through here I will conduct you to the rear some distance, to a house; where you will find more of your wounded.’ I agreed to accompany him. Then, following him along a pathway through

the dense undergrowth (I should say half a mile), we came to a house. Here we found some twenty men, nearly half of them being rebel soldiers, and the rest of our regiment, wounded, but not severely. They all appeared happy and very friendly.

"On inquiring whether they had any food, they pointed to a kettle over the fire containing a chicken and some potatoes cooking, and answered: 'We are doing well enough.' The Johnnies spoke up, and said: 'We will take care of the boys when we find them unarmed and wounded, as brothers, but when they come with arms in their hands, we are always ready to meet them.'

"We left them and returned under the guidance of the vidette, who appeared a very kind-hearted fellow. We came back from the plateau on the right, reaching the Shepherdstown road, approached the dam, passed through the rapid sluice with effort, recrossed the river and reported our experience. An effort was made to have the wounded brought over. This was done that evening or next morning, under a flag of truce."

The narrative of Sergeant H. T. Peck's experience as a prisoner of war, subsequent to his Shepherdstown capture, he relates with telling effect.

"After the engagement of September 20th, the prisoners were detained several hours by the rebels in a little grove half a mile north of the battle-field and on a road leading from Shepherdstown. None of the rebel main body was seen by us, only the guard, a company of about fifty men, and General Hill, who came, with his staff and escort, to look at us. Towards evening we were marched several miles away, where we remained in a woods till next afternoon, Sunday. In the morning a portion of Stonewall Jackson's corps encamped near us, and we had nearly all day a constant stream of gray-coated visitors, who were very good-natured in their intercourse.

"The rebel troops were remarkably orderly. Religious services in the afternoon were largely attended by them, if it is

proper to judge by the volume of voices heard singing Methodist hymn-tunes in several parts of their camp. Late in the day we were marched some five or six miles conformably with a movement of the rebel corps.

“Our men were subsisting on the food they had in haversacks at the time of the battle, together with what corn ‘pone’ they could buy from the rebel soldiers. Some who were without money went a little short of food, but there was no suffering at all, the luckier ones dividing with the others quite liberally. In the morning, Monday, rations of wheat flour and bacon were issued to us. The latter was very acceptable and useful. The flour, though good in quality, was entirely useless to our men since they, unlike the Confederates, were without skill in cooking it and had no opportunity of trading it for bread or meat.

“Shortly after receiving rations we commenced our march to Winchester. Reaching Martinsburg at about ten o’clock, we passed first through the better part of the town. Few men were to be seen, but many of the women came to their doors or windows to see us pass and fling at us bitter exclamations. We were called Yankee devils, murderers and thieves, and our guard was begged to strangle or shoot us. It was the young ladies especially who fired at us this quality of animosity. At the other end of the town, the locality of more humble homes, our reception was materially different. Women and children came to us from all directions with a profusion of lunches of bread and meat and cakes, and in many instances with jars of preserves, their choicest dainties, which they really could ill afford to part with. The guards offered no objection to these contributions, and indeed congratulated us on our good luck.

“These women belonged to the families of mechanics employed mostly in the extensive railroad shops located here, and were presumably from the North.

“While halted a few miles out of Martinsburg, a mounted Confederate, a guerilla probably, got into some dispute with one of our men, drew his pistol and made such earnest threats

to use it, the captain of our guard ordered some of his men to cover the braggart with their muskets, which, we felt assured, he would have had used if the guerilla had injured any of our party.

“ While halted for rest near the town of Bunker Hill, a rebel band, out of sight, but near by in the woods, gave us a surprise, probably more pleasant than they imagined, by playing the Star Spangled Banner.

“ In Winchester we were consigned to the court-house and the inclosure between it and the street. There was already in these precincts a crowd of some 300 rebels, stragglers, conscripts and the riff-raff a provost-guard can pick up—a miserable lot—who did not fraternize with our men, and who were so filthy in clothing and habits that our men remained of choice in the open yard without tents or blankets, even during nights of hoarfrost, to avoid contact with those in the court-house, which we were otherwise free to occupy.

“ Rations issued to us here were raw beef and flour, but no arrangements were provided for cooking—not even a stick of wood for fire. At our request the officer of the guard permitted one of our non-commissioned officers to go, under guard, about the town to bargain for the cooking of the food. A baker traded us bread, pound for pound, for flour, and a woman engaged to boil the beef for a moderate sum of money, which we collected from our party. In the beef-boiling transaction our contract turned out to be imperfect; the agreement on the part of the female was to boil the meat. It was boiled, but so thoroughly no two shreds of it would hold together. There was probably a good profit in the soup from a hundred and fifty pounds of beef. Our allowance from the rebel commissary was a pound of flour and half a pound of meat per day.

“ Every afternoon while we were here a neatly-dressed mulatto girl came to the court-house yard with a large loaf of bread, a lump of butter and a kettle of two or three gallons of delicious soup. She invariably delivered the gift to one of our

sergeants, who most probably had been pointed out to her as we passed through the street on our way to the court-house as a proper person to receive it. The girl could not be induced to tell the sergeant who sent the food, saying: 'I darsent tell her name for fear of these (rebel) soldiers, but my missis sends it.' It was hoped the Union lady learned from the rather stupid girl how more than thankful we were for her timely and touching gift.

"One morning a young lady we had frequently noticed as the recipient of many attentions from Confederate officers came to the railing and, calling to one of our party, said: 'Sergeant, you are to be paroled in a few days (this was our earliest report about it) and sent home. I wish, if you see General Shields when you return, you would give him Belle Boyd's compliments, and say she would be happy to see him in the valley again.'

"Owing to restricted diet and exposure, without any covering whatever from the frosty night air, all of our men suffered more or less with dysentery. No medical attention was offered them. Their previous robust health, however, and the hope of soon getting back to our own lines, kept them up, and not one became helpless.

"For one or two nights we had small but very hot fires made of beef bones, which we found burn surprisingly well. On the morning we were sent away we were brought into the court-house, one by one, to sign the following parole paper:

"I, —, do solemnly swear that I will not do or undertake any act or exert any influence in favor of or for the advantage of the United States; or against the government of the Confederate States; and that I will not divulge anything that I have seen or heard, or may see or hear, to the prejudice of the Confederate States; or engage in any military act whatsoever during the present war until regularly included in an authorized exchange of prisoners.

"Sworn before me this 29th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, at Winchester, Virginia.

"MAJOR W. KYLE.

"By order of GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

"To one who signed nearly the last, the rebel captain having

the document remarked: 'Why, I find all your men can write their own names.'

"We marched out of Winchester at 9 or 10 in the morning, and soon reached the hills to the eastward; thence all the way to Harper's Ferry we passed through a country very beautiful in a dress of early autumn foliage. We were pushed on at a rapid gait, as our guard was at this time a detachment of mounted men, but, having no load to carry, we were not inordinately fatigued. We bivouacked beside a mountain stream



ADJUTANT JAMES P. PEROT.

and resumed the march early in the morning, passing through Charlestown, of John Brown fame. We came to our outposts, a short distance from Harper's Ferry, late in the afternoon. A flag of truce was sent in and we were promptly transferred to the Federal commandant of pickets."

One personal incident, however, appears to have escaped Peck. While idling away his time as a prisoner, he picked up

a stray cap of the regiment, abandoned upon the battle-field. Removing a metal figure "1" from its front, he placed it opposite the regimental number on his own, thus increasing the numerals to the enormous size of 1118. It was deftly done and calculated to make even a close observer believe that the figures had all been placed there at one time and were intended to mean what they purported. These extravagant figures soon attracted attention. A Confederate officer, startled at their high proportions, inquired earnestly from what State the wearer of the cap hailed. "Pennsylvania," was the prompt reply. "Great heavens!" he exclaimed; "is Pennsylvania running into the thousands? With that State alone with 1,118 regiments in the field, how can the poor Confederacy ever expect to succeed!" And he strolled on, apparently, for the moment at least, yielding to the deception.

The following incident from the pen of Major Henry Kyd Douglass, formerly of Stonewall Jackson's staff, is of intense interest and connects itself in proper sequence with matters incident to Shepherdstown.

"Several weeks after the battle of Antietam, when our headquarters were at Bunker Hill, I went to Shepherdstown to hear something, if possible, from home. My father lived on the Maryland side of the Potomac, on the crest of a hill, which overlooked the river, the town, and the country beyond. The Potomac was the dividing line between the two States and the two armies, and the bridge that once spanned it there had been burned early in the war.

"It was a bright and quiet day, and from the Virginia cliffs I saw the enemy's pickets lying lazily along the canal tow-path or wandering over the fields. Up against the hill I saw rifle-pits in a field in front of my home, and blue-coats evidently in possession of it; and then I saw my father come out of the house and walk off towards the barn. I saw no one else except soldiers. It was not a cheerful sight, and I turned away and down to the river to water my horse. As I rode into the stream several cavalymen rode in on the other side;

they saluted me by lifting their hats and I returned their salute. They invited me, laughingly, to come over, and I, being intensely anxious to hear something from home, replied that I would meet them in the middle of the river. They at once drew out of the water and dismounted, and so did I and the courier who was with me. Half a dozen of them got into the ferry-boat, which was on their side, and we embarked in a leaky skiff, my courier using a paddle which he found at hand. We met the enemy's man-of-war in the middle of the stream and grappled it, while it was held in place with poles by its boatmen. After the first greetings the captain of the gunboat (he was only a sergeant, by the way) said to me: 'I see you are a staff-officer.' My blunt courier broke in gruffly: 'Yes, and don't you think it devilish hard for a man to be this near home and not be able to speak to his father or mother?'

"This exposure of my identity was the very thing I did not wish. The sergeant looked a little astonished and replied: 'So you are Captain Douglass, of General Jackson's staff, are you? We knew that the old gentleman on the hill has two sons in the Confederate army, one on the general's staff.' When I acknowledged his correctness, he said, with much earnestness, that I must get into their boat and go over to see my family. I began to protest that it would not do, when one of the others broke in: 'Say, get in, captain; get in. If this Government can be *busted* up by a rebel soldier going to see his mother, why, damn it, let it *bust*!'

"There was a laughing chorus of assent to this that shook my doubts. I told my blue-coated friends that there was no officer among them, and that any officer who caught me on the other side might not recognize their safeguard and I might be detained. The sergeant replied that all their officers were in Sharpsburg at a dinner, and, at any rate, this party would pledge themselves to return me safely. It was an occasion for some risk and I took it. I got into the large boat and my courier came along in his skiff 'to see fair play,' as he grimly said.

“When we reached the Maryland shore, the soldiers on the bank crowded down to the boats, and soon, Yankee-like, were in full tide of questions, especially about Stonewall Jackson. As I had declined to leave our ships for the purpose of going up to my home, a cavalryman had gone to the house, under spur, to notify my family of my arrival. My mother soon made her appearance, very much frightened, for she believed I could only be there as a prisoner. My father, not being allowed to leave his premises without permission, could not come. As my mother approached, the soldiers, at a signal from the sergeant, drew away and sat down on the tow-path, where they and my courier interviewed each other.

“As this strange meeting gave my mother more anxiety than comfort, it was a brief one. Nothing passed between us, however, that could ‘bust the Government’ or bring trouble on the sergeant and his men. When my mother left and took her stand upon the canal bank to see us safely off, the soldiers gathered about me to have a little talk, but I did not tarry. I gave the sergeant and his crew of the man-of-war my autograph upon sundry slips of paper, and told them that if the fortune of war should make them prisoners, the little papers might be of service to them if sent to General Jackson’s head-quarters.

“As we took our leave and got into our skiff, the chivalric, manly sergeant said to me: ‘We belong to (I think) the 1st New York Cavalry. My parents live on the banks of the Hudson, and what I have done for you, I’d like some one to do for me if in the same fix. While I’m here I’ll keep an eye on your home and people and do what I can for them’ (and he did). And as the skiff moved over the water and took me from home again, I raised my hat to my ‘good friend, the enemy,’ and they stood along the shore, in response, with uncovered heads; and then I waved it to my father, who stood on the stone wall which crowns the hill and gazed, but made no sign; and then to my mother on the bank, who, seeing me safely off, waved her handkerchief with a tremulous flutter, and then hid her face in it as she turned and hurried away.

“I was glad to learn afterwards that no harm came to the sergeant for his rash kindness to me. I have forgotten his name, if he ever told me, but I hope he lived to return safely to his folks on the banks of the Hudson.

“It is such touches as this that lighten up the inhumanities of war.

Verifying Letter Pertaining to Crocker's Crossing the River.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 26, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR:—On my return home I received your favor of the 20th inst. I remember well our conversation about the battle on the Virginia side of the Potomac, after the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, and I also remember well the battle, as I was in the attacking party. We never forgot the feeling that ran through us about the time we got the order to go forward. We had hardly started before the bullets began to whiz about our heads, which did not help to soften the first feeling.

It would give me great pleasure to give you the information you ask for if it were possible for me to do so. I was then a lieutenant-colonel commanding a regiment, and knew little of what was going on, except the fighting department, under orders, and what I could surmise from movements of troops and my maps of the country; but I know that Jackson's entire corps was present at the time you speak of, and almost all of A. P. Hill's division of this corps was in the advance in the battle mentioned.

Our brigadier (Branch) had been killed at Sharpsburg, and the brigade was at this time commanded by Lane, the senior colonel. I was standing on the precipice near the river, and remember well seeing the officer cross the river with the white handkerchief as a flag, but I do not know who the general officer was that received him, for I did not witness this. I do not see how I can find this out for you, especially as so many who were there were afterwards killed; in fact, A. P. Hill, and every brigadier-general that belonged to his division, I think, was since then killed, but one, and he lives in Mississippi. I regret exceedingly that I am unable to get for you the information you wish.

If I had only been acquainted with you the time you were lying at the hospital wounded, after this battle, I might have done something for you, to have given a reason for the kind attention I have received from your father and his family; but it came without this from me. But I believe I would have treated you well if I had met you there; that is, after the fight was over.

It was queer to see how we would shoot at each other, and how friendly we all would be when a flag of truce was pending.

I am yours, very truly,

(Signed) R. F. HOKE.

TO MAJOR SAMUEL N. LEWIS.

Colonel Hoke was a major-general in C. S. A. before the war ended.

THE BATTLE OF SHEPHERDSTOWN.

September 20th, 1862.

From Rebellion Records and Other Sources, Union and Confederate.

THE battle of Shepherdstown was not much of a battle, as modern battles go, yet peculiar circumstances attending it gave the encounter an importance vastly transcending the extent of the losses or the numbers engaged. On the Confederate side almost as many regiments were formed in line of battle for attack and support as were engaged on the Union side in the sanguinary battle of Gaines' Mill, before Richmond, three months previously. Against these regiments and batteries, as the event turned out in the crisis of the fighting, there was but one Union regiment.

As a tactical movement it was merely a successful reconnaissance in force to determine the plans and movements of Lee's army after its flight across the Potomac the previous days, September 18th and 19th.

The great battle of Antietam had been fought and won, the Confederate invasion had ended in disaster and rout, and Lee's army, after losing more than one-third of its entire strength in killed, wounded and prisoners, had crossed to the south of the Potomac, still numbering nearly 50,000 men and officers with the colors and present for duty.

On the night of September 18th, and up to 9 o'clock in the morning of the 19th, Lee's army was in ceaseless flight across the Potomac, by a broad passage, known as Boteler's Ford. It was formed by the sand-wash of a dam, being about 300 yards wide and less than knee-deep at this time. This dam, which provided the water supply of Boteler's mill, was about a mile and a quarter below Shepherdstown, which stands back on the bluffs behind the river. The dam had been covered

with sloping planks, which had partially rotted away or disappeared, it having become useless for mill purposes. Along the Virginia side of the dam was an abandoned sluice-way, easily fordable, but with a strong current. At this time of extremely low water most of the river flow found its way through this sluice-way, except what leaked through or passed under low parts of the ruined dam.

Along the river on the Virginia side extended a long line of rocky bluffs, from far above Shepherdstown nearly down to the mouth of the Antietam creek, two miles below Boteler's Ford. After crossing the ford into Virginia, a road leads to the left, and up a rather open valley back to the plateau, which, while broken and wooded in parts, is fairly level farming-land for a distance back from the river, and beyond Shepherdstown. Behind these farms are woods. From the ford there extends along the river a very good road, which, about a half mile below Shepherdstown and three-quarters of a mile above the ford, turns back from the river and ascends an open gorge or valley to the plateau above, along which it continues to Shepherdstown. Just above the ford, where the road is nearest the river, were cut out of the rocky bluffs, and walled up, a number of lime-kilns, now long abandoned, with their arched entrances facing the road-side, and a branch road leading up behind the kilns to permit wagons to supply stone and fuel from above. From the road near these kilns an abandoned private lane led up a narrow and overgrown ravine, and another one further beyond, difficult to climb and with trees along its margin. Alongside this lower ravine the face of the bluffs was nearly perpendicular, with rocky ledges projecting, from twenty to forty feet high and in some places more.

The Confederate army retreated by Boteler's Ford, mostly moving back from the river by the direct road which intersected the Charlestown pike three miles southwest of Shepherdstown, a part of the army also retreating through that town.

From Antietam and Shepherdstown up the river to Williamsport there were plenty of good roads, both through Maryland and Virginia. Near Williamsport the fords were good at that time. At Harper's Ferry the main roads down the river on the Virginia side converged and crossed the Potomac to the north bank, commanded by the Maryland Heights on the north and the Loudon Heights on the south, overhanging nearly overhead.

On the morning of the 18th, General McClellan directed Burnside to send small parties of cavalry to scout down to Harper's Ferry, and to watch the mountain road crossing the Antietam at its mouth. This was the route to Pennsylvania pursued by the 2000 Union cavalry in their raid from Harper's Ferry through the forces of McLaws, Anderson and Longstreet, when they captured Longstreet's artillery train the night of September 14th to 15th, just before the battle of Antietam. Next day, the 19th, McClellan directed Sumner to send Williams' whole corps (the 12th Corps), by Rohrer'sville down to Harper's Ferry. Lee's army was then all across the river in Virginia. Franklin's 6th Corps was sent down to the river front to enfilade the retiring Confederates, and do all the damage he could, but not to attempt to cross the river until further orders.

General Porter was then ordered to line the Potomac bluffs, and mass his troops in readiness to move across at once. The other corps commanders, and General Pleasanton with the rest of the cavalry, were ordered to prepare for immediate movement.

Pleasanton was notified to have his cavalry and artillery at the river by daylight on the 20th, and that Porter intended to cross at that time.

The same evening, the 19th, Pleasanton was ordered, after crossing next day, to "push your command forward after the enemy as rapidly as possible, using your artillery upon them wherever an opportunity presents, doing them all the damage in your power without incurring too much risk to your command.

If great results can be obtained, do not spare your men or horses."

During the 19th General Porter lined the northern bank of the river with skirmishers and sharpshooters, with portions of the divisions of Morell and Sykes in support. The heights were also occupied by our batteries. Of the fire of these batteries, next day, General A. P. Hill says: "The enemy had lined the opposite hills with some seventy pieces of artillery." In his congratulation address, he says: "You were selected to face a storm of round shot, shell, and grape such as I have never before seen."

Lawton's Confederate brigade defended the Potomac on the south side at the ford. It supported Lee's artillery, but under the fire of our guns and as soon as a small force of our troops began crossing, late in the afternoon of the 19th, this brigade gave way and fled, almost without loss, seven men only being wounded during the whole day. A volunteer attacking force from Barnes' and Griffin's brigades, including the 4th Michigan and portions of the 118th Penna., and the 22d Mass., crossed the river in the face of the enemy, and, as stated by General Early, drove Lawton's brigade away, which left their artillery thus unsupported. Sykes was also ordered to move a similar party across the river, but the order failed to reach him. As the result of this little operation across the river, we captured 5 pieces of artillery, 2 caissons, 2 caisson bodies, 2 forges and some 400 stand of arms. These troops returned during the night and bivouacked within reach of the ford. (See General Porter's report.)

This was the condition of affairs on the morning of the 20th of September, when the battle of Shepherdstown occurred.

General A. P. Hill commanded the six Confederate brigades actively engaged, and in addition there were three out of the four brigades of Ewell's division, under General Early, in line of battle immediately in Hill's rear. In this supporting division,

one officer at least, the commander of the 15th Alabama, was seriously wounded. (See Early's Report.)

General Hill, in his congratulatory address to his division, September 24th, classes the action at Shepherdstown in importance with the battles of the seven days, the Second Manassas, and Antietam (Sharpsburg). As this congratulatory address only appears in vol. LI. of the War Records (the recent supplementary volume), I insert it entire:

HEADQUARTERS LIGHT DIVISION,
CAMP BRANCH, September 24, 1862.

SOLDIERS OF THE LIGHT DIVISION:

You have done well and I am pleased with you. You have fought in every battle from Mechanicsville to Shepherdstown, and no man can yet say that the Light Division was ever broken. You held the left at Manassas against overwhelming numbers and saved the army. You saved the day at Sharpsburg and at Shepherdstown. You were selected to face a storm of round shot, shell, and grape such as I have never before seen. I am proud to say to you that your services are appreciated by our General, and you have a reputation in this army which it should be the object of every officer and private to sustain.

A. P. HILL,
Major General, C. S. A.

Another remarkable circumstance of this battle is the white light which it throws on the heroism of the Army of the Potomac. The glory of "this noble body of American soldiers," as McClellan describes it in his final report, had already become a household legend all through the country. To be in that army was of itself a guarantee of heroism and soldiership, and here we will see a regiment of raw farmers, clerks and schoolboys, with arms that would shame a dog if his master carried the like, do what the bravest veterans of the army would not have done, simply because there was no apparent military occasion to do it, while these boys believed that it was the "Army of the Potomac way," and they were far more afraid to retreat than they were to stand up nearly helpless from worthless arms and die.

It was not that they were great raw-boned lumbermen or Indian fighters of the frontier. The narrative of the march of this regiment to Antietam is humorously told in the body of this history. "The results of the day's march were shocking. Three men to a company was a most creditable showing when the final halt was made." Someone asked the Division Commander, "General, can you tell me where the 118th Pennsylvania Regiment is?"

"Certainly, my man," replied the General, seriously, "everywhere between here and Washington."

And then the guns they were armed with. Colonel Gwyn says of them, in his official report, *War Records*, vol. XIX, Part I., p. 348, "Owing to the worthlessness of our pieces (condemned Enfield rifles) not more than fifty per cent. of which could be discharged, the line began to waver." It was time for it to waver. This regiment was looking into the eyes of dozens of regiments of an enemy armed with guns which would all shoot, and each one with a man behind it who had practised enough to drive a bull's eye on men whenever he felt like it.

Says General Porter, in his report, "Their arms (spurious Enfield rifles) were so defective that little injury could be inflicted by them upon the enemy."

No one knows how bad these alleged fire-arms were, excepting the men themselves. If the spring was strong enough to crack a cap, it was likely to break the nipple, for the nipples were of the same sort.

General Humphreys had a raw division also supplied with the same quality of alleged rifles, but he refused to leave Washington with his regiments until these guns were replaced by others. See his report, Vol. XIX., Part I., pp. 370 and 371.

In Allabach's brigade were at least two regiments with arms totally unserviceable. "There were 900 stand of arms in the brigade with nipples or hammers broken, and they were break-

ing every day, and were in other respects defective." He found two other regiments of the other brigade "with arms as unserviceable as those of the two regiments whose arms I had directed to be changed. I found a regiment of the First Brigade, the 134th Penna., with the same unserviceable arms, Austrian rifles." He immediately had changed the arms of these five regiments, and then had to change all their ammunition. In one of his brigades, 3600 strong, he found "that all its arms were unserviceable."

As a determined man, like General Humphreys, was willing to accept arrest, which was ordered by Halleck, and was able in one night to find and have issued in their stead first-class rifles to his division, it shows that there were plenty of good arms there—that troops were deliberately sent into battle with these effigies of fire-arms, against Lee's trained veterans, and the fact must be its own comment. If it were not indisputable it could not be credited.

That the Corn Exchange Regiment had its maiden baptism with these olive branches in its hands speaks well for these prophetic days when the swords are to be beaten into plowshares, but as weapons against an adversary in battle they were about on an equality with a martyr's fingernails against the claws of hungry lions and tigers. And yet these young and unskilled soldiers did that day manage to kill and disable nearly or quite as many of "Lee's miserales" as they lost themselves. I asked one of these embryo veterans how they managed to do it, and he said there were a good many stones lying about, so that they could pound the hammers down, and make a good many of the guns go off, too.

There were other peculiar circumstances connected with this engagement, one being that, as all the other troops had retired, while the 118th Penna. was carrying on the fight alone, it may justly claim a sole proprietorship in this battle, on the one side (but shared with a good many on the other side), as

owned in fee simple and as its own special property, and I do not know that this claim was ever disputed. It was a terrible but a magnificent badge of knighthood that was bestowed on this fighting regiment that day.

On the morning of the 20th of September General Sykes, with two brigades of his division of the 5th corps (Regulars), was sent across the river, and moved out from the ford by the road to the left directly towards the Charlestown road, which was the route taken by the most of Lee's army. Sykes found large bodies of the enemy advancing with artillery. The 10th Regulars, stationed in a wood about a mile forward from the ford, reported the advance in their front and on the right of about 3000 of the enemy. The cavalry, which were to accompany the reconnaissance, did not cross the river until Syke's skirmishers were engaged with the enemy. General Sykes then ordered up the 20th and 5th Regulars to support the 10th, and sent for his third brigade, under Col. Warren, which crossed the river and took post on the left of the 10th. His batteries were placed on the heights on the Maryland side and poured a destructive fire into the enemy, impeded his advance, and drove his skirmishers to the right up toward Shepherds-town.

On Sykes reporting these facts to General Porter, no previous reconnaissances having been made, the corps commander directed the immediate recrossing of the river, which was accomplished without loss, and Warren's brigade immediately lined the embankment of the canal on the Maryland side behind the ford.

The batteries continued their fire upon the enemy, and Weed's battery reported that during the ensuing battle he was firing on masses of the enemy at a distance of not more than 1000 yards. This was until the 118th Penna. were engaged.

When Lovell's brigade retired, the commander found that if he moved by fours he would be badly cut up by the advancing

enemy; the battalions were about faced, and retired in line of battle through the woods and only on reaching the open ground on a hill near the river were they seriously menaced, "but few shots taking effect," says Major Lovell's report.

Lovell's brigade numbered 1060. The 20th and 10th Infantry, on reaching the river, took position for a short time under cover of the hill, and threw out skirmishers; these battalions were soon ordered to recross the river. The 6th followed in the same manner. The 11th, after falling back to the river, protected by its skirmishers, turned, when on the hill, "and replied to the fire of the enemy for some minutes with good effect." Then, pursuant to orders, they also recrossed the river.

The 17th, having advanced to the front, found itself out-flanked by the enemy's skirmishers, followed by a large force in line of battle. The commander then reported these facts, and at once, under orders, fell back quickly to take position on better ground. The same was repeated here, and the regiment then took a third position, under the edge of the bluffs on the Virginia side. Here it lay between the other Regular regiments and the ford, facing the enemy and saw the movements of the volunteers on its right, who were advancing skirmishers, and prevented his fire in that direction, while the woods concealed the Confederates on his left. The Commander, Major Andrews, says in his report that "the rest of the brigade was retiring across the river, and, going to the top of the hill on my way toward my left, I noticed a line of battle of our own troops rise, as it were, out of the ground to my right, and where I had before observed a line of our skirmishers. Continuing my course toward my left, I met the acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade, with orders for me to retire and place my command on the opposite side of the river as speedily as possible. Marching the battalion in line of battle, faced by the rear rank, until we reached the bottom of the hill, I then moved out by the left flank, and crossed the river under a brisk

fire of musketry, without the loss of a man and with but one man slightly wounded, and took up position in line of battle within the timber on the north side of the river, and in which position I still (September 24th) remain."

The regiment which Major Andrews saw rising up out of the ground was the 118th Pennsylvania, climbing with its skirmishers in front, and deploying at the top, "on the right by file into line." Major Andrews' report is a perfect epitome of what the Corn Exchange Regiment should have done, but which was the exact opposite of what it did.

When the Confederate skirmishers came on outflanking his position, and with their battle lines behind, Andrews himself reported the facts, got instant orders, and retired his infantry in battalion front, faced by the rear rank. This he did three times. In his last position he did the same, first seeing that the rest of the brigade was falling back. He crossed the river and formed line facing it in the woods, on the north bank, and stayed there.

What I have described is what occurred on the left of the field, where the Regulars were. What occurred on the right, where the Corn Exchange Regiment became involved, is told in other reports. The report of Col. Barnes, commanding the volunteer brigade will be found on pages 345 to 348, Vol. XIX., Part I., *War Records*.

General Sykes, in his report, states that after he had ordered his own troops out toward the Charlestown road, and had sent for his 3d Brigade (Warren's), "regiments of Morell's division, under Col. Barnes, coming over at this time, I requested the Colonel to occupy the crest on the right of the road leading from the river, and to connect with Lovell's right. These troops were making their way to Shepherdstown, to which point the Colonel informed me he had been ordered." Col. Barnes also narrates this incident in his report. He asked for an order from General Sykes, which he received, and the 18th

Mass. was placed at his request, on the river side of the slope or bluff, near the top of the ridge. The 25th and the 13th New York were directed to take a similar position on the right of the 18th Mass. The latter regiment had climbed up a narrow ravine to reach its position, and the New York regiments had to pass along the front of a perpendicular headland, so as to reach another ravine beyond by which to make the ascent.

Now comes a discrepancy which is hard to explain.

Col. Barnes says: "By this time the 118th Penna., Col. Prevost, had crossed the ford and formed in the road. They were directed to follow the 13th and 25th New York and to take a similar position below the top of the ridge and to their left. They accordingly followed these regiments and came into line below the top of the ridge, as directed."

The remaining regiments of the brigade, the 1st Michigan, 22d Mass., and the 2d Maine, were directed to ascend the ravine by which the 18th Mass. had already ascended, and form in a similar manner below the top of the ridge. We now see that according to these orders, and this report, the seven regiments constituting the brigade were deployed along the slope of the bluffs with their backs to the river, and below the top of the bluffs, along the edge of the plateau, by which they were protected, the plateau above being swept by seventy guns on the heights on the Maryland side, immediately opposite, as well as by the Confederate guns in front.

The purpose of this entire operation was, of course, to protect the ford against any rush by the Confederates overlapping Sykes' right, where he uncovered large forces of the enemy. Sykes was operating forward to the Charlestown road, which was nearly three miles in front of the ford on the river and to the left.

How the 118th got on the top of the plateau and brought on Hill's terrific onslaught is totally incomprehensible, from the brigade commander's report, or even from Col. Gwyn's report,

but they did get there nevertheless, because Major Andrews saw them "rise, as it were, out of the ground," and with a line of skirmishers in front.

In the body of this history a comparison is made between this action and the battle of Ball's Bluff, but there is no real analogy. At Ball's Bluff the river was unfordable and the troops were ferried over by detail in boats. There was no earthly object in going across at all, except curiosity, and the troops were commanded by a United States Senator. Here was a broad ford where nearly 90,000 men had already crossed, with wagons and artillery, during the past two days; following a great battle and the flight of the enemy, it was absolutely necessary to learn at once what Lee's present movements actually were, so as to guard against them; and the troops were the best regulars and veteran volunteers in the army, and commanded by soldiers of large experience and world-wide repute.

There is no official report from Col. Prevost, who commanded the 118th, to be found in the *War Records*, and Lieut.-Col. Gwyn, who took command of the regiment after Col. Prevost, had been seriously wounded and left the field, states in his report that "the 118th was ordered to file up a ravine and form line of battle on top of a bluff, and under cover, supported on the right by the 13th and 25th New York, and on the left by the 1st Michigan, 22d and 18th Mass. and 2d Maine regiments." He was not in command when the brigade commander's orders were given. The language used in Col. Gwyn's report is significant. We know that the other regiments all stuck behind the line of bluffs, and under cover, and that not one of them reached the plateau or were engaged with the enemy. The regimental history of the 118th says: "None of his (Barnes') regiments reached the summit, except the 118th." It is very singular that these six splendid veteran regiments, whose battle losses in the seven days and in Pope's battles alone aggregated 1500 killed and wounded, should, none of them, have reached the summit,

if there were any orders to reach the summit, when there was not at that time an enemy in sight on the plateau above, or even if there had been thousands.

Col. Gwyn's report says that the 118th was ordered "to form line of battle on the top of the cliff, and under cover." Now how could it be under cover if it was on top of the cliff? The cliff was the cover.

It is stated in the regimental history that "Col. Barnes rode at the time beside Col. Prevost, and reported the enemy approaching in heavy force. Some vigorous action being instantly necessary, turning to Col. Prevost, Col. Barnes said, "Can you get your regiment on top of the cliff?" Prevost said he would try, dismounted and led his men up the ravine. Col. Barnes, of course, in the road by the river side could not see the enemy and what he reported to Col. Prevost was what General Sykes had reported to him. Sykes came from the left, where his own brigades saw the approach of the enemy.

Col. Barnes, in his report, says that it was after the 118th Penna. had followed the 13th and 25th New York up the ravine, that the remaining three regiments of the brigade followed the 18th Mass. up by the other ravine. So in this combined movement it was only the 118th, in the middle of the movement, which was directed to do that by which they would not be supported by the regiments on the flanks, by which Col. Gwyn's report says, the 118th was to be supported, and by which the 118th could not possibly form "under cover," which they were directed to do.

At all events they ascended the ravine clear up to the plateau, on top of the bluff, and when "seven companies only had got into line," firing was heard on our right flank, says Col. Gwyn's report, "and on advancing in line to the crest of the hill, we found the enemy advancing in heavy force in front and on our left."

There is every reason to believe that Col. Prevost acted in strict accordance with the orders received and understood by him.

It is true, however, that this regiment, to the astonished United States Regulars, seemed to rise out of the ground, while

"Rebels to the right of them,
Rebels to the left of them,
Rebels in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered."

Their action, however, made a mark on the battle-roll of the republic, which instantly from that moment quenched every supercilious smile, silenced every slighting word, and heralded them at once and for all time among that glorious army coterie known as "the fighting regiments." The regiment paid for it, of course; from that moment no work was too hard, no post too dangerous, no odds too great, as successive division commanders always had full confidence in its courage.

Next came the order to retire, says the *Regimental History*: "At this point Lieutenant Davis, the acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade, on his way to the right to withdraw other regiments specially assigned to him to retire, observing that the 118th was making no movement to withdraw, but actually becoming engaged, called up the ravine to Lieutenant H. K. Kelly, the officer nearest him, to tell Col. Prevost, that Col. Barnes directs that he withdraw his regiment at once." A previous order sent by an orderly appeared to have miscarried. Lieutenant H. K. Kelly gave the order to his captain, who gave it to Col. Prevost, and told him the order was "From Lieutenant Davis, of the staff of Col. Barnes."

"I do not receive orders in that way; if Col. Barnes has any order to give me, let his aid come to me," said Prevost, and he went on conducting his formations, as though nothing had happened. Meantime the Confederates were coming down on them in hilarious thousands; the main line was only fifty yards away; the rebel commander flung a regiment at right angles to their line, across the head of the ravine. Prevost's two right companies were forced to meet this enfilade; some disorder

ensued, the flag began to go back, Col. Prevost took the colors from the bearer's hand, rushed them to the front, re-established the line and instantly went down with a shattered shoulder-blade. He went to the rear "seriously wounded," and Lieutenant-Colonel Gwyn took the regiment.

The Confederate battle-flags were flying in their faces everywhere, there were as many rebel regiments under these flags, we know, and the roar and yells, and shrieks, and cheers were all commingled in one chaotic din. It could not have been otherwise; as General Hill in his congratulatory order says, his six brigades, and Early's three more, with their artillery behind them, were engaged in saving the day at Shepherdstown, as they had done in the Seven Days, at Manassas, and at Antietam. And they did it.

As all the other Union regiments had already marched back across the river, and left the Corn Exchange Regiment to its fate, there was nothing else apparently to do; the regiment could not shoot to any particular purpose, it could not stand with an environment like that, and it would not run away.

So they fixed bayonets; that steadied them somewhat; at least it occupied their minds; and they kept banging away, as they understood that soldiers usually do; the rebel lines and the rebel yells drew closer, they were all around and over them. "The order to retire, which, with the thickening disasters, had been long hoped for, came at last. The welcome direction, communicated through the loud voice of Adjutant James P. Perot, was repeated hurriedly all along the line. The scene that followed almost beggared description. The brave men who had contended so manfully against their frightful odds broke in wild confusion for the river."

A tree had, meantime, been felled across the narrow ravine, doubtless by some of the other regiments, who had occupied the ravine, and possibly to make a passage across, should such be required. Some went headlong over the cliffs and were

killed, or maimed; most of them tumbled down the rocky and obstructed ravine, over and under the tree to the river. Some hid themselves under the rocks below, others in the lime-kilns, and meantime the Confederates on our right fired from the bluff, and those on the left poured down to and occupied the old mill, where they crowded the doors and windows, firing upon the fugitives, and cutting off all passage by the ford.

The sole line of escape was now by the old dam-breast above, or else by the stream itself where it was deep enough to conceal the body, while leaving the breathing and seeing apparatus above the surface. The colors, however, were borne unfurled and in triumph across the dam. To crown all their trials, one of our own batteries used fuses too short, and exploded their shells in the lime-kilns; but this was only for a little time. Our sharpshooters soon cleared the southern bank, the passage became comparatively safe, the martyr-crowned 118th was back on the northern shore, and the time had arrived to take an account of stock. The inventory was bad enough, but not as bad as it might have been; and not one-fourth as bad as it was subsequently represented to be.

The Forces Engaged, the Losses, and Results.

The official records are very full and explicit as to the organizations on each side engaged in this battle. On the Confederate side there were the six brigades constituting the Light Division of A. P. Hill, and three of the four brigades constituting Ewell's division, at this time under command of General Early.

General A. P. Hill covered the retreat of Lee's army into Virginia, crossed the river at Boteler's Ford about ten o'clock in the morning of the 19th, and moved directly back from the river about five miles, where he encamped. This brought his division about three miles in rear of the broad road con-

necting Charlestown with Shepherdstown, and in position either to fall back on Winchester, or move down the river toward Harper's Ferry.

Ewell's division crossed the Potomac at sunrise on the morning of the 19th at Boteler's Ford, and was formed in line of battle along the heights on the Virginia side, under direction of General Longstreet. After two or three hours Early left Lawton's brigade to guard the ford, and with the other three brigades of the division moved back toward Martinsburg, and encamped five or six miles in rear of Shepherdstown.

During the afternoon of the 19th and the following night, the only troops there besides Pendleton's artillery, appear to have been Lawton's brigade. Hill says in his report that the U. S. troops crossed during the night, drove off Pendleton, captured four of his guns, and were preparing to hold their position on the Virginia side. Early's report says that this Union attack drove off Lawton's brigade, almost without resistance. Lawton's brigade moved down the river and took no part in the operations of the next day.

At 6.30 in the morning of the 20th, A. P. Hill was directed by Jackson to march back and drive away these Union brigades, which had crossed the river. When about a half mile (more than a mile) from the ford he formed his line of battle in two lines, the brigades of Pender, Gregg and Thomas in the first, and the brigades of Lane, Archer and Brockenbrough in the second. His lines then advanced simultaneously.

He met slight opposition to his right and centre, but Pender's brigade, on the left, became hotly engaged, our troops endeavoring to turn his left, and Archer's brigade moved by the left flank from the rear, and then "a simultaneous, daring charge was made, and the enemy driven pell-mell into the river." This, of course, was the attack on the 118th Penna., and Hill's report shows that this regiment did practically all the fighting that was done on that day.

While Hill was making his advance, Ewell's division, under Early, "was ordered to move back to the vicinity of Boteler's Ford with the three brigades which were with me. On arriving there (that is in the vicinity of Boteler's Ford) by orders from General Jackson (under whose orders also General Hill's division was advancing) these brigades were placed in line of battle in rear of General A. P. Hill's division, in the woods on the right and left of the road leaving the ford, my own and Hayes' brigades being placed on the right and Trimble's brigade on the left." He says they were "in range of the enemy's shells, by one of which Captain Feagin, in command of the 15th Alabama Regiment, was seriously wounded."

It is clear that this attack was under direction of General Jackson in person, that he combined two separate divisions in the operation, and that both these divisions were in line of battle, moved in consolidated order as a unit, and the mere position of Early's brigades on the flanks, under fire, did not remove them from being in effect a constituent part of the attacking force. They were not held in reserve, but in active movement as a part of the attacking force. When the remainder of our troops retired, leaving the Corn Exchange Regiment to stand the brunt, the only reason why these brigades under Early did not charge also was because there was not room enough, not because they were not near enough. There was plenty of room on the Union side; however, there were but few there.

The Confederate regiments engaged in this attack, in Hill's division, were the 7th, 18th, 28th, 33d, 37th, 16th, 22d, 34th, and 38th North Carolina; the 1st Rifles, 12th, 13th, and 14th South Carolina; the 40th, 47th, 55th and 22d Battalion, Virginia; the 5th Alabama Battalion; the 1st, 7th, and 14th Tennessee; and the 14th, 19th, 35th, 45th, and 49th Georgia; in all 25 regiments and 2 battalions.

In the three brigades of Ewell's division were the 13th, 25th, 31st, 44th, 49th, 52d, and 58th Virginia; the 15th Alabama;

the 12th and 21st Georgia; the 1st Battalion and 21st Regiment, North Carolina; and the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 14th Louisiana; in all 16 regiments and 1 battalion.

Total 41 regiments and 5 battalions of infantry, to which were attached 13 batteries of artillery.

For the numbers of officers and men embraced in the above organizations the abstract from Lee's consolidated return for September 22d, next day but one after the battle, gives for A. P. Hill's division, adding the 261 killed and wounded in this action, 5038 present for duty; and the three brigades of Ewell's division had 2564 present for duty, making an aggregate for the whole force of 7602.

The divisions were commanded by Generals A. P. Hill and Jubal A. Early, respectively, and the whole was directed by Lieutenant-General T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson in person. The 118th, as stated in the report of Lieutenant-Colonel Gwyn, had 737 officers and men in its ranks when ordered to cross the river that morning.

It is not intended to imply that all the active force was at any time engaged in firing upon the 118th. But this was the force which was moved back five miles and six miles, respectively, from Lee's retreating army to attack the Union forces and drive them back into the river. As the other Union brigades and regiments were successively withdrawn, the Corn Exchange Regiment was left alone to bear the assault, which it did, as has been already described.

The artillery planted along the Maryland side of the river was of incalculable value, as were the sharpshooters and trained infantry along the northern shore, but these did not prevent the enemy from pouring over the bluffs, and down to Boteler's Mill and the ford, which they occupied and so cut off retreat by the ford.

The actual fighting, as stated in his report by General Hill, "was but trifling, and soon brushed away," except where the

118th Penna. made its stand until swept over by overwhelming masses, and not until at least three orders to retire had been sent, the first two of which, "for technical reasons," were not recognized. Now as for the losses.

In the general summing up on page 204 of the first part of Vol. XIX., *War Records*, are included the aggregate casualties of a number of regiments, during the 19th and 20th, besides those which took part in the action at Shepherdstown, the total being 363, of which 269 are credited to the 118th Penna. alone, out of which 105 are accounted for as captured or missing.

The muster-out rolls of this regiment give its actual losses in this engagement, and can be relied upon. A new regiment, which had its first cleaning up after a battle, necessarily includes in its reported losses all those who have been otherwise unaccounted for, and puts them down as missing.

Carefully examining this roster, we find that, of the 118th Penna., there were killed or afterward died of wounds received in this action (in some cases long afterward) 71 officers and men, 71 were wounded, 4 were wounded and captured, and 63 were taken prisoners, making an aggregate of 209. The prisoners were paroled and sent to Harper's Ferry a few days afterward.

Col. Barnes gives, in his official report, a summary of the losses, on the 20th, in his brigade. The number aggregates 326. But the losses of the 118th are taken, as reported, at 269, an excess of 60. Deducting this excess the actual losses of the above brigade were 266, of which the remaining six regiments suffered 57 in all.

On the Confederate side Hill's official report given the losses in his own division as 30 killed and 231 wounded, making an aggregate of 261. General Early personally records the loss of one regimental commander, the only one left in that brigade. Whether any other officers or men suffered casualties that day, in his three brigades, he does not state, and the general reports

do not sufficiently separate the losses of this particular day, in their reports of losses, to enable us to determine.

At all events, while the losses in Barnes' brigade were not more than 266, the Confederate losses were not less than 262.

The troops under General Sykes do not specify their losses, but for both the 19th and the 20th they did not exceed 13.

As for the results of the operations of September 20th, the *Regimental History* of the 118th is in error in saying, "The fight was a sad and purposeless affair, with a most disastrous and fatal termination." This has long been the popular view of these events, but a careful study of the official *War Records* will show that the truth is quite the reverse.

On Lee's movements, after crossing the river, all will agree that the movements of the army of the Potomac must have depended. And until Lee's positions and movements had been determined, the positions and movements of McClellan must be equally uncertain. The records will show the instantaneous effects of this reconnaissance in force, in an almost entire shifting of the corps units of McClellan's army on the 20th and 21st, and the development of McClellan's plans for a single line of frontal attack, which the knowledge acquired by this reconnaissance had made available.

It is true that this information had been principally obtained by Sykes' brigades on the left, but it is equally true that without the co-operation of Barnes' brigade on the right, the advance of Sykes would have been impossible, or else his recrossing the river from Virginia would have been prevented, unless after a sanguinary battle for the ford.

It will be borne in mind that while Sykes' brigades and the cavalry were directed to the left front from the ford, toward the Charlestown road, Barnes' brigade was sent up the Shepherdstown road, along the river, and thence to move out on the Shepherdstown and Martinsburg road, which ran almost directly back from the river to Martinsburg about eight miles distant.

It will also be borne in mind that Jackson, in the morning, began moving the six brigades of A. P. Hill's division and three of Ewell's brigades, from where they were bivouacked, five and six miles back from the ford, and behind the Charlestown road, against the Union troops which had crossed the river and were now on the Virginia side.

It was no part of Sykes' plan, nor, as it would appear, of Barnes', to send the Corn Exchange Regiment up on to the plateau itself, like a red flag in the face of an angry bull, but it went there all the same, and this was what so astonished the commander of the 17th Regulars, then facing the enemy at the ford, when he noticed "a line of battle of our own troops rise, as it were, out of the ground to my right, and where I had before observed a line of our skirmishers."

Now, it is a nice point to determine, first, what effect this apparently phantom regiment had on the general result. All the regulars had not yet recrossed, Barnes' regiments were still lining the bluffs, but out of sight, and all reports concur that, before the 118th had even fully deployed, or formed its line of battle, the enemy was upon them.

When the regiment was finally crushed by the overwhelming tide, which it had held back for a half hour or more, a part of the rebel force rushed to the edge of the bluff, and another part poured down on its right to the river and the old mill, and barred the passage.

Had the 118th not been thus flung in the enemy's face at this critical moment, would not the rebel force have plunged down to our left, and to the mill and dam and ford, and barred the passage while the Regulars and Barnes' remaining regiments were still away from the ford and back on the Virginia side?

If so, this regiment did its full duty, by its almost accidental, and certainly not purposed, presence at this key point, and at the "psychological moment," and these men did not die in vain. Nor was it disastrous and fatal. It was a fair stand-up fight,

against enormous odds, and the enemy was punished as severely as we suffered ourselves. It was, in fact, the parallel of the much greater battle of Gaines' Mill, three months before, when 49 of our own regiments faced and fought, and held back all day, 124 of the Confederate regiments, and then retired across the Chickahominy to rejoin their marching comrades in succeeding battles.

This reconnaissance in force thus determined the *locale* of Lee's army; it showed where Jackson and his corps, and Hill's force of the freshest troops were; it developed the Confederate army as back from the river, and trending down toward Harper's Ferry, and not up the river toward Williamsport; Pennsylvania was relatively safe from attempted invasion by Lee's army for the time, and eastern Maryland, by Harper's Ferry, was the only part exposed north of the Potomac.

Various reconnaissances in force followed that of September 20th, which eventuated in the battle of Shepherdstown and was the first and most daring of them all. It was well worth all its cost, and among its unexpected results was the fact that instantaneously the 118th Pennsylvania, the Corn Exchange Regiment, was flashed into that fiercely lighted flame of recognition, which ever after gave it a conspicuous place on the roll of the "fighting regiments" of the army, and which it never lost, until it closed its battle-days in Sheridan's front, barred Lee's final retreat, and *saw* take place, under *its own eyes*, the surrender at Appomattox.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM SHEPHERDSTOWN TO FREDERICKSBURG.

AND frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.



THE same ground near Blackford's Ford, from which the regiment moved to the fight at Shepherdstown on the 20th, was its home until the latter part of October, when the entire army began another advance into Virginia.

The camp was in the fringe of timber; a slightly sloping knoll rose in its front, separating it from the empty canal and the Potomac. This knoll was manned

all along its crest by Parrott guns in battery, concealed in the timber; there were no artillerymen with them, and the only support in the immediate neighborhood was the regiment. The guns were evidently planted to command the plain upon the other side.

Blackford's house, to which Colonel Prevost and others of the wounded were carried after the fight, and from the owner of which the ford derived its name, was upon the road to the right of the camp. In the distance, a mile or so to the right, on the Virginia side, Shepherdstown, with its few red roofs and single spire peeping up from its grove of trees, was plainly visible.

It is doubtful whether any of the new organizations were for so long a time so illy provided with the comforts and shelter that often make well-regulated camp-life a fair substitute for homes and firesides. Up to this time there was not a tent

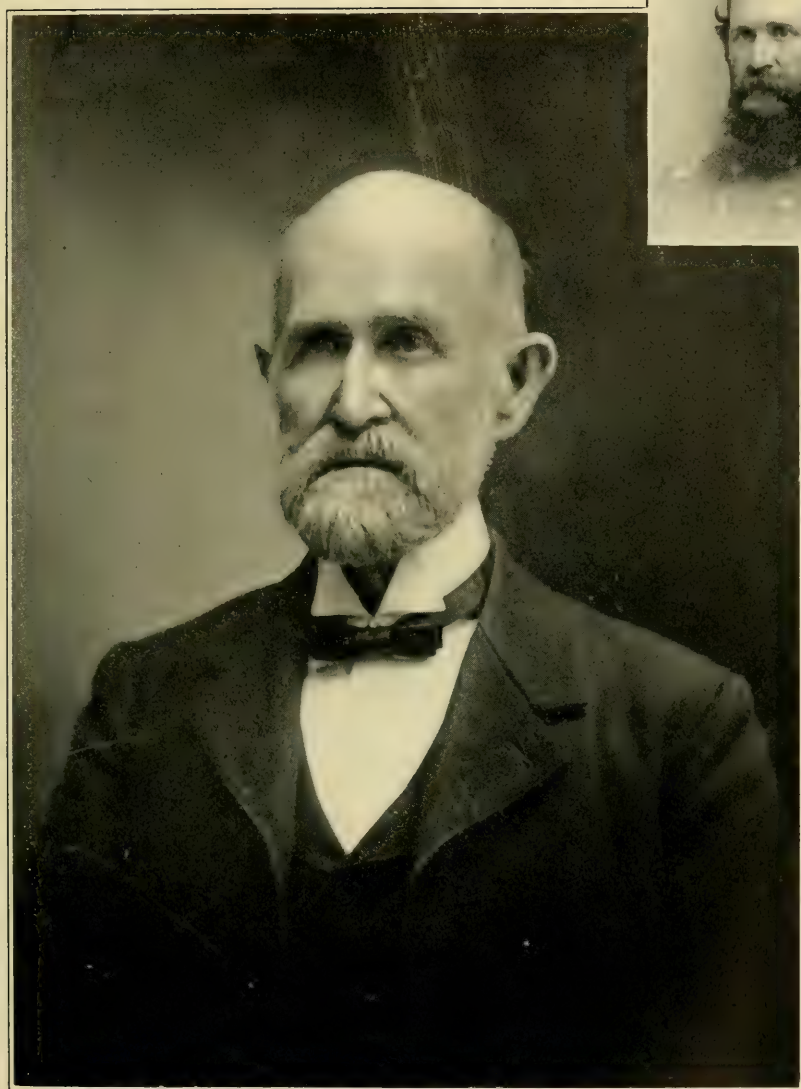
or piece of canvas in the command. Unused to exposure and inexperienced in improvising shelter, quarters constructed of boughs, trees and bush were but poor substitutes for the tight and cosy "dog-houses"—such was the familiar name for the shelter-tents—which whitened the country in every direction. Houseless and homeless, the discomforts increased through the chill October nights; but officers and men were alike inconvenienced, and all bore it uncomplainingly. Shelter-tents and gum-blankets were not issued until just before the encampment broke up.

The pressure of the march had been so continuous, there had been really no opportunity for tactical instruction. Such a season of relief from the every-day tramp was much needed, nor was the occasion neglected. The weather and the grounds were favorable, and with drills, company and battalion, inspections, guard-mounting, guard-duty and dress-parades, the regiment left Blackford's Ford a fairly instructed and decidedly a well disciplined set of men. Much knowledge was also gathered of the watchful care and individual responsibility needed in the performance of picket-duty. The regiment picketed the river-bank, with details by no means light, from the camp up the river to the piers of the old foot-bridge opposite Shepherds-town. Part of the time the enemy occupied the other side, and their proximity demanded unusual alertness and constant activity.

Most of the wounded from the field of the 20th remained in the hospitals about Sharpsburg. Their weary, lonesome hours were cheered by frequent visits from their companions, encamped so long in the close vicinity.

Invigorating autumn weather, clear, crisp evenings, good camping-ground, and some leisure following the stirring times of Antietam, stimulated invention to bestir itself for inspiring entertainment.

A gentleman beyond middle life had been assigned as a regimental assistant-surgeon. In the command in which his assignment placed him were a bright lot of young officers, little



Jos. Thomas

Surgeon 118th Penna. Vols.

disposed to restraint when any scheme was suggested indicating fun, no matter how extravagant or at whose expense.

These sprigs determined to put the new doctor through an examination, conducted with all formality, the result of which was to decide his efficiency and determine whether his capacities entitled him to retention. Selecting "Speedwell," a fanciful conception, for an unheard-of Maryland town, they located the head-quarters of the army there, and published the special order organizing the board of examiners, dated, "Head-quarters Army of the Potomac, Camp near Speedwell, Maryland, October 30, 1862." The order designated the doctor as the only officer on which it operated and announced the detail, which included the surgeon, as entirely of the officers of his own regiment. Neither the mythical location nor the fact that officers only of his regiment, and none of these save one of the medical profession, aroused suspicion, and the doctor prepared himself for the approaching test.

He was told his green sash, the military designation of his professional rank on all occasions of examination, was required to be worn like an "officer of the day," across the shoulder instead of round the waist. Accordingly on the evening selected, for the order named the hour for the board to convene as 7 P. M., the doctor presented himself in full uniform, with his sash displayed as he had been instructed. There sat the promoters of the scheme—they had named themselves as the members of the board—in a hospital tent that had been suitably prepared for the occasion, arrayed in all becoming dignity.

The surgeon had been named as president and the adjutant as recorder. First the quartermaster plied questions on trains, subsistence, issues and accounts. Then the adjutant sifted out a number of insolvable tactical problems. The doctor made some attempts at answers, but uttered no complaint at the character of the interrogatories. When the surgeon took hold of him on his medical attainments he passed most satisfactorily. The examination over, the doctor was politely dismissed, and when he was far enough away the suppressed laughter was

given a vent. After it was over all thoughts were turned as to how to get out of it, when the old gentleman tumbled to the situation. It was a long time before he did, and then not until the excuses of the usual head-quarter's delays had ceased to satisfy him as a reason for his not knowing the result. Ultimately the chaplain's aid was invoked. He was the doctor's best friend, and succeeded, after he disclosed how he had been trifled with, in so quieting his wrath as to prevent him bringing his persecutors to answer for their escapade.

Reproof they certainly richly deserved. Whether they had transgressed far enough to be reached by the strong arm of military law was never determined, because no one pursued them.

Several times during the stay preliminary orders came to prepare three days' cooked rations, to reduce the officers' baggage to the minimum, and accompanied by an issue of sixty rounds of ammunition per man. They were too definite and specific for a reconnoissance and indicated a general advance. Their repetition and failure of consummation drew from an observing soldier the facetious remark, that those in authority were awaiting another storm for the Potomac to swell again, as it would never do to push the troops across in good weather.

But at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 30th of October doubt and uncertainty vanished, and the campaign began that terminated on the fateful field of Fredericksburg in the following December.

The march continued well into the night and it was ten o'clock when the bivouac was made at Bryant's Farm, on the Potomac, near the base of Maryland Heights. Pen and pencil have been prolific in picture, print and story of the grand and picturesque in American scenery. The gorge of the Potomac at Harper's Ferry has not been stinted in the full measure of its just deserts by artist and author, who have told of or painted its grandeurs. Still, when, with the early morning sun, Maryland, Loudon and Bolivar Heights, the Potomac and Shenan-

doah, all burst, in the grandeur of lofty summits, the placidity of smooth-flowing river and madness of rushing stream, in one general sweep upon the vision of men who for the first time beheld them, they left, even upon the least impressionable, recollections never to be forgotten.

In the immediate front Maryland Heights rose abruptly some thousand feet with their rocky-faced base and sterile boulder, sparsely timbered slope, grim, barren and formidable. Upon the right, and over the Potomac a mile and more, bold, round, green and treeless, stood the Bolivar Heights; and down the river a little farther, upon the Virginia side, where the turbid Shenandoah debouches from the valley and mingles with the waters of the broad and placid Potomac, Loudon, precipitous, rocky, wooded, its foliage just taking the golden hues of autumn, rose frowning in its majesty. Nestled in the angle made by the two rivers, partly visible, was quaint old Harper's Ferry, with the tall chimneys and long ruined walls of its arsenal still standing, the silent witnesses of the little preliminary protoplasm from which the big war had grown to its then towering magnitude. And to the southward, till mountain and horizon united, the two prominent ranges that formed the boundaries of the great Shenandoah valley dwindled into the misty distance. This was the valley whose prolific yield of meat and cereal supplied the sinews which sustained the strife, until at last war, cruel war, that in its harsh severities knows no humanity, decreed its utter desolation, so that "the carrion-crow in flying over the valley from north to south would be compelled to carry its own subsistence."

The distance to the river was but short, and a little after break of dawn the column crossed the Potomac by a pontoon bridge nearly a mile in length, laid above the dam and opposite the lower end of the town of Harper's Ferry. Midway in the stream the grandeur of the view was more comprehended. Both faces of the Maryland Heights and the piers of the old bridge were in full view. The gentle, quiet waters of the Potomac falling over the dam-breast were soon lost in the distance

as they dashed in their mad rush below, over rock and stone and boulder, by Loudon's base on one side and Sandy Hook on the other. The famed arsenal ruins and the historic engine-house, where John Brown maintained his midnight siege, could not be seen except from the Maryland side and on the bridge.

The column skirted through a small thoroughfare running at right-angles with the river street and was quickly over the Shenandoah by another pontoon, which held its place tenaciously, in spite of the rough and angry waters in which it lay. In the bed of the stream were countless rocks, some hidden, others in view, against which the swift currents threw the spray about in gleesome playfulness. Pushing on vigorously, the night's bivouac was made at Hillsboro'.

The army was again bent on its mission of coercion to enforce a submission to a consolidated Union upon the soil of the Commonwealth whose deputies inserted in the earliest deliberations of our constitution-makers that the fundamental law must express, and not simply infer, that the strength and power of the nation was at all times available to coerce refractory States.

Hillsboro', insignificant in size, a little hamlet in Loudon county, is a centre where many roads meet; one, the Leesburg pike, was mournfully suggestive of the Ball's Bluff disaster. The country hereabouts is rich in its yield of all the products of the farm and prolific in poultry, beef, pork and mutton. It had not been severely scarred by the devastating hand of war, and the granaries, barns, heneries and spring-houses paid handsome tribute to the by no means modest demands of the soldier, whose penetrating search let nothing escape him. Although Burnside's corps had preceded us, and foraged liberally, ample yet remained to satisfy all. The country rolls in gentle undulations of hill and dale, its highly cultivated lands ceasing only when the heavily timbered Blue Ridge range, upon the western boundary, bars their further reach. A ubiquitous stream, known as Goose creek, seemed to penetrate every nook and

corner of the county. Inquiry from the inhabitants as to the designation of every stream crossed in this vicinity brought forth the universal response: "Goose creek."

The regiment was in sad need of shoes, clothing, canteens and haversacks. Requisitions had long been in to meet these wants, and an issue was at last made at this point, but not a tithe of what was needed.

On the 2d of November the march was resumed, and concluded near Snicker's Gap, with the little village of Snickersville hard by. It was on this day's march that an unwise pig took it into its head, or its feet, to run through the lines. A breach of discipline like this, and by a pig, was not to be tolerated for an instant. A court-martial of one immediately convened himself, passed sentence, and executed it. Orders against foraging were very strict. As the bayonet pierced his side the pig squealed so loudly that the sound brought an officer galloping down the line to secure the pig and arrest the offender. Before he could reach the spot the pig had been divided and concealed, and the men were moving on in excellent order.

The country was still fresh and productive, and toothsome morsels of poultry, butter and eggs were fitting substitutes for the monotonous diet of salt pork and hard-tack.

The Massachusetts associations in the brigade developed the Yankee love of traffic, and the temptation to "barter and trade a spell" induced some of the Pennsylvanians to negotiate, more to gratify their Yankee friends in an indulgence of their commercial propensities than with expectation of profit or useful investment. The little commodities and trinkets which passed in these ventures were of no great value, but the positive refusal of the Yankees to recognize a credit system compelled the men to resort to temporary loans from their officers, whose purses, though much depleted, could generally accommodate them to a limited extent.

In a moneyed sense the regiment was miserably poor. The 31st of October was the bi-monthly day of muster for pay. The

careful preparation of the pay-rolls, and hearty response of those present in answer to their names, was conducive to a belief that their correct and clerkly appearance and speedy transmittal might induce the sometimes dilatory paymaster to give them a prompt consideration.

George Slow was the body-servant of one of the officers and was quite a noted character in the regiment. He had been the slave of a wealthy and distinguished Virginia family, and came from the Valley, just through the gap. With ninety others on the plantation, when the war began, his "marster," afterwards an officer of the Confederate army, set him free. He had been prompted to this generous act rather by the belief that his slaves would go their own way anyhow, than by the consciousness that freedom was their right. Determined to visit his old home, he braved all the dangers of the trip and crossed the mountains to see his mistress. She received him most graciously and loaded him with gifts of precious edibles to bear to those in whose service he had enlisted. Several pounds of sweet and savory print-butter, a delicacy unknown to army life, were especially acceptable.



GEORGE SLOW.

An instance of George's unflinching faithfulness occurred at the battle of Fair Oaks. He was then employed by an officer of the 71st Pennsylvania. As this officer was going into the action he passed over to George a few valuables and mementos, with instructions if he did not return to see that they

should reach his family. He did not return and for some time George supposed him dead. Subsequently ascertaining he had been wounded and taken to Philadelphia, George set himself about to reach him. Failing to secure transportation, he started to walk the entire distance from the Peninsula. Over wide streams, with bridges destroyed, he was compelled to covertly snatch a ferriage. Without supplies, except such as he could cautiously gather from friendly negroes, through a country infested by guerillas and where every white man was his enemy, he finally accomplished his purpose. To the astonishment of his grateful employer, who still lay suffering from his wound, George suddenly appeared unannounced at his bedside. The faithful fellow continued to act as a tender and devoted nurse until the officer had fully recovered. George is now the trusted servant of one of Philadelphia's prominent citizens, Mr. Joseph E. Gillingham, with whom he has remained continuously since the war.

Before the army left the Gap the feast changed into a famine, and rations of any kind were difficult to obtain. Stacks of unhusked corn were standing in the field, but even a soldier could hardly be expected to eat corn off the cob when the corn had become hard enough by exposure to be used for ammunition. A soldier's life is a life of emergencies. Difficulties must be overcome. One bright wit took the tin from his cartridge-box, emptied the cartridges into the box, punched holes in the tin with his bayonet and grated the corn with this unpatented grater. The others followed his example, and soon corn-cakes were being fried, with pieces of fresh pork that came from somewhere, throughout the camp.

The shortening November days makes six o'clock in the morning a daylight start. It was at that hour on the 6th, after the few days' stoppage in the vicinity of Snicker's Gap, the march was resumed.

There was but little personal association with the citizens, but the farther into the interior the army advanced, the deeper seemed the bitterness of hate towards the Union soldier. There

was never any deep love for the enemy, nor abiding affection for his aiders and abettors, but the feelings never shaped themselves into personal antipathies or aroused individual dislikes. But here the press, the rostrum and the pulpit had taught the people that every Northern man was to be personally despised, and his society rudely rejected. Manifestations of such dislike had gradually bred, probably in a spirit of retaliation, corresponding antipathies in the soldiery, and the few exchanges of personal courtesies with the inhabitants fell off almost entirely. The bivouac was made still in Loudon county, near the little town of Middleburg, on the farm of one J. W. Patterson, well kept and in good condition.

On the next day's march the fatiguing and laborious duty of guard to the wagon-train fell to the lot of the regiment. The trains necessarily require the exclusive use of the road, and the troops on their flanks, moving through the fields, over brush, bush and every conceivable obstruction, are obliged to carve a way for themselves. If the road is free and everything clear, the gait is rapid, and infantry are put to their best endeavors to keep pace with their charge. As usual at the start, the road was jammed and blocked for several hours, the march annoyingly slow, and the delays very harassing. When the obstructions were out of the way the speed increased so as to tax endurance to its utmost. And with all the other ills, a sudden and unusual taste of winter came along.

It commenced snowing violently. The country was soon covered with its mantle of white, appropriately connecting the name of the halting-place, "White Plains," with the general appearance of everything. Much of the afternoon was left when the halt was made. It was pleasantly passed in entertaining guests from the 119th Pennsylvania, encamped in the close vicinity. The generous supplies a prolific country had furnished had disappeared entirely, and the much-abused army diet, which, when sufficient, was by no means distasteful, had become intolerably scant. So seriously did the larder need replenishing that the song of "Hard Times, Hard Times, Come

Again No More " was appropriately paraphrased in the following refrain :

" 'Tis the voice of the hungry, crying o'er and o'er,
Hard-tack ! hard-tack ! Come again once more.
Many days I have wandered from my little dog-house door,
Crying, Hard-tack ! hard-tack ! Come again once more."

The guests had to be satisfied with what was at hand, and their providers so impoverished themselves in their entertainment that nothing was left for the morning meal, save a small allowance of coffee. Society chinked the gaps left by the character and quantity of the diet and the afternoon waned cheerily. The 118th and 119th sprang from the same military parent—the then Gray Reserves, now the distinguished 1st Regiment of the Pennsylvania National Guard—and there was a hearty, cordial fellowship for each other, dominant in both organizations. Regimental, State and number designations do not bear the same significance to each other as the names of streets and numbers of houses in large cities. Unlike such associations, adjoining numbers from the same State is no assurance of neighborly proximity. So it was here ; the two regiments, assigned to different corps, were usually miles apart. Locomotion afoot was slow and tiresome, and the wearisome demands of daily travel not encouraging to frequent visitations. Such a rare opportunity for an exchange of courtesies was much appreciated, and the visitors left in the early evening with the sincere hope that they might be shortly favored with like opportunity for their return.

On the 8th the march was resumed at seven in the morning, and the regiment was assigned as rear-guard, a duty not so distasteful as that with the wagons, but by no means to be courted. To drive up the habitual malingerer is no disagreeable duty, but to urge along the honest soldier, fatigued to real exhaustion, arouses a sympathy which is difficult to conquer. There happened to be so little straggling on this occasion, and the duties of rear-guard being correspondingly light, the charge

of the ammunition trains was also imposed upon the regiment. Procrastinations and fatiguing delays followed this additional detail, and it was ten at night when, supperless and exhausted, the bivouac was made near New Baltimore. Under a soft, autumn noon-day sun the snow had wholly disappeared.

Detached service was over and it was with unqualified satisfaction the regiment returned to its place in the column, and, with the brigade, in comfortable, easy stages, on the 9th, made its march to Warrenton. Here it remained for several days. Many of the men were without shoes when they struck Warrenton, and some of the 118th left the marks of their passage to the place in drops of crimson that had oosed from their bleeding feet. A few of the men who had straggled unnecessarily were put upon fatigue duty when they reached the camp. The then chaplain of the regiment was not revered by the men. The stragglers were ordered to cut down some trees in the camp. One of them fell over the tent in which the chaplain was sitting at a table. It knocked down the tent, the table and the chaplain. Shortly after this event the chaplain felt that he was called elsewhere, and went back to his home in New Jersey.

Warrenton, the county-seat of Fauquier, a most attractive hamlet, was the home of "Extra Billy" Smith, one of Virginia's famous statesmen. Water Mountain, a pretentious hill, belts it upon one side, and upon the other, in all directions, arable lands, cultivated to the highest attainments of Virginia farming, were productive of her best results. The residences indicated thrift and comfort, tastefully adorned with lawn and garden, their foliage fading and grasses withering in the advancing autumn. The Warren Green Hotel, the principal hostelry, in name suggested the one in Pennsylvania, notable as the British head-quarters on the night of the Paoli massacre. The court-house and jail were substantial structures, in keeping in their architecture with the other surroundings.

A few miles beyond were the Sulphur Springs, a well-known watering-place, much resorted to for health and pleasure in the

ante-bellum days. Its capacious hotel and adjoining buildings and colleges had in some previous occupation of this region fallen victims to the flames.

Three of the officers, Captains Donaldson and Crocker and Lieutenant Thomas, remembering the town as the home of the parents of Lieutenant J. Rudhall White, so recently killed at Shepherdstown, paid them a visit of condolence. They inquired feelingly of the incidents surrounding their son's demise, and, though in full sympathy with the enemy, they had still a deep and abiding parental affection for their unfortunate offspring, whose patriotism, none of which he had learned at home, he had proven to the death in his first engagement. The visitors were hospitably entertained to the fullest extent from a much-depleted larder. It was typical of all others in this section.

On the 7th a War Department order, not published until the 10th, relieved Major-General McClellan from duty in command of the Army of the Potomac, and assigned to that duty Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside. The publication of this announcement had a startling effect. With armies actively in the field, sentiment is unknown, the emotional unheard of, and the opinions of others barely considered or carelessly dismissed. But for McClellan, with the Peninsular army—and the contingent of 1862 had caught it—there had grown such an enthusiasm and affection that a total severance of his authority savored of disruption. No other commander, principal or subordinate, ever so captured his soldiers, ever so entranced his followers. Sweeping denunciation, violent invective, were heaped without stint upon the Government. Subdued threats of vengeance, mutterings of insurrection slumbered in their incipency; but, restrained by good sense, patriotism and discipline, they never reached consummation in overt act. The mails teemed with correspondence to friends and relatives at home * denouncing the action of the War Department, raging

*“A sadder gathering of men could not well have been assembled than that of the army drawn up to bid farewell to its beloved commander. Our corps was re-

at the authorities, and predicting the direst results. Shouts, cheers and yells greeted McClellan as he rode along the lines and bade farewell to the army. Men could not be held to their places, and, breaking from their ranks, gathered about as if in the agony of parting from their best and dearest friend. But insubordinate sentiment soon yielded to reason, and the Army of the Potomac, returning to consistency, was never afterwards fluttered by the removals of, or disturbed by changes in, its commanders.

The removal of Fitz-John Porter followed McClellan's on the 12th. He paraded his corps for his farewell review, and for the last time appeared in authority in any military capacity.

viewed in the morning, and as General McClellan passed along its front, whole regiments broke and flocked around him, and with tears and entreaties besought him not to leave them, but to say the word and they would soon settle matters in Washington. Indeed, it was thought at one time there would be a mutiny, but by a word he calmed the tumult and ordered the men back to their colors and their duty. As he passed our regiment he was thronged by men of other commands, making a tumultuous scene beyond description. He was obliged to halt in front of us as Meagher's Irish brigade were pressing on him to that extent that further progress was impossible. They cast their colors in the dust for him to ride over, but, of course, that he would not do, but made them take them up again. General ———, who was riding near McClellan, was forced by the crowd towards our line and I heard him say to a mounted officer close by that he wished to God McClellan would put himself at the head of the army and throw the infernal scoundrels at Washington into the Potomac. This is *history*, and I give it here to show the wild excitement pervading all branches of the service, from the rank and file to the general officers. At 12 M. McClellan met the officers of Fitz-John Porter's corps at the latter's head-quarters and bade them good-bye, and as he grasped each officer by the hand there was not a dry eye in the assemblage. Before parting he made a short address, in which he said his removal was as much a surprise to him as it was to the army. But he supposed it was intended for the best, and as a soldier he had but to obey. He therefore urged upon us all to return to our respective commands and do our duty to our new commander as loyally and as faithfully as we had served him. By so doing we would pay him the greatest honor, and, as he had only the welfare of his country at heart, he would follow with his prayers and good wishes the future career of the grandest army this continent ever saw.

“What do you think of such a man? He had it in his power to be dictator—anything he chose to name—if he would but say the word, but he preferred retirement rather than ambition. He was not a Cæsar.”

General Daniel Butterfield succeeded to the command of the corps, and the place of General Morrell, who had dropped away from the division, was filled by Brigadier-General Charles Griffin. Colonel Barnes still continued in command of the brigade.

The army had been organized into the right, left and centre grand divisions; to the latter, commanded by Major-General Joseph E. Hooker, the 5th Corps was attached.

On the 15th General Hooker reviewed his entire Grand Division, and at the conclusion of the ceremonies, at his headquarters, where he received the officers of the brigade, took occasion, with some spirit, to remark that with two such army corps he felt that he could march anywhere in the enemy's territory and compel the entire Confederacy to do his bidding.

About this time Colonel Marshall, of the 13th New York, from his fierce red whiskers, secured the sobriquet of "Red Warrior." An officer of the regular army, a graduate of the Academy, he was unbending in his exactions and uncompromising with mistakes. He had taken opportunity to throw out a cynical slur, rather at than to the regiment, as he passed it on one occasion, halted, while his own was moving in column. The slur, pronounced loud enough to be heard by every one, was prompted by the unsteadiness of his leading company, which nettled him so that he contrasted them to the ragged Pennsylvania militia. This was a compliment when compared with the peculiar phrases which he generously bestowed upon those in his own command. The alias clung to him as long as he remained with the brigade. His regiment was a two-years organization and withdrew at the expiration of its term, about the time of the battle of Chancellorsville.

Shortly after six o'clock on the morning of the 17th, in a drizzling rain, the camp in the vicinity of Warrenton was broken; moving through the town, the march continued some twelve miles to Elk Run. It was a distressing spot, scarce worthy of a designation, upon a narrow, dirty, muddy stream, where several great roads met. The concentration of a few

houses and barns, and its location upon important public highways, probably established an identity that made it worthy of a name.

If individual volition had controlled the movement, each man would have left this wretched spot at a very early hour the next morning. It was otherwise directed. The other divisions had the advance and high noon came before the brigade was on its way. The drizzles were drenching rains, and the mud, deep and loamy, held each footstep with a firm, tenacious grip. The soil was Virginia's, but heavy as it then was, the indications were but faint as to what the near future should develop as real Virginia mud. Soaked and weary, the column found a bivouac about six o'clock in some unknown, muddy, watery waste, and on the 19th, after a short afternoon march, halted for several days at Hartwood Church. In an open, settled country, the region was in agreeable contrast with that just passed through. The church, during the occupancy of this vicinity, became a noted point of stoppage for troops operating in the locality. The dreary wilds for so many miles around it made it an especially attractive halting-place when circumstances permitted. The interior was without pulpit or seats, and on the wall, back of the chancel, was a half-finished war-like sketch in charcoal. The story went that the artist, a Yankee officer, surrounded by a few of his men admiring his skill, was interrupted by the enemy's cavalry, and he and his audience permitted to continue their operations on the walls of Libby.

On the 23d the march was again resumed to the vicinity of Belle Plain, a landing on the Potomac near the mouth of Potomac creek. The gathering of supply and ammunition trains, the current accepted belief that the enemy was in strength about Fredericksburg, on the other side of the Rappahannock, indicated a purpose to strike him.

Stuart's cavalry had developed considerable activity about the rear and flanks of the army, and the brigade was sent on several wearisome, fruitless tramps in the direction of Hartwood

Church to overhaul him. The camps flitted about for some weeks within a few miles of each other between Stoneman's Switch, Potomac creek and Belle Plain. There were many misgivings of disaster if a battle should be fought, and a conviction grew that the winter would pass in quiet. The opening guns of Fredericksburg proved the convictions erroneous, and the result sent the stricken soldiery back to their cantonments, their misgivings fully confirmed.



SERGEANT-MAJOR WM. R. COURTNEY.

CHAPTER V.

FREDERICKSBURG.

SLEEP soldiers! Still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

THERE had been frequent preliminary orders to be in readiness to move immediately, to move at a moment's notice, to move at once, to move without delay. It was the usual phraseology then so familiar and aroused but little comment, as a soldier was about as ready to move at one time as another. They were accompanied by directions to carry five days' cooked rations, and the orders, following each other so closely, kept that supply continually on hand.

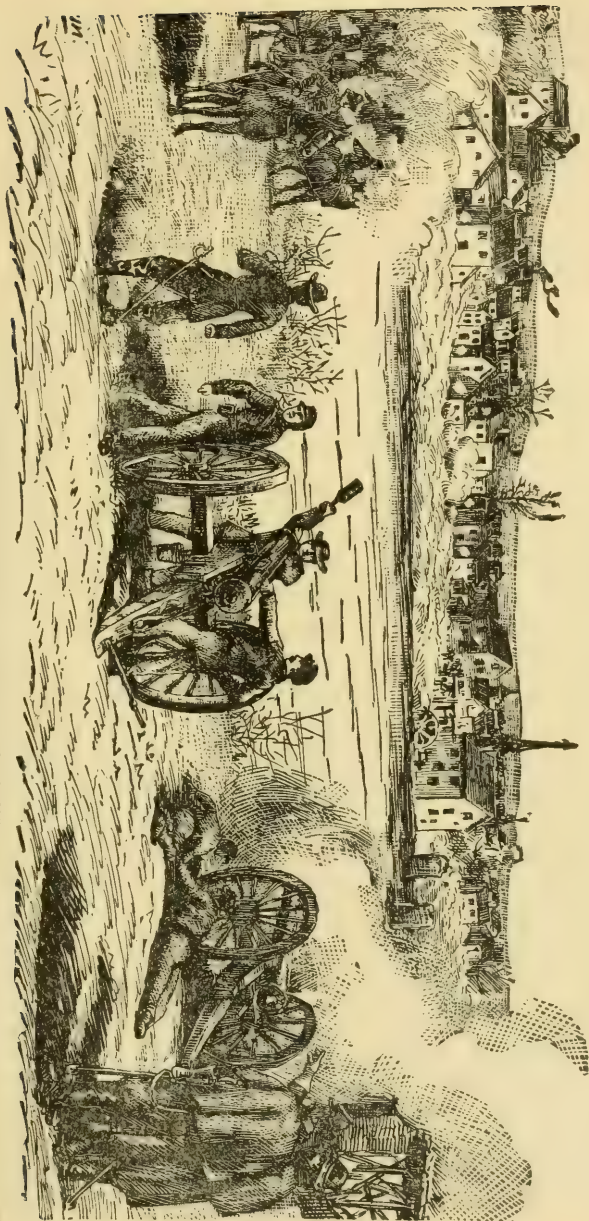
The thunder of heavy cannonading about four o'clock on the morning of the 11th of December, followed promptly by the "general," dissipated the flippant treatment with which the preliminary directions had been received, and, amid some bustle and confusion, the regiment was without delay in line, awaiting the order to march.

The sun, great and round, rose ominously red. Camp-fixtures were to remain standing and the troops to be equipped in light-marching order only. The soldiers had not yet conceived that much was intended beyond a reconnoissance in heavy force. This, though, was one of those hopeful conceptions to drive off the notion that there would be a fight.

The company cooks were metamorphosed; that is, these professional gentlemen had been promoted to the ranks, exchanged their ladles for muskets and cartridge-boxes, and were given an opportunity to pepper the enemies of their country instead of the bean soup. One of them, whose rotund form and unctuous face made his usual occupation unmistakable, hearing the boom of the heavy guns, asked what the noise was.

He was answered: "The rebel artillery."

BOMBARDMENT FROM STAFFORD HEIGHTS.



"You fellers needn't think you can fool me. I've heard that noise too often in Philadelphia; they're unloading boards somewhere."

Afterward, when the man of pots and pans heard the screech of the shells and saw them falling in the river near the engineers who were laying the pontoons, he went lumbering to the rear as though he had forgotten something, and his oleaginous form faded in the distance.

At seven o'clock the column was in motion, not in the familiar direction towards Hartwood Church, but by the shortest and most practicable route to Falmouth and the Rappahannock. Evidences were everywhere abroad of preparation for desperate and bloody work. Ambulance trains were parked in every direction; every safe and readily accessible location was occupied by hospital tents. Stretchers in unlimited supply were being hurried to the front for immediate use. Fresh, clean straw, neatly bundled, had been distributed where the wounded were to be brought for treatment. The thunder of the guns continued in uninterrupted roar.

The march was soon accomplished. The whole of the Centre Grand Division was massed on "Stafford Heights," the prominent bluffs on the left bank of the river, commanding a full view of the city of Fredericksburg, the stream and the lowlands and hills upon the other side. Line upon line, shoulder to shoulder, this closely-packed body of men awaited, in quiet resoluteness, the order that should send them forward to measure strength and courage with their adversaries. It was a martial sight.

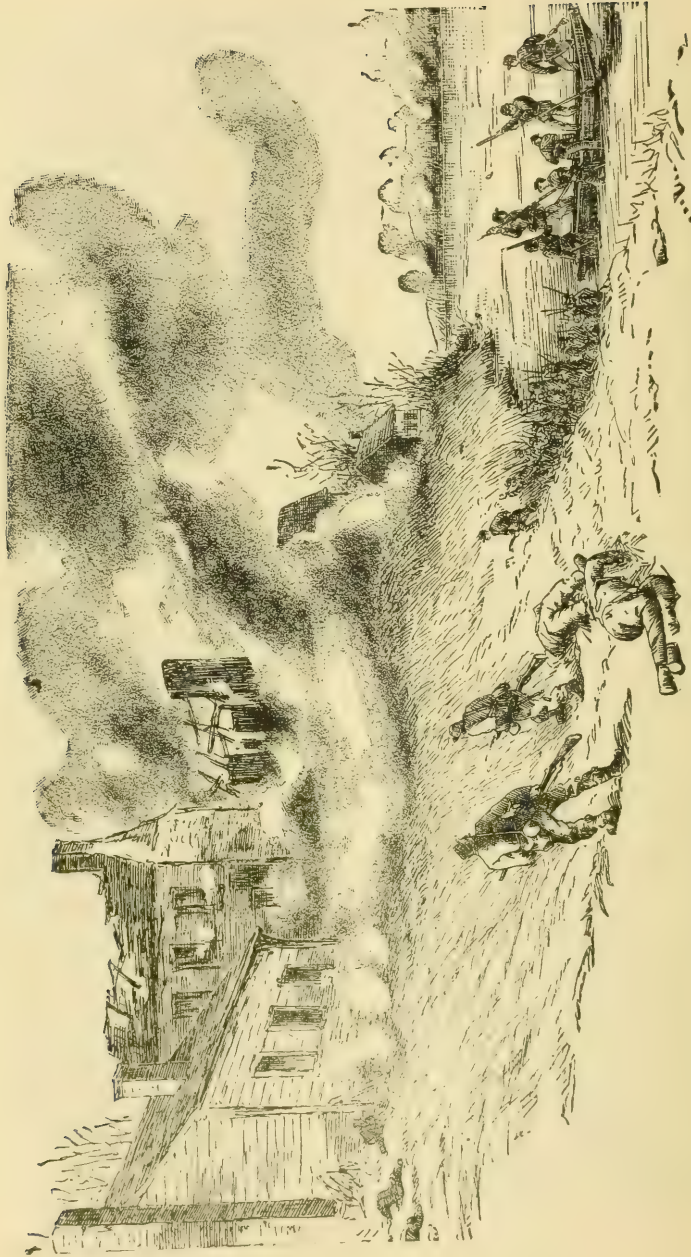
The stream, inconsiderable in width, is navigable for steamboats. The water-front of the city extended about a mile, with streets at right-angles, lined with substantial brick and stone buildings reaching back from the water about half that distance. The city lay on a plain away below the heights which overlooked it. At the distance of half a mile arose a formidable hill, of easy, gentle slope, then modestly known by its owner's name as Marye's Heights. It was to become famous as the

scene of most desperate and valorous assaults. Marye's Heights were lined with earthworks, planned and constructed by skilled engineers, defended by soldiers tried in battle, mounted with guns handled by the best artillerists. They appeared almost impregnable. The enemy's cannon answered in active response to the Union guns. All this was in full view, and as the column passed over the bluffs and down to the bridges, all those "thinking bayonets" could not but conclude that a direct assault would be hopeless.

Whilst the infantry massed about the heights suffered but little annoyance from the enemy's artillery, the engineers and pontooniers were at a difficult and perilous task. Every house on the river-bank had its riflemen, and small earthworks had been constructed for others whom the houses could not shelter. Each attempt to lay the boats was met with terrific and fatal volleys; the loss was appalling. In sheer desperation, the afternoon well spent, the engineers, resting from their labor, had sought such shelter as could be found at the foot of the bluffs and on the edge of the river. The pontoon boats, dismounted from their wagons, lay useless on the shore. Suddenly bodies of men, pelted as relentlessly as were the engineers, rushed to the shore. With commendable precision, regardless of their terrible loss, they took the places allotted them in the boats and pushed them into the stream. They were rapidly pulled across, the galling fire continuing until a landing effected upon the other side in a measure silenced it. This brilliant achievement of the 7th Michigan and 19th Massachusetts, in the presence of the large audience on the bluffs, crowned these regiments with enduring fame.* The laying of the bridges

* There was, probably, no such fighting done during the war in the streets of a city as the 19th Massachusetts did in Fredericksburg on the night of December 11, 1862. Palfry's "Antietam and Fredericksburg" contains a most graphic description of it by Captain Hall. The following letter, sent to one of the papers by the lieutenant-colonel of the 19th Massachusetts, shows the part that regiment took in the assault:

"A member of the old fighting 19th handed me a copy of the August *Century* containing General Couch's article on 'Sumner's Right Grand Division,' and, plac-



ADVANCE OF THE 7TH MICHIGAN AND 19TH MASSACHUSETTS ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

soon followed, but it was late in the afternoon before they were fitted for a passage.

It did not fall to the lot of our division to cross that night, and about five o'clock it retired a mile or so for a bivouac near

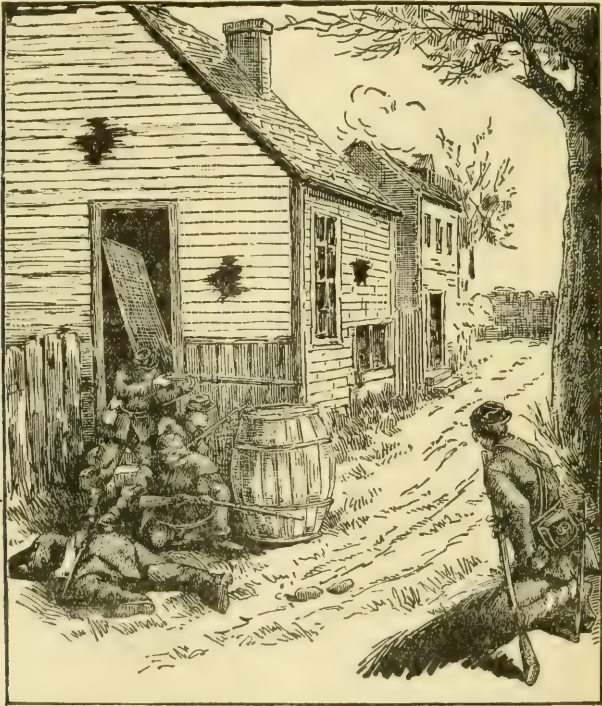
ing his finger on that portion of it where the crossing of the river in boats is spoken of, said, in tones of bitterness: 'A twinge here,' pointing to what was left of a once good leg, 'reminds me that the old 19th was around at that time, and I swear it does seem too bad that we should not at least receive a little credit from our commander at that time.' It may have been an oversight or forgetfulness on the part of General Couch, but the incidents of that crossing, so far as the 19th was concerned, will bear repetition, if for no other purpose than to make history correct.

"During the bombardment of the morning of the 11th, volunteers were called for to lead what seemed to be a forlorn hope—to cross the river in open boats under fire from an opposing line of infantry under cover on the opposite bank of the river. Two companies of the 7th Michigan were the first to ferry themselves across, followed immediately by the 19th Massachusetts. The Michigan companies charged up the river bank, captured some twenty or thirty rebels, and returned. The 19th charged up the bank by companies, and went on till they reached the main street of the town, called Caroline street, and there formed in line of battle. Soon after an aide from General Burnside ordered Captain H. G. O. Weymouth, commanding the regiment, to fall back with his regiment to the river-bank, leaving one company to hold in check any rebel advance of skirmishers or sharpshooters. Company D, Captain Moncena Dunn, was left in Caroline street, and the remainder of the regiment fell back. The aide, when leaving, told Captain Dunn what was expected of him, and said: 'If it gets too hot for you, fall back to your regiment.' It was here, while Company D was engaged in resisting the rebel advance, that the lamented Chaplain Fuller was killed; and a reference to his 'Memoirs' will explain fully the position at that time.

"The 19th Massachusetts was, with the exception of the sortie of two companies of the 7th Michigan, the only force that had up to that time advanced beyond the crest of the river-bank. While Company D was in Caroline street in action, Companies E and K of the 19th advanced a second time. Company E, Captain Mahony, filed out to the left of Company D; Lieutenant Hodgkins, with Company K, crossed the street to an open lot surrounded by a tight board fence and discovered the rebel line of battle advancing and reported the same to Captain Dunn. The three companies then fell back to the regiment. The 20th Massachusetts soon after coming up on the left of the 19th, the two regiments advanced, the 19th in line of battle, the 20th in column of companies. The rebel line was met on Caroline street, and the 20th Massachusetts, being in close mass, suffered a fearful loss of life. Had that regiment been deployed as was the 19th, the loss would have been much less. There is no desire to detract one iota of the measure of praise to any who were participants in that gallant action, but only to give a correct version."—*Moncena Dunn, Lieutenant-Colonel 19th Massachusetts.*

a spot designated as "White House;" but whence it derived its name is inconceivable, as no settlement was thereabouts and nothing observable but a solitary whitewashed shanty.

Mr. Henry K. Jewell, a well-known citizen of Philadelphia and an acquaintance of many of the officers of the regiment, opportunely appeared during the afternoon. He was con-



19TH MASSACHUSETTS FIGHTING IN THE STREETS OF FREDERICKSBURG.

nected in some civic capacity with the Commissary Department. The soldier rarely knows much that is reliable, except what is occurring immediately around him. He gathers his information afterwards when the newspapers reach the front. Mr. Jewell said the cause of the delay in attacking Fredericksburg was the non-arrival of the pontoons, and also told of

General Sumner's demand, through General Patrick, on General Lee, to surrender the city, and its refusal. The story of both circumstances subsequently appeared fully in the newspapers, and is now historically recorded. The delay in forwarding the pontoons has been the frequent subject of severe comment and harsh criticism, and it has fallen mostly upon General Halleck, on whom it was alleged the responsibility rested.

Jewell was a thoughtful fellow. He had loaded himself with canteens, all he could carry, filled to the brim with an excellent quality of ardent spirits. He freely and cheerfully distributed this among his friends who had the conveniences at hand to carry it. It was carefully husbanded, and proved a priceless *jewel* in the next day's engagement, when it was judiciously dispensed to many a wounded sufferer.

At eight o' clock on the morning of the 12th the regiment returned to the same spot it had held on the day before. All day long the big guns on the bluffs and the field-batteries tore away persistently at the enemy's works on Marye's Heights. The roar was continuous, but apparently little damage followed the cannonading; certainly none to the entrenchments, though it probably caused some loss among the soldiery. Smoke in great volumes hung over everything, lifting occasionally, when there was a lull in the firing, to permit a cursory observation.

All day long Sumner's Right Grand Division was pouring over the pontoons amid a storm of the enemy's shells. The enemy seemed to have a pretty fair knowledge of where the bridges were, and were tolerably successful in securing the range. So close, indeed, did the shells from the Confederate batteries fall to the pontoons that the crossing soldiers were frequently splashed with the water that flew up from the places where they struck the river. It was cooling, but not refreshing.

From the Phillips House, a most pretentious mansion, which was General Burnside's head-quarters, staff-officers, at frightful

pace, were continually coming and going. Night settled before things were in complete readiness, and the regiment rested where it was, awaiting the breaking of the portentous morn.

Saturday, the 13th, dawned in an almost impenetrable fog, so dense that it, with the smoke of the battle, made objects close at hand scarcely distinguishable. It was of such density that there was a fear that in a close engagement friends might be mistaken for foes. To avoid such a contingency the very unusual precaution of a word of recognition was adopted, and the watchword "Scott" was given to be used in such an emergency.

Between nine and ten o'clock the fog lifted a little, and unfolded a scene thrilling in its inspiration and awful in its terror. The streets of the city were literally packed with soldiers. Glistening rifle-barrels, sombre blue, surged in undistinguishable columns, pressing for the open country to seek some relief from the deadly plunge of cannon-shots dealing mercilessly their miseries of wounds and death. But the same batteries on Marye's Heights were again encountered, more frowning and formidable than ever, and wicked in their renewed determination to punish the temerity that dared assault these formidable entrenchments. With such gunnery, fog and smoke settled again and the scene was lost to view from Stafford Heights, the continuing noise alone indicating the progress of the battle.

Amid all these stirring scenes four officers of the regiment indulged in a game of euchre. Intent upon their amusement, they were lost to the terrors around them, and apparently heedless of the greater dangers they were soon to face when it should be their turn to be active participants in the pending combat. As the game progressed and the interest increased it was suddenly interrupted by orders that started the command on its way to where the battle was the hottest. The game was resumed from time to time at the frequent halts that occur in the movements of large bodies of troops across narrow

bridgeways, and it was not completed until the near approach to the action stiffened every nerve to its highest tension.

Then the custody of the *deck* became a subject for consideration. Every one of the quartet tried to convince every other one that the best possible thing for him to do was to carry it. Unanimously, and finally, it was concluded that, as they were fighting for the existence of a republic, it would not be seemly, should they fall, to have it transpire that they had been taking care of kings and queens. Royalty and knavery were, consequently, allowed to float down towards the sea on the waters of the Rappahannock.

In these peaceful days, and to those unacquainted with army life during an active campaign, this amusement in the face of danger might seem stolid and reckless indifference. Not so. It passed away the wretched time of waiting, every minute of which would otherwise seem an hour, and quieted the nerves which would be thrilling with excitement if the mind had nothing to dwell upon but the possibilities of the pending battle.

About one o'clock the regiment was called to attention and, with the division, began the movement to the bridges. It was tedious, halting and hesitating. The bridges were crowded and the streets jammed from the slow deployments under the withering fire which met the fresh victims fed to the slaughter, as the troops in advance reached the open country. It was but a short distance to the bluffs and then the battle in all its fury was spread out to view. Upon the slope of Marye's Heights were long lines of blue formed with regularity, moving with precision, disappearing as speedily as they were seen before the furious cannonade and the deadly musketry. Thought was rife and expression free with the selfish hope that some effective service might be done by those already in to save others from the terrible ordeal, revealed in ghastly horror everywhere, into the very jaws of which the regiment was about to plunge. The futility of open assaults was manifest. The disasters which had been plainly seen to follow each other so rapidly were woefully dispiriting. But all such hopes were vain.

About two o'clock the regiment entered the town. It had been reported that \$65,000 worth of tobacco, in boxes, had been thrown overboard from the wharf near the pontoons. Some of the men belonging to the regiments already in the town were diving for and bringing up the tobacco, which they sold to their comrades by the box or in job-lots to suit the pocket. A cool transaction in December and under the enemy's fire. Sergeant Conner, of G, invested \$25 in these speculative "job lots," and, placing them in his knapsack, essayed to carry his purchase until a fitting opportunity was afforded to realize. But his venture proved unsuccessful, as he abandoned his knapsack when the regiment assaulted the heights beyond the lines.

The view from the other side of the river gave but a faint conception of what was within the town. On every hand were ruin and pillage. The city had been rudely sacked; household furniture lined the streets. Books and battered pictures, bureaus, lounges, feather-beds, clocks and every conceivable article of goods, chattels and apparel had been savagely torn from the houses and lay about in wanton confusion in all directions. Fires were made for both warmth and cooking with fragments of broken furniture. Pianos, their harmonious strings displaced, were utilized as horse-troughs, and, amid all the dangers, animals quietly ate from them. There was a momentary, irresistible desire to seek some shelter from the havoc of the guns in the deserted houses. It was manfully conquered and the men heroically held to their places.

The march was continued under all the dreadful shelling along what was apparently the main thoroughfare, which ran at a right angle to the river, to a street that crossed it parallel with the stream, and on towards the farther edge of the city. Turning into this street there was a halt for some time in line of battle, closed well up to the sidewalk. Upon the side of the street nearest the enemy some protection was afforded from the shower of death-dealing missiles that had poured down so relentlessly from the moment of entering the town; but bricks, window-shutters and shingles, struck by the shells and solid shot,



ADVANCE THROUGH THE STREETS OF FREDERICKSBURG.

flew around unceasingly. Opposite the centre, in the rear, was a house that had been most roughly handled. It was

evidently the residence of some person of culture and refinement. Several solid shots had passed through the upper rooms and a shell, bursting in the library, had made bricks, mortar and books a heap of rubbish. A tastefully bound copy of "Ivanhoe" which had escaped the wreck tempted the literary tastes of an officer, and he picked it up, intending that it should help to while away an hour of loneliness in some quieter time. Light as was the load, he soon became weary of it and his book was abandoned.

The dashing charge over the level plain, the determined advance against breastworks lined with threatening bayonets, the splendid resistance to columns of assault, are tests of courage and endurance of frequent occurrence. It is seldom, however, that the metal of men is tested in column in the crowded streets, where there can be no resistance, into which, from unseen positions, the artillery strikes its rapid, telling blows, and will not and can not be silenced. Courageous men, well fitted to meet in a conflict, the purpose of which is seen, an adversary behind his own entrenchments, at his own guns, may well quake when submitting unresistingly to continuous punishment in mass, where their manhood is lost and their power sacrificed in apparently hopeless confusion. So, when the soldiers of the Right and Centre Grand Divisions passed through such a bitter experience of war in the streets of Fredericksburg, and then valiantly assailed the formidable heights beyond, they proved that the Union soldiery possessed a tenacity and courage equal to any standard vaunted in Anglo-Saxon song or story.

There is scarcely any situation which, however serious, cannot sustain the ludicrous. Never do colored servants, except in rare individual instances, follow when soldiers are exposed to such dangers as the regiment had passed through, and which still surrounded it where it had last halted, near the outskirts. A romping, rollicking little darkey, who had been christened Scipio Africanus, because his qualities were the very opposite of those of that distinguished Roman general, was standing upon a door which had fallen from its hinges and lay upon the pave-

ment, and was grinning and chippering, exposing his pearl-white teeth till they resembled, embedded in his ebony jaws, chalk upon a blackboard. He was in full view of the entire command, who were hugely enjoying his guffaws, wondering whether such unusual hilarity, in such a trying situation, was not assumed. Suddenly a solid shot whizzed wickedly over head, struck the front of a brick house upon the opposite side of the street, glanced, flew up into the air and, returning, struck violently the other end of the door upon which the boy was standing. Up, away up, bounded the darkey, unhurt, but scared apparently beyond the recollection that aught was left of him.

It was a ridiculous sight. Shouts and laughter from the whole line greeted him as he landed some ten or fifteen feet from where he started. He waited for no comments, but, with his face changed almost to a deadly pallor, evidently with no conception that he was yet moving of his own volition, disappeared somewhere to safer quarters, not even catching the quaint remark which followed him as he flew away: "What's de matter wid you, honey? You's been foolin' wid a torpedo, ha?"

The same shot upset a wooden step and platform in front of a house and exposed three small boxes of tobacco that had been hidden underneath. There was an instant rush by the men to secure the plunder.

During the halt Colonel Gwyn exercised the regiment for some time in the manual of arms, at the conclusion of which it was ordered to load.

The crucial moment was fast approaching. The brigade moved off, passing its brigade commander, who was intently observing the temper and bearing of his soldiers, back into the main highway from which it had been withdrawn for a little rest and less exposure. The head the column must have been seen; the rapidity of the firing increased; the roar was deafening; shot and shell screeched in maddening sounds; they fell thicker and faster, dropping with wonderful accuracy right into

the midst of the column. Every gun seemed trained upon this very street; and so they were, for it was afterwards learned that batteries, specially planted for the purpose, raked every highway leading from the river. Soldiers, some malingerers, some skulkers, others demoralized, stood behind houses at the corners watching the column. Some had been in and had withdrawn discomfited and dejected; others were of the class who generally manage to elude danger. Sullen and silent, their conduct was no incentive and their presence no encouragement to those not of the sterner sort, who had not yet felt the hot blast of the musketry. Two brass guns in action at the end of the street were pounding away vigorously and effectively at the enemy, the gunners holding heroically to their places in spite of the severe punishment they were receiving.

The Confederate shells performed some curious and fanciful gyrations. One in particular fell obliquely, striking in the centre of the hard, solid roadway, then ricocheted, struck a house, flew up the wall, tore off a window-shutter, then crossed over to the other side, striking the house opposite, down again into the street, passed back to the other side over the heads of Company H, and finally fell upon the steps of the house it had first struck and lay there without exploding. This was fortunately the case with much of their ammunition, which appeared to be remarkably faulty.

It is not to be supposed that the column moved upon the highway with the steadiness of a parade occasion. There was hesitancy and some unsteadiness, but no dropping out, no skulking, no concealment.

Avoiding the middle of the street, where it was soon observed the fire was the most direct, and closing to the pavement, the men held their places with reasonable accuracy and moved under the trying circumstances with commendable precision.

As the regiment debouched from the town, upon the edge of the closely-built thoroughfare, was a sign, in large black letters: "Van Haugen's Variety Store." It had scarcely come into view

when a shell burst and tore it to fragments. The pieces of the shell and sign fell into the ranks of Company K. Their loss was not so serious as that of the 1st Michigan, in the rear, where, at about the same time, another shell burst, killing or maiming some sixteen of its soldiers, whose startled shrieks could be heard above the din and roar of the battle. The column now plunged into and waded through the mill-race. This was done as quickly as possible, for the Confederates had trained a battery on this spot. In the mill-race were noticed very many solid shot and unexploded shells, which had evidently rolled back into the water after striking the side of the embankment. Private John Mensing was carrying his piece at "arms port:" a shell struck and shivered it to fragments, but beyond



STONE WALL AT FREDERICKSBURG.

a severe cut on his right hand he was not injured. Another tore off the right arm of Private John Fisher just below the elbow and knocked down four sergeants in one company. They were more or less bruised and hurt, but none of them seriously.

The right of the brigade had now reached an open level space on the left of the road, some four hundred yards in width, as well as observation could estimate it. At its farther edge the ground rose abruptly, as if the earth had been cut away. This perpendicular rise or cut was the extreme base of the slope that approached and terminated in the gun-capped Marye's Heights. The artillery played with unintermitting vigor.

The usual rotations brought the regiment on the right of the brigade, on the 13th. It had about covered its front from where the right first struck the open plain, where by the "forward into line" the left was extended into the plain. It was intended that the right should rest on the road. There was some confusion attending the formation, but a line was ultimately established pressed close up to the edge of the abrupt rise, over which and beyond to the top of the hill everything was in full view. Beyond the summit was another elevation, and just below it a stone fence, lined with rebel infantry, whence the musketry rolled unceasingly.

A board fence, with some of the boards displaced, others torn from the top, stood between the abrupt rise and the stone fence, nearer to the latter. It had evidently greatly retarded the previous advances and what was left of it was yet in the road to impede others.

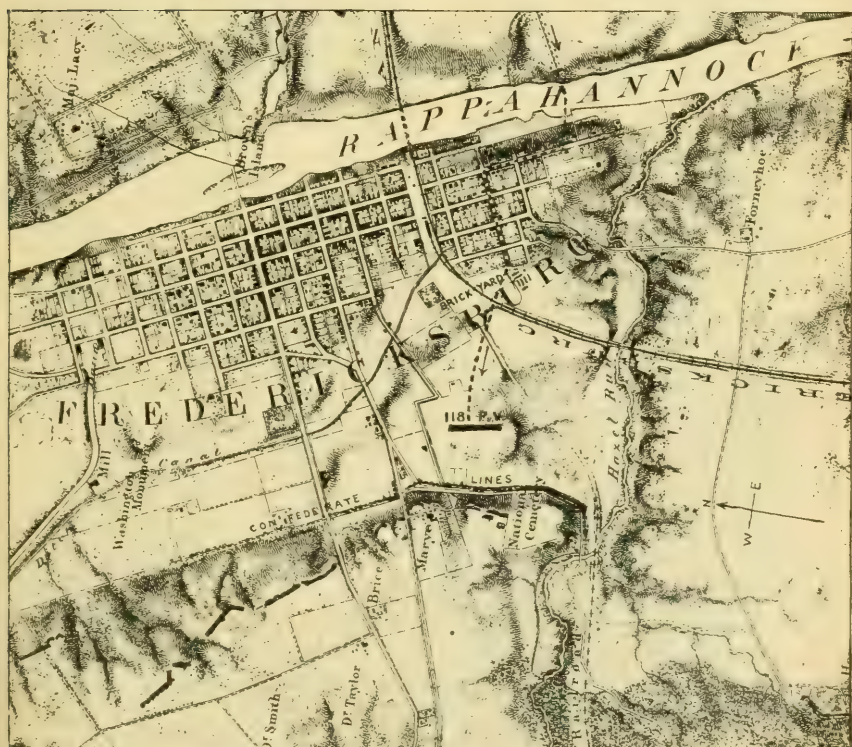
Humphrey's division had just charged up the hill, and, although they had failed to carry the heights, hundreds of men lay prone upon the ground in fair alignment, apparently too spirited to withdraw entirely from their futile effort. It seems scarcely credible, but a closer inspection showed all these men, apparently hundreds in number, to be killed or too seriously wounded to move.

The regiment still hugged the ground closely where it had first established its line. Instinctively, in taking up a movement indicated by an advance by another portion of the line, for the terrible roar drowned the voice of command, it began its desperate work of assault. Under the appalling musketry and amid great disorder, the advance was maintained with reasonable regularity to a brick-yard,* with its kiln standing, through which tore shot and shell, and from which bricks flew in every direction. The little shelter afforded by the kiln had enticed the wounded within its reach to crawl to it for cover, and their mangled, bleeding forms lay strewn everywhere, closely packed

* John P. Knight's.

FREDERICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

5th Corps, commanded by Brig.-Gen. Butterfield.
 1st Division, commanded by Brig.-Gen. Chas. Griffin
 1st Brigade, commanded by Col. James Barnes.
 2d Maine, Lt.-Col. George Varney.
 18th Mass., Lt.-Col. Jos. Hayes.
 22d Mass., Lt.-Col. W. S. Tilton.
 1st Mich., Lt.-Col. Ira C. Abbott.
 13th New York, Col. E. G. Marshall.
 25th New York, Capt. Patrick Connelly.
 118th Penna., Lt.-Col. James Gwyn.
 2d Co. Mass. Sharpshooters, Capt. L. E. Wentworth.



MAP OF FREDERICKSBURG, SHOWING POSITION OF THE 118TH.

A LETTER FROM LIEUT.-
COL. WM. H. POWELL,
5th ARMY CORPS.

Who that lives and was present in the city of Fredericksburg, Va., can forget the last night spent there? In the early part of the night it rained—a cold December rain—but toward midnight it cleared away, and a chilling bleak wind from the north sent great black clouds scudding across the sky, through which occasionally peeped a feeble moon. Torn awnings and broken window shutters banged and flapped about, starting echoes in every nook and corner, while broken sign-boards, swinging on their metal fastenings, uttered groans and shrieks as of incarnate fiends let loose from Hades. The horses' hoofs rang out upon the cobble-stone pavements with such rebounding echoes as to fill the mind of the superstitious with dread, while the ghastly dead lay on the door



JOHN M. KOLLOCK, ASST.-SURGEON.



HORACE BINNEY, 3D, CAPT. CO. D.

stoops, on the sidewalks, in the front yards of dwellings, with their pale faces turned toward heaven, while their open eyes, as a stream of moonlight fell athwart their faces, glared at one as if staring at one from another world. Through such as this it was that I made my lonely ride to the bridge, to find the lower part of the town deserted and the pontoon bridge being removed.

During the time that the city was occupied by the Union troops, I am sorry to say that much vandalism was displayed: pianos, books, clothing, dolls, children's playthings and other articles were thrown from the houses to the streets. Magnificent sofas and chairs were carried into the street and used by the "coffee-coolers" and other vagabonds about the camp fires. These atrocious acts were committed by the vandals with which a great army is always beset when the excitement is so great that they cannot be watched.

together. Sweeping by this, right into the very mouth of the cannon, upward and onward the advance continued to the board fence. The fence was about five feet high, of three boards, with intervals between them. Opposite the centre and right, the boards had been torn off down to the one nearest the ground. The fatality that had followed the delay in their removal was marked by the bodies of the dead lying there, one upon another. To the left, the boards still remained; the men heroically seized and tore them all away, some climbing over. Thinned out, exhausted, with energies taxed to their limit, in the face of such fearful odds, instinctively the line halted.

Major Herring here received a ball in his right arm. He was sitting on his horse at the time. As the ball struck him, some one said, "This is awful!" "This is what we came here for," quietly replied the major, as he dismounted. Subsequently, another ball passed through his left arm, and buck-shot through his coat. At nightfall, his wounds needing surgical attention, he was forced to go to the hospital for treatment. He made several efforts to reach the front again, but his strength failed him. It was feared amputation would be necessary, but he insisted upon conservative surgery, and it saved him his arm. The absence of his strong directing mind at such a critical time was a serious misfortune.

From the place of the halt to the stone fence, behind which belched the deadly musketry, was between two and three hundred feet. At that distance, halted with little or no cover, such punishment was unbearable.

There was still about two hours of daylight. Some two hundred yards to the left, but no greater distance from the stone fence, there was decidedly better cover, and to this undulation, broad enough to include the entire regimental front, the command was moved within a few moments from the time it had halted. Colonel Barnes, commanding the brigade, rode the full length of the line before it started, calling to the men to fall in. Although in full view of the Confederates, and the target for their shots, he escaped injury.

It seems remarkable that men could live at all that close to the enemy's lines, but there the regiment remained all that night, all of Sunday's daylight and well into the night, suffering but few casualties, and those happening principally when necessity forced exposure, or temerity prompted rashness. But safety was only found in hugging the ground as tight as a human body could be made to hold on to the earth. Darkness was a relief from the stiff and uncomfortable postures, but during those ten or twenty hours of that winter's daylight, there was no safety except with bodies prone and flattened to their fullest length. A raise of the head, or a single turn not unfrequently proved fatal.

Just as the day was closing a regiment advanced immediately to the rear of where the command lay. It had been ordered to charge the works, and had got thus far on its mission, but had no one to conduct it farther. All its officers had disappeared ; its men, hopeless as was their task were even yet anxious to fulfil it. Colonel Gwyn, informed of its situation, and understanding its anxiety to still go forward, valiantly stepped to its front and centre, and gallantly tendered his services to lead it on. Colonel Barnes, comprehending the fruitless purpose of the undertaking, forbade it, and ordered the regiment to retire to some convenient shelter and await the further directions of its brigade commander. This it was not disposed to do, but mingled with the others on the front line, and remained with them until they were withdrawn.

The combat ceased with the night. Its lengthening shadows were gratefully hailed as a relief from the terrors of a day of suffering and death.

In getting to the front, one of Company H's men had been severely wounded, but had managed to crawl up to his company. After nightfall some of his comrades got a stretcher and carried him into the town. Leaving him at one of the improvised hospitals, the men started in search of quarters, intending, for one night at least, to sleep with a roof over their heads. A corner store, with a dwelling above, seemed a

suitable place. But doors and windows were fastened. An entrance, by the aid of a couple of bayonets, was soon effected. A newspaper was produced and lighted, dropping pieces of half-burned paper as the party passed through the store into the back room, searching for a candle. One was found in a candlestick, lighted, and a reconnoissance in force was made, to discover what the enemy had left. Returning to the store, the party found, right in the track of the burned paper, an unexploded shell. The precious thing was picked up very carefully, and put tenderly away in a closet. An iron teakettle was found in the house, a well in the yard, and clapboards on the building. These helping, a steaming pot of coffee was made and drunk. Then, alternately mounting guard, the party indulged in a luxurious sleep, with bare boards for feathers, and starting betimes, reached the front again before daylight.

Sunday morning broke bright and clear. Just as the day dawned the men at the front, who had been sleeping as best they could, rose and walked up and down briskly to warm their chilled blood. The whole line seemed to be in motion. Suddenly, without the least warning, the Confederates poured in upon them a heavy volley. Every man promptly dropped to the ground. In one place they were crowded together too closely for comfort. Beyond, a man who, with the cape of his overcoat over his head, was apparently asleep, there was room for two or three.

"Wake him up, and tell him to move along," some one cried. The soldier next to him gave him a shake, and said:

"I can't, he's too fast asleep."

"You must."

The soldier pulled the overcoat cape back, intending to give him a vigorous shake. As he uncovered the head, the colorless side-face, and a triangular hole in the neck told the tale. He was sleeping his last sleep. He must have been struck by a shell the day before, and fallen just where he lay, and some comrade's hand had thrown the cape over his head to hide the ghastly wound.

If there was remembrance of the Christian Sabbath, there was no recognition of its religious observances. There was no pealing organ, chiming bell, nor tuneful orison. The city was a charnel-house, its churches and its dwellings hospitals, and its streets rumbling with vehicles and crowded with stretcher-bearers carrying the wounded sufferers. Save where the words of prayer ministered to the ebbing life of the dying soldier, there was naught to indicate that the day was the Lord's, set apart by Him for His people's rest and the observance of His holy ordinances.

The cannonading ceased. The cannon, that for three days had thundered so incessantly, had opportunity to cool, and the gunners rested from their unceasing toil. The quiet—there was no noise save from the occasional discharge of a musket—was in striking contrast to the continuous roar that had preceded it.

Fortunately the rigors of winter weather had not yet arrived. Save from the constrained position of their bodies, and the want of water, the men of the regiments in the front line suffered no discomfort and but little loss. There was still sufficient in the haversacks for nourishment, but all looked longingly for the night to come. There was scarcely any firing from the Union side, save where some one more daring than his fellows would rise in his place, discharge his piece, and quickly seek cover again. They frequently suffered for their exposure.

Sergeant Geo. W. Stotsenberg, of Company K, turned the cartridges out of his box into his cap, loaded, knelt upon one knee waited, and, whenever a head appeared above the stone wall, blazed away at it, and reloaded. He kept his position for more than two hours, and though the bullets sang about his ears and ploughed little furrows in the ground before him, he was not even touched.

Captain Crocker could not long brook this forced restraint. He had suffered greatly from his close confinement. Angered beyond endurance at the foe who kept him thus confined, he threw a taunting menace in their teeth. About noon, saying

naught to any one, he rose suddenly from his place, seized the colors, advanced with them a few paces to the front, and jammed the staff well into the ground, shaking his fist angrily and firing a round of epithets in no polite or cultured strain. His greetings were responded to in language equally cultured, accompanied by a volley of balls. His temerity lost



CAPTAIN LEMUEL L. CROCKER.

him nothing except the emptying of his canteen, which was struck. Lieutenant Kelley, who was close beside him, observed the contents escaping to the ground, and before Crocker was aware of what he was losing, rose to his knees, placed the hole to his lips, and drained whatever remained to the dregs. Kelley got a "ball," if Crocker did not.

Captain Bankson was not to be outdone by this daring feat of Crocker's, and he followed with one of like temerity. He left his place, proceeded to where the colors had been planted, seized them, waved them several times defiantly at the enemy, and then returned. A similar salute of musketry greeted him, but he, too, escaped unharmed.

It has been observed that the human voice was sometimes so drowned by the din of battle that the utterance of commands was useless. Successful obedience only followed close observance and apt attention. Any inattention or failure to comprehend what was likely to be done frequently separated the best of soldiers from their commands. A misunderstanding resulting from this condition of things happened in the regiment at its halt just beyond the board fence. The attention of some was momentarily distracted, more particularly by the casualties that there befell some of the best men. In what appeared but an instant, the regiment had moved by the left flank to a position three hundred yards away, where it remained during the rest of the engagement. Those who had not observed the movement were left where they were. The first conclusion was that the regiment had withdrawn entirely. There was considerable confusion, and the soldiers of one command intermingled with others. Nor was it possible to distinguish organizations, as the men were flattened tight to the earth, with their faces downward. They might recognize any one standing up, especially because few were in such position, but for one who stood to recognize those who were lying, was an impossibility. This impossibility of recognition was a further difficulty in the way of removing the conviction that there had been a formal withdrawal.

In the full assurance that their belief was well founded, those who had been left retired for a better cover to the rear of the brick-kiln. There, rumors from the town that the regiment had been seen in the city confirmed their belief, and they remained awaiting a favorable opportunity to rejoin it. To attempt it just then was an invitation for a volley, and a great personal risk, which, as the regiment was believed not to be engaged, the occasion did not seem to demand.

As the detachment lay behind the kiln, an officer was noticed approaching them, oblivious to all the dangers around him, shot at by volleys, aimed at singly, coolly stopping to examine the faces of the dead he passed, moving with deliberation and ease. He finally safely reached the cover of the kiln wall. It was Lieutenant William Wilson, of Company A. He reported that as the regiment left the city he had become separated from it, and had ever since been employed in a hopeless search for it. He was told of the misfortune which had happened to the detachment, the conviction that the regiment had been withdrawn, and the apparent confirmation by the stories that had come from the town, and he was advised to remain where he was. This did not, however, satisfy him. He said he had met a number of the men, but had not yet seen the field-officers and colors, and as he had pretty faithfully hunted the city, he was determined to prosecute his search further at the front.

In a few moments he left and was again exposed to the same startling dangers. Volleys upon volleys greeted him, but alone, bold and erect, a most inviting target, bent upon his purpose, he continued his errand and disappeared from view still unhurt. It was an exhibition of splendid heroism. By mere accident he reached the position which the regiment occupied, but was unaware of it until he was recognized and hailed by his name.

That the others, had they been convinced that the regiment was still at the front, would all willingly have faced every danger and rejoined it, was never doubted. Their mistake was their misfortune, and no adverse criticism was ever made upon the officers and men who composed the detachment by their more fortunate comrades whose better fortune kept them with the colors. Their disappointment, when they discovered where their mistake had led them, bore upon them weightily, and the reflection that they had not shared all the glories of a well-fought fight was only tempered by the consciousness that a misunderstanding, and not their purpose, had prevented it.

As has been noticed, when the brick kiln was passed on the advance, wounded, more than could be covered, were in indis-

criminate confusion about it, and since then the number had sensibly increased. If there were any on hand to administer relief the force was wholly inadequate to the occasion. Strangely, large numbers of blocks of ribbon were scattered around. How they came there was inconceivable, nor was there any disposition to inquire. Their usefulness was soon apparent. Generous hands quickly unwound the blocks, and tenderly, it may be awkwardly, applied the ribbon to wounds gaping, exposed and yet untreated, and bandaged hurts, possibly nearing fatality from want of care. But whether life was saved or not, it was a comfort and consolation for kindly hands to minister to those pressing needs.

During the time the detachment was at the brick-kiln another advance appeared, moving up the hillside. One regiment, with its commandant gallantly riding in its front, maintained a most excellent alignment. It preserved its shapely formation until just in rear of the brick-yard, when the commanding officer fell seriously wounded. Three of his soldiers bore him away and his command then seemingly disappeared entirely. The organization whose splendid line had attracted such universal admiration was the 5th New Hampshire; the commandant who had fallen so valiantly at its front and centre was its colonel, Edward E. Cross, who, wounded at Fair Oaks, had returned to add to the laurels he had won on the Peninsula.

With this advance appeared a battery of twelve-pound Napoleons. It had scarce unlimbered before every horse and rider fell. The men left without firing a shot. The officers remained a moment gesticulating violently, apparently endeavoring to enforce the return of their men, and then they too disappeared and the deserted guns alone remained. No guns could be served at such a point and no gunners could live in such exposure. It seemed madness to have ordered a battery in action there.

Among those who fell from the officers of the brigade was Captain J. Benton Kennedy, of the 1st Michigan. A solid shot terribly shattered his thigh, and, lingering a few days, he died

in a house in the city. He was generous, courteous and courageous. On intimate terms with the officers of the 118th, his loss was deeply regretted.

The detachment at the brick-kiln gradually drew off to the city and collecting about the outskirts moved after dark to the river-bank, where it bivouacked for the night. After daylight communication with the front was again wholly cut off and it was impossible for them to rejoin their fellows; nor was it necessary, as the fight had subsided to an indifferent sort of a skirmish, with no prospect of an assault by the enemy. The bivouac was consequently maintained until the command was retired from the front line.

Shortly before ten o'clock on Sunday night the regiment was relieved from its perilous and trying post at the extreme front and withdrawn to the bivouac on the river-bank, where the missing detachment was. Here it remained during Monday. A little after noon General Burnside and his staff rode down to the bridge and passed over. There was always a kindly feeling for Burnside, but now his presence stirred no enthusiasm; his appearance aroused no demonstration. It may have been a coincidence that, as he rode by, he drew his hat further down over his face. Unuttered thoughts were rife that somebody had seriously blundered. But sadly and silently the men viewed their commander, with the deepest consideration for the anxiety and solicitude which at that moment must have almost overwhelmed him.

At dusk the brigade started for the front again. It took a position on the highway at the farther end of the city, as it was subsequently learned, to cover, with other troops, the withdrawal of the entire army to the other side of the river. Absolute quiet was cautioned and conversation forbidden. That silence might be maintained strictly, the rattling of the tin-cups was prevented by removing them from the belts. It was a weird and woful night. The wind blew a gale, fortunately directly from the enemy, and, with the extreme quiet prevailing in our lines, voice and noise were distinctly audible in

theirs. Window-shutters banged and rattled, and shots rang out frequently on the picket-line. An attack was momentarily expected and every one was ready to resist the anticipated assault.

In the rear of the centre of the regiment was J. H. Roy's drug store. Within all was impenetrable darkness, but there came from it continually the sound of breaking glass. All the dangers could not deter the pilfering soldier. Groping about for something desirable, a whole shelf of bottles would fall at once, creating a tremendous rattle, penetrating in the extreme quiet, scattering their contents in every direction. Repeated orders were given to arrest these purloiners, but the seizure of one would speedily be followed by the approach of another in the darkness readily eluding the guard. His presence would soon be known by another smashing of glassware. An officer, annoyed beyond restraint, rushed in himself and seized a marauder with a bottle in his hand. Violently shaking himself loose and escaping, the man left a bottle in the officer's hand which, on bringing to the street, he discovered to be labelled "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." This he put in his pocket, but, soon forgetting it, resumed his place on the cellar-door, where he had been previously resting, and shivered the bottle to fragments. The contents, of a sticky consistency, soaked his clothing.

About four o'clock in the morning there was a sudden call to attention and a rapid movement to the lower end of the town. The officer who brought the order to retire indicated the wrong direction. Pretty much everything had been withdrawn and all movements required alacrity, but, reaching the river at the point where the officer conveying the order directed, the bridge, which had been there was found to have been removed. The brigade was the last to cross; daylight was close at hand and the mistake threatened disaster. The column was counter-marched with amazing rapidity and headed for the centre bridge. It, too, was in course of removal, but the engineers hurriedly replaced the planks and, in the midst of a drenching

rain, which then began to fall, the column crossed to the other side. Day was just breaking when the movement was completed.

Fredericksburg was fought and lost. The Army of the Potomac, battered about and abused, had become indifferent to results. A victory, where the enemy was pursued, routed or brought to terms, it had never been theirs to achieve. After a battle it therefore accepted a withdrawal or advance with equal complacency, maintaining the consciousness that it had done all men could do to accomplish a designated purpose. But always before it had administered punishment commensurate with what it had received. There was a conviction, at least with the troops thrown against the works on Marye's Heights, that such was not the result at Fredericksburg. It was too apparent, even to the obtuse observer, that the heavy sufferers on that fatal hillside were the soldiers who assaulted, and not the soldiers who defended. It was too plain that for the multitude of dead and wounded who covered its slope no corresponding number of disabled soldiery lay behind the powerful entrenchments.

There is no need of any comments, only such as suggest themselves to any soldier. Burnside is dead. We all admired his frank and manly character. His assumption of all blame for the defeat is worthy of him. But it will not atone for the slaughter of so many brave men.

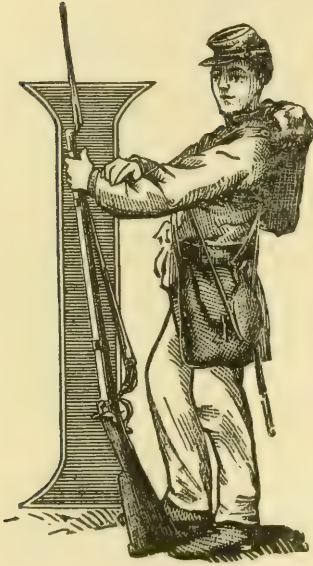
After this battle there remained in the army little confidence in his capacity for this command. He has since been reported as saying: "No one will ever know how near I came to achieving a great success," and to this we will add, "*No one ever will.*"

The loss of the Federal army was 1,180 killed, 9,028 wounded, and 2,145 missing, and on the part of the Confederates it was 5,309 killed, wounded and missing.

CHAPTER VI.

WINTER QUARTERS—RICHARD'S RECONNOISSANCE—MUD MARCH.

THE flags of war like storm birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.



IN the cold, heavy winter rain the regiment returned to its old camping-ground. Roaring fires blazed in the woods, the wind sang cheerlessly through the tall, sombre pines, and the fatigues of disastrous Fredericksburg were mellowed by the stories of personal experiences that, in the multitude of incidents, had escaped general observation.

Invigorating, inspiring winter weather followed the storm, the cheery sound of axe and hammer resounded through the timber, and a well-planned military town of substantial, roomy log houses, with roofs of canvas, took the place of the irregular village of narrow and contracted shelter-tents.

Quartered on the southerly slope of a hill-side in a tall, clean-limbed "pinery," exposure to storms and wintry winds is tempered to a sort of drawing-room softness and fireside warmth. The soldiers fortunate enough to be so located, had a decided advantage over those on the bleak hill-tops or open plain. Such was the good fortune of the command in the location of their house and home for the winter of 1862 and spring of 1863. The timber was free from underbrush, the sod was smooth, the ground even, and over it the falling pine needles had woven a soft, springy carpeting.

To the rear was the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railway, that bore the supplies from the Acquia creek landing to the front near Falmouth. The frequent movement of the trains was a daily reminder that, although hidden away in desolated Virginia, it was an easy, speedy journey to civilizing society and cultured homes. The majestic bridge across Potomac creek, that flowed by the rear of the encampment, was in full view. This was a marvellous piece of enterprising engineering. A trestle 100 feet in height had been rebuilt in two or three days, of pines placed one upon the other, firmly and securely braced together. It stood the test and did the work without break or accident from December, 1862, until June, 1863.*

Evergreens and boughs were skilfully utilized for decoration. They lined walks and avenues through the camp, and fenced yard-like enclosures about the officers' quarters. Pines and boughs bore the name and number of the regiment. Within the enclosure, all things were attractively arranged for true comfort and convenience.

*General Haupt says: "I cannot give the date of the building of the first bridge across this stream, but it was just before Jackson's raid in Shenandoah valley and McDowell's movement in pursuit of him to Front Royal. The bridge was finished about 12, midnight. Early next morning President Lincoln, with his Cabinet, passed over it to hold a conference with McDowell at Falmouth. On his return, he remarked to members of Congress that he had seen the most remarkable structure that human eyes ever rested upon. 'That man General Haupt has built a bridge 100 feet high and 400 feet long across Potomac creek, upon which the trains to supply the army are moving every hour, and upon my word, gentlemen, there is nothing in it but bean-poles and corn-stalks.' I was present at the conference at Falmouth, in at least the latter portion of it. McDowell said to the President that Shields' corps had just come in from the valley, but were without shoes and clothing, which could not be issued before Saturday (about two days ahead), and that the movement against the enemy could not be commenced before Sunday, but knowing the objections of the President to initiating military movements on Sunday, he would defer to his judgment and allow him to fix the time.

"The President sat in silence for a few minutes and then replied: 'Well, General, I'll tell you what to do; take a good ready, and start early Monday morning.' It was so ordered, but Jackson's raid changed the programme, and on Monday we were moving by forced marches on Front Royal to intercept him. The Potomac creek bridge was destroyed and rebuilt several times."

Wood was abundant, and each hut unsparingly supplied its huge open fire place, when the severity of the weather demanded it. At first the camp was surrounded by a far-reaching forest. Day by day the line of trees receded, as they were felled to supply the enormous demand for building and for fuel, until, before the spring weather set in, the chopped wood had to be carried fully a mile. The quarters of the men were all of the same general design and appearance, but their interior comforts and ornamentation were excellent or indifferent, as the occupants happened to be handy or careless. The wide, open fireplace, with timber-chinked, clay-lined, and barrel-topped chimney was universal; its cheery light and roaring blaze, a generous welcome from the cutting blasts and furious storms that were frequent through the season. Occasionally one of these chimneys, none of which had been built according to specifications or examined by the inspector of buildings, would take fire from a "defective flue," and become an object of interest and pleasure to all but the occupants. Old story—total loss; no insurance.

Amusements, if not varied, were plentiful and attractive. A lonely female, by name if not in person, was in constant attendance. Though continually addressed, she never seemed to appear, but the response to the frequent calls for "ante" kept the game going on, and the participants were doubtless better satisfied than if a real auntie had responded to the summons. But she was coy and coquettish, and when too frequently summoned without a corresponding replenishment from a successful "draw," would silence her unlucky nephews and return them to their quarters broken and despondent, their season of recuperation to be the intervals between the visits of the paymaster. The credit system, which was generally introduced, prevented total abandonment of such amusement ventures, and a reasonably fair rating enabled the discomfited operator to borrow sufficient to continue his speculations until his depleted exchequer was replenished by the coming of the ever-welcome little black safe of the pay department.

The "pack" and "deck" had use and purpose in many other forms, where the absence of the "ante" did not require accommodation from the "uncle." In fact, cribbage, whist and euchre, games of more culture and less risk than "poker," had decidedly the larger following.

But other resources were at command. Literature, instructive and entertaining, was readily attainable, and books, song and story varied the monotony of the manipulation of the ever-present "pack." Courtesies to dine and sup were frequently interchanged, and postprandial speech and humor did their full share to speed along the rapidly disappearing winter. *Menu*, service and table furniture, *naïve* and original, equalled the occasion, and the warm and hearty sympathies of host and guests for each other and the cause, supplied the absence of more cultured appointments.

All the time was not for pleasure. It was only the long winter nights, and days too stormy for outdoor exercises, when the pleasure-seeker subordinated business to his amusements. The winter's instruction was prolific of much good. No opportunity was lost for open-air exercises in drills by company, battalion, or as skirmishers. The rudiments, which had been hurried through in the urgency of active operations, were now most thoroughly instilled. Minor details, which had escaped attention in the forced preliminary training, were intelligently taught and successfully remembered. The importance of a strict observance of the delegated duties and responsibilities belonging especially to non-commissioned officers was properly explained, and when the season was over, each knew his duty thoroughly and did it well.

Nothing better promotes discipline than the maintenance of military etiquette. It secures the necessary distinction between the officer and enlisted man, but while essential to secure respect and sustain authority, it neither elevates the one nor degrades the other.

Surprising progress was made in this essential. The military salute was unflinchingly exacted, courteous and prompt response

to interrogation always demanded, and commissioned officers were rarely addressed by subordinates except when invited or permitted. These and all other minutiae of a like character, after careful training, were readily accepted and understood as essential rudiments in the successful maintenance of a military establishment. A novel incident, the result of these teachings, happened to an officer. He found it necessary to make a cumbersome purchase from the sutler. In the absence of some one to carry his burden, he selected a time when every one was likely to be housed, and took an unusual route to his quarters, so as to avoid meeting any of his men, who he was satisfied would force him, with both his arms loaded, to return their salute. One company street seemed wholly deserted. Freightened as he was, he boldly entered it. His movements had been carefully watched, and the entire company suddenly emerging from their quarters, arranged themselves standing at "attention," each man extending the customary salute. There was no alternative; the salute must be returned; so deliberately depositing his burden, the officer assumed the position of a soldier, acknowledged the salutation, again resumed his load, and the men still retaining the attention, he passed beyond their view and reached his destination without further interruption. The spirit prompting this action was an intimation that, as men were at all times required to be in suitable shape to exchange courtesies, officers themselves should be careful to observe like conditions.

The process of weeding out incompetents, after trial had shown their inefficiency, usual with all organizations, was severely pursued in this. Some who volunteer from purest patriotism will, from physical cause, from distaste for the labors, or from a total incapacity to accommodate themselves to the usages and habits of a soldier-life, become a burden to the service and useless for the purposes of war. Others, drones and malingerers from the beginning, are not worth the cost of their maintenance. While others still, who with honest and faithful intent try to overcome their fears, cannot command the courage of the battle-

front. The services of these, and all such as these, were dispensed with, and the better element alone retained.

To march with precision, manœuvre with accuracy, to step in soldierly length and cadence, with body erect and shoulders square, in the ranks or out of them, in gait and carriage, always to show the results of a soldier's tuition, are acquirements which patience, study, time and attention must accomplish. But when men have passed the years when aptitude for new teachings is not so great as in earlier days, and previous instruction had been limited to a few months amid the frequent interruptions of storms and bad weather, the difficulty was much increased, and there still remained to be instilled a thorough comprehension of discipline and obedience.

These appeal more directly to the intelligence of men than the physical exercises of the drill and the manual. When the encampment at Stoneman's Switch terminated, the Corn Exchange had acquired a degree of excellence in soldierly accomplishments that rated it for tactical knowledge, discipline, courage and endurance, as a standard organization of American volunteers. To attain that eminence, in such a body, was no mean acquisition. The American volunteer, whose generous, impulsive patriotism strengthens as his service lengthens, whose difficulties are overcome by his patience and obstacles surmounted by his endurance, who has never yielded his ground or lost his line except to soldiers of his own race, is the typical soldier of modern civilization. It was such a standard the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers had deservedly attained; this high distinction it had justly earned.

The terrible wound received by Colonel Prevost compelled him to be absent until just before the battle of Chancellorsville. During his absence, Lieutenant-Colonel Gwyn had continuous command. Colonel Gwyn was intelligent, of fair tactical acquirements, and ambitious to secure for his regiment the reputation it earned. But he was unhappily liable to be influenced by violent and unjust prejudices. While he was courteous and obliging to his friends, he too often

acted oppressively and with wholly unwarranted severity towards others whom he conceived to be unfriendly to him. Some of the most manly spirits in the regiment were crushed by this oppressive conduct. They submitted uncomplainingly to injustice and oppression, rather than bring disgraceful criticism upon the command by an exposure of its internal disorders.

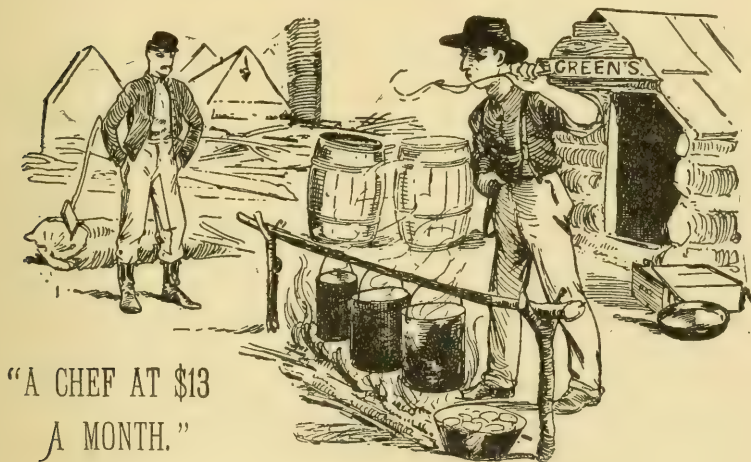
The 5th Corps covered the right flank of the army, during the winter, and the average distance from the camps to the picket-line was some ten miles.

The picket head-quarters was a grand old Virginia mansion, with houses for the servants near. Its occupants boarded the officers commanding the line, and the preparation of the family dinner was something wonderful to Northern eyes.

In the first place there was the fireplace, broad and deep, like Virginia hospitality. Then there were the Dutch ovens, of all sizes, of the same pattern as those in which the dinners of the Stuyvesants and Van Dams and Vander Bilts and their Dutch ancestors were cooked. As the stout and dignified black cook began the preparation of the varied dishes intended for the meal, a colored boy, whom she confidentially told her auditors, in his absence at the wood-pile, "wasn't wuff noffin' since dem Yanks come," piled about twenty heavy sticks of cordwood upon the massive andirons, threw some dry light-wood on the coals beneath, and, by the aid of a pair of bellows and a line or two of a negro song, blew the fire into a brisk blaze. While the logs cracked and snapped and roared the cook and her assistant were busy cleansing, stuffing and trussing the chickens, getting the mutton, vegetables, corn-pones and bread and all the other necessities and dainties of a dinner ready. As stick after stick of the hickory wood cracked in the centre, the ends were put on the fire by the boy, until the centre of the fireplace was a mass of living coals. Some of these were raked out, by means of an iron rake, upon the great brick hearth, and over them the Dutch ovens, little and big, were set. One contained corn-bread, another mutton, another chickens, and so on. The covers were put upon the ovens,

and shovelfuls of coals heaped upon the covers. The dusky presiding genius seemed to know just the right moment to turn, or baste, or take up; and while a French *chef* might wriggle himself out of shape through horror at so primitive a method of cooking, her sable majesty could have given him a number of useful hints upon the preparation of appetizing dishes.

Some privates in the army prided themselves on being culinary artists, and they did the business by wholesale. These chefs cooked the salt pork, the beans, the fresh beef and the coffee of their comrades in the company, and occasionally, when one of them received a pressing invitation to that effect from the commanding officer, shouldered a musket, went forth



"A CHEF AT \$13
A MONTH."

into the prevailing unpleasantness, and cooked the coffee of some unfortunate Johnnie who happened to stand in front of the bullet that had popped out of his gun.

No caterer to the appetite of a Vanderbilt or an Astor could have been stuffed fuller of professional pride than these gentry of the mess kettle, who pandered to the appetites of men capable of digesting anything that an ostrich could assimilate.

On one occasion the 118th relieved a Maine regiment. The inventive spirit of the Yankee had found vent in the construction of a number of water-wheels out of peach-cans, etc., along the banks of a little stream which flowed near the line. Written requests had been left asking the relieving regiment **not** to disturb them, as the regiment expected to return soon. Pennsylvania enjoyed the handiwork of Maine, but, of course, complied with the request.

Picketing in the daytime, when the eyes can be used to advantage, is not an unpleasant thing—unless there is rain or snow. At night, when the silence is oppressive and the world seems dead, it is another thing. The faintest sound comes through the darkness multiplied in strength and intensity. As an instance: one dark night, while crouching in some bushes in the edge of an open field, a picket thought he heard the faint clanking of a sabre at some distance in front. He stole softly up to the next man and communicated his suspicions to him. They listened and both of them heard the sound distinctly. One of them moved cautiously to a third man and told him to watch carefully, while the first two reconnoitered, and, if he heard any scuffling, to warn the pickets by firing. Side by side, on hands and knees, the two crept stealthily forward, stopping now and then to catch the sound, and then moving on again towards it. About twenty-five feet beyond the line the sound seemed close at hand, and was soon found to be caused by a broken weed, which, as the wind swayed it, scraped against another weed.

In pleasant weather the picket excursions partook somewhat of the nature of a picnic. In stormy or bitter cold weather they did not. A snow-storm came on one morning about five o'clock, and by eight, the hour for calling the relief, they were snowed under, the form of each man, as he lay upon the ground rolled in his blanket and covered with snow, looking like a white grave. "Turn out! Fall in!" yelled the sergeant. As they turned out the snow fell in. There were as many different ways of receiving it as there were dispositions among the men.

Conversation at night on the picket line, especially when it fronted near woods, was limited to a few words in low tones, lest the enemy might be lurking near, and thus gain a knowledge of the position of our men. For, while the picket, gun in hand, with alert eye and ear, watched and listened for any sight or sound that might indicate the presence of a foe, his thoughts were off busy with books that he had read years before; or with the companions of his boyhood, recalling the fun they had had, and the not always innocent tricks; and these remembrances naturally led to his home in the city, or the farm house on the hillside or in the valley, where the years of his childhood, boyhood and young manhood were spent, the home which, to him, was the very heart of his life. And now, in thought, he went along the old road, with its ruts and thanky-marms,—blackberry and elderberry and sumach lining its sides,—past the old red chicken-coop of a school-house, through the apple orchard that spread both sides of the road; he opened the gate up the end of the lane, lifted it up after he had passed through, that the latch might fall into its place, walked on beneath the great trees whose branches interlaced over his head, swung the garden gate upon its hinges, trod the old well-beaten path, the scent of bergamot and heliotrope filling his nostrils, and stood by the window next the porch, looking in upon those whom he had left with tearful faces and sad hearts, when he started for the front.

Every room in the house, every familiar object in the rooms, every loved and familiar face and form passed before him. He could see his father reading carefully the list of killed and wounded in the paper, while mother and sisters gathered round in hushed eagerness. He could see their gladdened faces and almost hear his mother's sigh of relief when father had finished and found that his son's name was not there. And then came that ghastly, strange feeling called home-sickness, which so many have felt, and so few have attempted to describe: a longing, that will not down, to stand in the old places, to look in the faces, grasp the hands, hear the voices and touch the lips of the absent ones—if for only a moment. Not cowardice, not

weakness, but true manliness, in such moments, has made many a heart quiver with pain, brought a tremor to the lips, and forced tears from eyes that were not wont to be moist.

"It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," was literally and humorously illustrated by an incident that happened at one of the dress parades of the regiment. As all soldiers and most civilians know, the "evening dress parade" is as stiff and solemn an affair as a president's reception, and the least breach of military etiquette on the part of any one, while the performance is taking place, is rebuked by the severe punishment of the offender. It commenced with "parade-rest" and "troop beat off." Statue-like stood every man as the drum-corps, playing, moved down and up the line. Colonel Gwyn, with his fine soldierly presence, his arms folded, his body straight, head erect, and right foot thrown to the rear, stood



"SCIP."

steadily opposite the front and centre as the "troop" beat off, assuming this position as the adjutant commanded, "guides, post!" That portion of the ceremony concluded, he deliberately unfolded his arms at the command "attention!" and resumed the position of a soldier. The sublime colonel faced the regiment. A long step in his rear, stood the ridiculous Scipio Africanus. Every movement of the colonel was imitated and caricatured by the mimicking Scipio. He also puffed out his chest, folded his arms with an exaggeration of calm deliberation, and stood immovable as the "troop" beat down and up the line. Then, assuming the "attention," he moved his body and arms, and drew an imaginary sabre, in time and unison with the commandant. As the colonel received the parade and the adjutant took his post, so did Scipio receive his invisible parade. At the

command "shoulder, arms!" he opened his extensive mouth, showing his large, white teeth, and moving his lips, apparently repeated this and all the following commands, continuing until the dress-parade was concluded. Of course the colonel remained ignorant of the fact that he had a darkey double a few feet in his rear.

At first the discipline of the men overcame their inclination. But eventually fun proved more powerful than discipline, and, as one movement followed another, the contrast between the towering colonel in full uniform, with his soldierly carriage, and Scipio's dwarfed stature, with his extravagant imitations, drew from the men half-suppressed smiles and chuckles; then broad grins and outbursts of laughter spread along the line. Colonel Gwyn was furious. He interrupted the manual, announced the names of one and another of the sergeants, and summarily reduced them to the ranks. One commissioned officer was ordered peremptorily from his post to report to his quarters in arrest.

The parade dismissed, the officers were received with a stiff, unusual formality. Scipio continued his mimicries. This time, though, unaware of the stern countenance of the commander, he fell into error. His greeting was graceful and easy, and his smile pleasing and bland. With much feeling, the colonel called attention to the shameful behavior, inquired whether anything peculiar about his dress, appearance or manner had induced such improprieties, and continuing in an indignant strain, was finally interrupted and his attention for the first time called to Scipio.

Scipio had evidently counted the cost, and received his punishment meekly. He was bared to below the waist, and the lash, represented by a ramrod, vigorously applied. Then he was tied up by the thumbs and, with occasional intermissions, so remained until he had promised, with no expectation of fulfillment, to thereafter conduct himself with more propriety. Mrs. Colonel Gwyn, a lady for whom the regiment entertained the greatest respect and most kindly feeling, was then on a visit to

the camp, and at her intercession the colonel proclaimed an amnesty.

It began to be apparent from rumors and indications, shortly followed by direct orders, that this well-appointed, permanent encampment was not to be enjoyed without at least temporary interruptions.

At noon of December 30th, with three days' rations and a full supply of ammunition, the brigade was assembled on the color line. There was no intimation of the object of the movement, and its purpose was well concealed. At the same time the other two brigades appeared ready to follow as a support, it was said, if necessary. A battery and twelve ambulances made up what was apparently an expeditionary force, intended for fight or reconnoissance as occasion should demand. As Colonel Barnes rode out in front of the troops, he reined up opposite the regiment and laughingly inquired "whether they liked this being picked out for sharp work." "It's all right," was the general responsive; "we don't care, when you lead us."

It was well into the afternoon before the column started, and near dark—after passing the pickets, astonished at the sight of such a force going beyond them—when it resumed the familiar direction toward Hartwood Church. But the destination was far beyond the old church. It was passed in the darkness, and a bivouac made at eleven at night in a dense wilderness, broken only by the timber that had been recently cut by the enemy, who evidently not long before had, in some force, occupied the country in that vicinity north of the Rappahannock. In their abandonment of the country, they had felled timber across the roadways for the purpose of obstructing and delaying the march of a column intended to pursue them, which must necessarily take one of the very few passable highways in any movement it might make in that general direction. They were reasonably successful. The infantry managed to climb over and move around the obstructions, but no end of delay followed in effecting their removal for the passage of the artillery and

ambulances. The night was stinging cold, with no indications of an enemy except the obstructed roadway, yet fires were forbidden. Had they been permitted, the tempting supply of fuel would have caused them to be so large that their flame and smoke could be seen for miles, telling the enemy of a movement that was intended to be secret.

The 31st was a cold, dull morning, and shortly after five o'clock, after a hastily prepared morning meal, the column was in motion again. Timber and other obstructions still encumbered the roadway; its removal was temporarily suspended and, leaving the artillery and ambulances to be brought up afterwards, the infantry continued its march through the woods.

About eight o'clock, a halt was ordered and strict silence enjoined. Except that the general direction was toward the Rappahannock, nothing had yet occurred to disclose the purpose of the expedition. Nor was their close proximity to the river as yet known to the men. Berdan's sharpshooters hurriedly passed on toward the right and were soon lost to view in the almost impenetrable forest. "Attention!" was called in a subdued tone, and the men ordered to load as quietly as possible.

In the depths of the sombre wilderness, the dull gray light of the winter morning covering everything with a leaden pall, the death-like stillness was painful.

The order to load had brought nerves up to a battle tension; all through the woods were columns of blue, in marked contrast with the dull, gloomy pines, and the men, stiffened for a contest with some unknown, unseen foe, stood in anxious waiting, in utter ignorance of their own position and that of their enemy. They had been buried in these forest wilds since early the night before, and none knew when or where they would end. But the anxiety was soon over, the inspiration soon ceased. Suddenly, through the forest gloom, on the still, wintry air there rang out the penetrating sound of musketry close at hand. The previous silence intensified the sound, and the roar was deafening. It lasted some ten minutes.

Richards' Ford—the men knew nothing of its proximity,—on the Rappahannock, was scarce a hundred yards from where the head of the column rested when the halt was made. It was to this point the sharpshooters had hurried. Their attack dislodged a cavalry picket on the thither side, and the ford was open for crossing. The column immediately resumed the march. The regiment led the brigade, and was the first to enter the water. The ford was waist deep. There was much splashing and floundering in the hurry to reach the other side, the intense cold accelerating progress. Many novel methods were resorted to to avoid a wetting, notably one by the sergeant-major. He rolled several logs together and attempted to ferry himself across; when in mid-stream, they turned under him and he was plunged headlong into the water. His discomfiture was received with shouts of derisive laughter. The troops were scarcely out of the water, before all their clothing was frozen stiff and became a weight to carry. On the other side, the country was open. The advance was continued with skirmishers deployed in front, the troops following in line. Rebel cavalry watched the movement from a distance, but disappeared expeditiously as the skirmishers came within range. Just on the edge of the ford stood a fine old Virginia mansion, occupied by a farmer and his three daughters. From the windows, the enemy had replied to the Berdan sharpshooters. In passing one of the windows, in search of a place of safety, one of the daughters was severely wounded in the thigh. It was pronounced by the surgeons as likely to prove fatal. Since the war, however, it has been learned that the lady fully recovered without an amputation, which at the time it was believed would be necessary.

The cleared land covered but a limited space, and then there were several miles of dense forest, and again, for a short distance, more arable country, and so it interchanged from forest to farm through the whole march, the forests decidedly predominating. Upon the farther edge of the clearings, the enemy's cavalry always showed itself, and flankers or skirmishers gave them parting shots as they rapidly rode away.

There were but few houses along the route, their occupants decrepid old men or superannuated women. They were not molested, disturbed, or even spoken to. One sprightly dame, rather better favored than the rest, was suddenly surprised, returning from the spring, by the approach of the skirmishers. Not at all discomfited, she dropped her bucket, placed her arms akimbo, and in sneering silence viewed the soldiers until they had all passed out of sight. No one paid any attention to her, or even addressed her. Their reception of her was as quiet and undemonstrative as hers was of them.

A couple of hours had rolled by without incident of note, when suddenly a single shot rang out piercingly on the extreme right and rear. The column was brought to a temporary halt. A horseman, miscalculating the distance, or having no faith in the marksmanship, had essayed to dash boldly by the flankers. He was, indeed, between 500 and 700 yards away, but the aim was excellent and, wounded in both fore-knees, his horse fell, pinning his rider to the ground. The man was but little hurt. His anxiety to get out of the road was accounted for, as he proved to be a mail carrier, and his bag, loaded with mail matter, was a valuable and unexpected find. He was retained until his release would furnish no information.

Indications of the recent presence of the enemy, in camps and bivouacs apparently hurriedly abandoned, were frequent towards the end of the march, but developed nothing further than that the enemy had been about in some strength. Seeing nothing except the *débris* of camps and a few straggling cavalrymen, after the brigade had moved some ten miles on that side of the river it was turned again towards the Rappahannock, and recrossed it about three o'clock in the afternoon at Ellis's Ford. This ford was also waist-deep, nor had the noonday sun raised the temperature. The men floundered, splashed about, some stumbled and fell, to be soaked all over, the clothing froze again, and the discomforts of the morning were renewed in the afternoon.

By the ford was a house occupied by an antiquated couple,

bemoaning the fate of the lady who had been accidentally shot in the morning, and desperately berating those who had caused the disaster. It was strange how the news had reached them, unless borne by some of the enemy's cavalry who had been circulating in our rear.

Anticipating the return of the brigade at this ford, the other two, ordered up in support, had bivouacked near it, and in the vicinity the wet, hungry and fatigued troopers of the reconnoitring party, amid roaring fires, found some comfort after the labors of the day. Besides the information gleaned of the recent location of detachments of the enemy, and the topography of the country, the reconnoissance resulted in the capture of three cavalymen, the mail-bag and its contents, and the wounding of the girl. There were no losses.

The old year went out without note of its passing away, and the new one began away off in the lonely wilderness, with no opportunity for the usual observance of 1st of January festivities.

It was twenty-two miles home, and the first day of the year 1863, up to three o'clock, was devoted to the journey. About eight miles out from the ford, jogging along at a comfortable route-step, the head of the column abruptly halted. The attention of Colonel Barnes was suddenly called to glistening objects in a thick copse of timber some mile in advance, which strongly resembled moving musket-barrels. The ground had been gradually rising for some distance, until the rise culminated in a well-defined ridge. Beyond, for a mile at least, was a broad, open plain. Then the road descended a little, entering a batch of thick undergrowth, which skirted the edge of a forest, in which, when he reached the ridge, the brigade commander first discovered the bright, moving objects that had arrested his attention. The men crowded the crest and the glistening which had called the halt was distinctly observed by all. It was scarcely conceivable that the enemy had crossed at the lower ford and deliberately thrown himself across the line of march of the returning reconnoitring party, and between it

and the main army. As such temerity was possible, it was deemed best to investigate it, and two companies, deployed as skirmishers, were intently watched as they moved out rapidly over the open plain and, disappearing first in the underbrush, were finally seen to enter the woods. No sound followed, neither shout, yell nor shot. The mystery grew apace, when suddenly a great flock of ducks rose from their cover and moved off gracefully towards the river. The deception had come from their flitting about among the timber, their wings appearing brighter as reflected against the darker tree-trunks, and the birds, who had thus innocently delayed a marching column of United States infantry, disappearing, the movement was continued to the destination without further hindrance or incident.

On the return march flocks of crows continually hovered a mile or two to the rear. They would rise in great numbers, float about for a while, move on some distance and then settle again. This they continued to do for many miles. It was the impression that a light force of the enemy's cavalry were maintaining a pursuit for observation, and, as they would move along from place to place, the birds, disturbed in their feeding, would rise, hover, and settle again when the interruption ceased.

A most cheering greeting was at hand on the arrival in camp. Boxes from home, toothsome remembrances of friends and relatives, had arrived, a ton or more of them. If the 1st of January festivities had been interrupted, there were New Year's gifts at hand to make the second joyous and gladsome in fitting substitution. Parents, wives, friends, relatives, maidens fair, and the liberal Corn Exchange Committee, all had subscribed in everything transportable and preservative for choice eating and drinking, and for a week or more all revelled in the luxuries of their contributions.

The sight and enjoyment of the material comforts led to loving, tender thoughts and visions of home and its inmates, and over many a stern, sun-browned and storm-tanned face

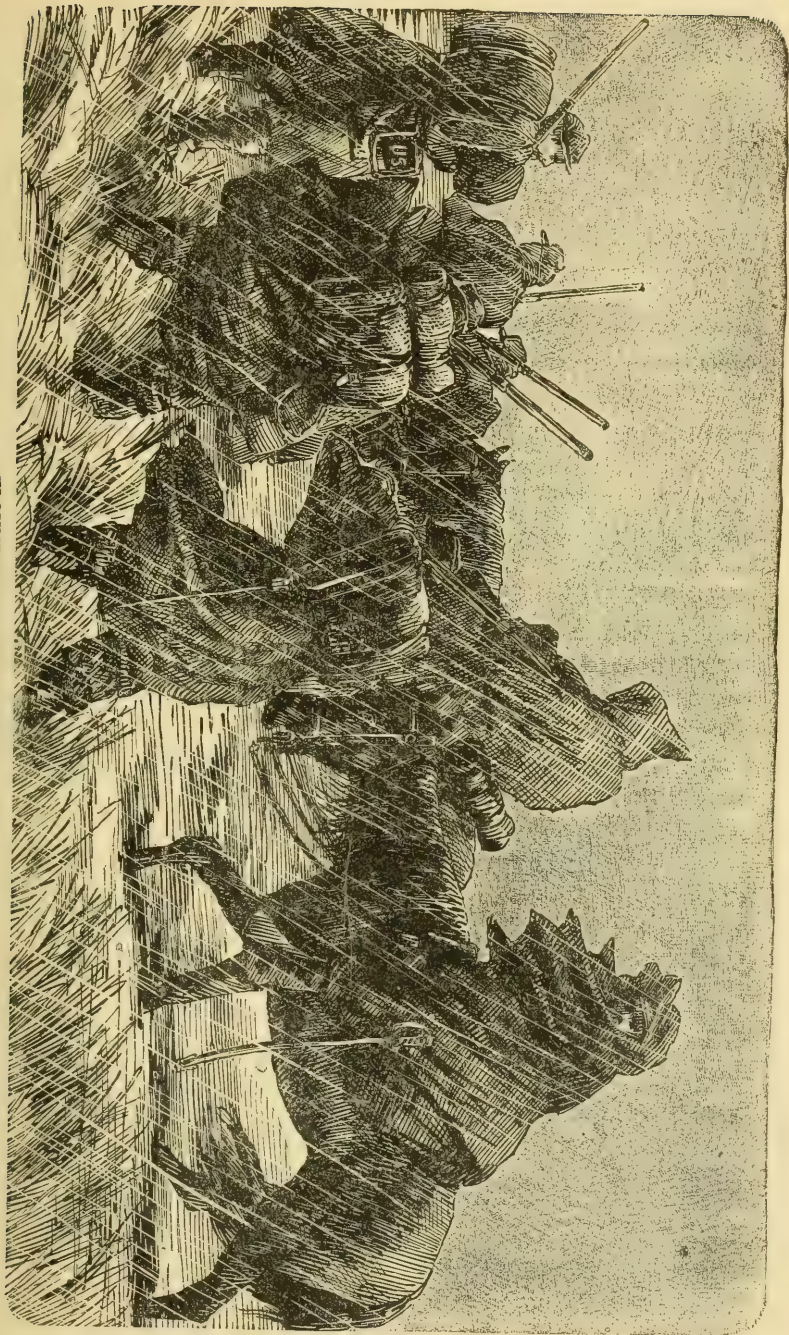
stole a soft, gentle expression that was not wont to be there.

In packing the boxes the affectionate senders had not forgotten the particular, and in some cases peculiar, tastes of the recipients. One of the men opened his box and, to the joy of his heart and the fulfilment of his expectations, and afterwards to the disturbance of his nerves and the nerves of others, found it full of whiskey. A dozen quart bottles, carefully packed. Ecstatic bliss glowed upon his face and shone in his eyes, as, with a bottle in one hand and a glass held to his lips in the other, his nostrils received the pungent odor and his throat the fiery warmth of his old acquaintance. He drank the health of the Corn Exchange, of his friends at home, of the colonel, the major, and the captain of his company; also that of the sergeant of the guard, when he came to warn him not to be boisterous and insisted that the "non-com" should drink his own. Then he commenced with the members of his company, although they numbered sixty-five, and would have toasted them separately but that he fell asleep while yet occupied at that labor of politeness. In the morning, finding all the bottles empty, he sadly reflected that all earthly pleasures are fleeting.

The Richard's Ford reconnoissance was but a prelude to the Burnside winter campaign of January, 1863, now historically recognized as the famous "Mud March." The cold, unusual for the latitude, continued for several weeks. The ground was firm and solid, the frost deep and the roads better than ever before in the army's experience in a Virginia winter. If the freezing weather had held on a little longer there would doubtless have been another issue to the unfortunate affair; there would at least have been a fight.

Repeatedly orders were issued for the movement and as often countermanded, until, on Tuesday, the 20th of January, it was finally begun. It was a crisp, bright winter day. A flaming general order, indicating prospective success, intimating a surprise, appealing to the strength and valor of the soldiery, and assuring a hopefulness in a speedy termination of the war,

FLOUNDERING THROUGH THE MUD.



was published to every regiment just before its march began. The Army of the Potomac had become a stolid set; stirring appeals had lost their effectiveness; what was to be done they considered had better be done and talked of afterwards. Demonstrative language, defiant music, were thought to be akin. When the bands of the two armies would taunt each other with rival patriotic airs, it was invariably followed by defeat or withdrawal; and written promises and urgent appeals it was thought would have kindred results. Yet there was willingness and readiness, and the men moved off with a cheerful alacrity, a gait and carriage that implied that what they were put at they would accomplish if others could.

It was one o'clock before the movement, which started in the other corps at early dawn, reached the brigade. After but a five-mile march a halt for the night was made in an extensive oak forest. A fatality attended the enterprise from its incipency. The cold weather was over; the 20th ended it. The temperature rose perceptibly through the day, and during the night a pouring, pelting rain set in, an undoubted indication of the commencement of the usual January thaw. The wind blew a gale; rest was out of the question; the effort was to keep reasonably dry. Huge fires were built, and most of the wet and gloomy night passed in "marking time" in front of them.

At daylight on the 21st the incessant pour still continued. The leading corps had reached Bank's Ford, one of the designated points for crossing the Rappahannock, and there they remained massed. The 5th was virtually held fast. All the hard, solid ground had disappeared, and in its place, on the roads and in the fields, there was mud of a depth and consistency that held tight whatever penetrated it, so that release without assistance was almost impossible. It seemed scarcely conceivable that less than twenty-four hours should produce such a surprising change. The feet of men and animals, the wheels of gun, caisson, limber and wagon had so stirred and agitated the pasty substance, that, as the nature of the soil varied,

in one place it was a deep, sticky loam, and in another a thick fluid-extract. Twelve horses could not move a gun. The wheels of vehicles disappeared entirely. Pontoons on their carriages stood fixed and helpless in the roadway, the wheels out of sight, the boats in mud and water sufficient to float them if they had been free. Human skill, strength and ingenuity were exhausted in the attempt to get forward the indispensable artillery, ammunition and bridges. Men were put to aid the animals, and the woods were resonant with "Heave! ho, heave!" as if sailors were working away at the capstan. When night came on the regiment, which had started in the early morning, had heaved itself along a distance of about three miles, when it bivouacked in the heavy timber and in the still drenching deluge; again "marked time" until the morning.



There was no improvement on the 22d; further progress was impracticable, and the command remained fastened to its uncomfortable bivouac. It was quite evident the intended operations had been abandoned. The 5th Corps was to have crossed at Ellis' Ford, familiar from the recent reconnoissance. On the other side the enemy had erected large boards, on which were displayed in letters plainly discernible taunting phrases. On one: "Burnside stuck in the mud;" on another: "Yanks, if you can't place your pontoons over yourself, we will send you a detail." They had impressed all the ploughs in the neighborhood, and could be seen turning the sod in every direction, intending to assist the elements in their purpose to stop the progress of the army. They needed no such aid; their purpose had been fully accomplished unassisted.

About noon, abandoned to inaction, the commandants of the 118th and 25th New York, who were in most friendly relations, fell to bantering each other as to which of their pioneers could the sooner fell a tree in a given direction. The challenge accepted, Daniel Oakley, of Company B of the 118th and a broad-shouldered fellow of the 25th were chosen for the competition. Oakley's tree was down in the designated direction in less than ten minutes. The New Yorker was far behind, and when his did fall, it dropped entirely away from the direction indicated. The friends of the defeated man bore his discomfiture most ungraciously. As Oakley wiped the perspiration from his brow one of them deliberately seized the axe with which he had done his work, charging he had stolen it. A struggle at once ensued. This belligerency, encouraged by a plentiful ration of whiskey issued during the morning, soon became contagious, and a free to all hand-to-hand conflict resulted. Inadvertently two officers were dragged into the *mêlée*, Captain Crocker and Lieutenant Wetherill. Crocker fought his way through the 25th, threw his brawny fists about him, belabored and punished his assailants severely; then he fought his way back again, returning badly abused in his clothing but otherwise unscathed. Wetherill, on a visit to a friend in the 22d Massachusetts, volunteered his services to subdue an insubordination over there, but was fiercely set upon, badly abused and compelled to hastily withdraw. In his hurried flight he unwittingly fell among the rioters of the 25th just as Crocker was in the midst of his extravagant gyrations. Here again he met resistance, but neither so apt nor strong as the massive Crocker, his adversaries found him the easier victim and administered a harsh punishment. The 25th, severely worsted, flew to arms. The excitement was intense; the situation threatening. By this time the entire brigade had their pieces. A battery was now brought up and the guns trained on the combatants. Still the belligerents would not be quieted. Two regiments were sent to its support and the guns ordered to be shotted with canister, but it was not until the

laneyards were in the hands of the gunners that the rioters ceased their contentions and stampeded precipitately to their camps. The disgraceful scene ended in mutual apologies by the respective commandants, and the regiments were separated

Burnside's Mud March.

Now I lay me down to sleep
In mud enough to make one weep.
If I am gone when you awake,
Just grapple for me with an oyster rake.



GETTING READY FOR INSPECTION.

by a considerable distance, that their anger might cool and the whiskey subside.

A little reflection rearoused the ire of the two commandants. The apologies were withdrawn, hot words followed, the lie was

given direct, and it was believed honor demanded a hostile meeting. A challenge, presented with all the formalities of the code, passed from Colonel Gwyn to Colonel Johnson. It was promptly accepted, seconds chosen, weapons selected, time and place of meeting fixed. Friends interfered, the scene ended, apologies were renewed and all the wrongs and insults of the hour buried in the exhilarating bowl.

On the 23d it was officially announced that the campaign was abandoned and the troops were ordered to return to their former camping-grounds. Such directions were easy to publish, but their execution not so easy. The army was fairly fast where it was—literally stuck in the mud. It was some twelve miles back to the nearest camps. Pontoons, artillery trains could not be moved. Subsistence was exhausted and the Army of the Potomac felt the pinch of hunger. To relieve this pressure and get out of this sorry plight, the whole army was set to road-making, and by night a very creditable corduroy road was completed all the way to the rear. Over it during the night all wheels were successfully moved. The troops followed on the 24th, the rain for the first time subsiding. Before evening the brigade was back to its old quarters, not to be disturbed until bud, blossom and flower had indicated that the elements had ceased to war with man, and that, freed from their interference, man might again war against himself.

CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN.

5th Corps, commanded by Maj.-Gen. Geo. G. Meade.

1st Division, commanded by Brig.-Gen. Chas. Griffin.

1st Brigade, commanded by Brig.-Gen. James Barnes.

2d Maine, Col. George Varney.

18th Mass., Col. Joseph Hayes.

22d Mass., Col. Wm. S. Tilton.

2d Co. Mass. Sharpshooters, Lt. Robt. Smith.

1st. Mich., Col. Ira C. Abbott.

13th New York (batt'n), Capt. Wm. Downey.

25th New York, Col. Chas. A. Johnson.

118th Penna., Col. Chas. M. Prevost.



CHAS. S. CALHOUN,
Corporal Co. K.

APPOINTMENT OF GENERAL HOOKER TO COMMAND.

On the 26th of January, 1863, the day after General Hooker was assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac, the President addressed to him the following remarkable letter:*

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 26, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER,

GENERAL: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you to not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother-officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the Army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain success can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you, nor Napoleon if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours, very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Marvellous as was this production, it contained statements which should not escape our attention. The relief of General McClellan put an end to the differences in politics between the Administration and military commanders.

* Frank Moore's *Rebellion Record*, vol. xiv, p. 737.



CHAPTER VII.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

FOR of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "It might have been."

OLONEL PREVOST, still disabled and suffering from his Shepherdstown wound, returned on the 19th of April, and at once assumed command.

Intimations were rife, and orders frequent through all the month of April, indicating the

opening of the spring campaign. But the lingering winter was still abroad, and on the 5th an all-day snow-storm covered the ground to the depth of several inches. Later, there were days of continuous rain, and with the recent experience of the disastrous consequences of attempting a movement at such a time, the month was nearly spent before it was certain that the weather had adjusted itself to the season.

The army was in splendid health and buoyant spirits, secure in the knowledge of its strength, confident in the ability of its leaders. General Hooker, soon after he relieved General Burnside, popularized his administration by giving special attention to the commissariat. He directed a diet which in quantity, quality and variety was captivating, appetizing and nutritious. He also wisely permitted a judicious allowance of leaves of absence to officers, and furloughs to enlisted men. There were few officers who had not been home once, at least, during the winter, and no enlisted man who chose to attain an excellent soldierly record in all things—the standard of merit upon which their furloughs were granted—who had not enjoyed a

like privilege. Coming to the command of the army with a brilliant record for his splendid fighting qualities, General Hooker had the prestige of tenacious courage and superior judgment, securing him the unbounded confidence of his soldiers. His unremitting care for their needs, his liberality in permitting their occasional absences had attached them to him warmly. Jealousies, cabals, dissensions were over. Intriguers and plotters had been relieved, troops were in sympathy with their commander, chieftains in unison with each other. There was an assurance of success in the temper of things, and the campaign opened cheerily.*

* The feeling of the men is best illustrated in the following song, which was popular in the 5th Corps on the march :

The Union boys are moving on the left and the right,
The bugle call is sounding, our shelters we must strike,
Joe Hooker is our leader, he takes his whisky strong,
So our knapsacks we will sling, and go marching along.

CHORUS:—Joe Hooker is our leader, he takes his whisky strong,
So our knapsacks we will sling, and go marching along.
Marching along, marching along,
With eight days' rations we'll go marching along.

The soft-tack days are over, our beef is on the foot,
The pork, hard-tack, and coffee we've in our knapsacks put;
The extra clothes are heavy, but on our shoulders strong,
We'll sling our eight days' rations, and go marching along.

CHORUS:—The extra clothes are heavy, but on our shoulders strong,
We'll sling our eight days' rations, and go marching along.

Our overcoats and dresscoats are strewn along the road.
They crowded them upon us—we couldn't tote the load,
Contractors put the job up, and we must foot the bill;
But, Sam, our dear old uncle, we know it's not your will.

CHORUS:—Contractors put the job up, and we must foot the bill;
But, Sam, our dear old uncle, we know it's not your will.

The graybacks are on us, increasing each day,
Heavy are our rations, but small is our pay;
Our spirits are light, but our cause it is strong,
With eight days' rations we go marching along.

CHORUS:—Our spirits are light, but our cause it is strong,
With eight days' rations we go marching along.



JOSEPH HOOKER,
Major-General of Volunteers U. S. Army,
May 5, 1862, to September 1, 1866.
Died October 31, 1879.

The frequent premonitory orders had prompted the destruction, or other disposal, of the vast accumulations unsuitable for carriage in active operations, which gather while in permanent quarters. Eight days' rations had been for some time continuously on hand, and when the "general" sounded on the early morning of the 27th of April, the response was as ready as if the troops were starting from a night's bivouac.

The heat was unusual for the season, the load of eight days' subsistence and sixty rounds of ammunition heavier than usual, and the men soft from a long winter's housing.

Nor were these all. The men had got through the winter as best they might for clothing. Now, upon the eve of a march, with an extra load to carry in the matter of food, an order was issued that every enlisted man must have a full supply of clothing; that is, an overcoat, dress-coat, blouse, a change of underclothing, two pairs of socks, blanket, and shelter-tent. The men could not check their baggage. There was no alternative; they must take the articles, pay for them, and throw them away. It may be asked, Why did not the

The Virginia hills are high, and the mud roads are long,
But we'll live the way with a bit of home-made song;
Then join the chorus, comrades, with voices full and strong,
While with our eight days' rations we go marching along.

CHORUS:—Then join the chorus, comrades, with voices full and strong,
While with our eight days' rations we go marching along.

The Johnnies are before us, their bullets buzz like bees,
They're down among the brushwood, and hid behind the trees;
Now, keep cool, boys—there! steady! just give it to them strong!
And when the fight is over we'll go marching along.

CHORUS:—Now, keep cool, boys—there! steady! just give it to them strong!
And when the fight is over we'll go marching along.

The war won't last forever, some day we will be done
With drill, and march, and battle, and cartridge-box and gun,
We'll tramp up North from Richmond to drum and fife; and then,
Oh, won't our folks be tickled to see us home again!

CHORUS:—We'll tramp up North from Richmond to drum and fife; and then,
Oh, won't our folks be tickled to see us home again!

men carry their clothes? If any man of ordinary health and strength wishes to answer the question satisfactorily to himself, let him load up with seventy pounds in addition to his own avoirdupois some fine day when the flowers bloom in the spring, and march from six in the morning until mid-day. Long before noon he will find that the grasshopper is a burden, and will know the reason why the men threw their clothing away.

The roads were lined with abandoned clothing from the corps in advance, and the first day out found the soldiers stripped to the absolute essentials only, blanket, gum-blanket and single piece of shelter-tent. It was noted with satisfaction that the route indicated no direct attack on the formidable Fredericksburg, but clearly pointed to a movement around the enemy's left. The road was the very familiar one towards Hartwood Church, and by seven o'clock the acquaintance with the little chapel and its attractive surroundings of forest and field, leafing and sprouting in the early spring-time, was again renewed. The soft air, the easy march, the moon glimmering through the massive oaks, made musings and meditation as restful as real repose.

It was half-past one on the 28th before the column started, and then the march continued uninterruptedly and without incident for some eighteen miles, when, at 9.30 in the evening, the night's bivouac was made in the vicinity of Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock.

On the 29th the early dawn was announced as the time to begin the preparations for a march, but it was seven o'clock before the column was in motion. The progress was slow, impeded by the jams and halts necessarily following the passage of streams, whether by bridge or ford. The men were cheery, full of fun, and anxious to get forward. They became enthusiastic when from the bluff overlooking the river the long line of blue, well closed up, solid, compact, moving with swinging, earnest gait, could be seen stretched out, serpent-like, for miles, its right lost entirely in the distance.

At noon the crossing was effected, at Kelly's Ford, on canvas

pontoons, and then the march continued, steady and uninterrupted, to Ely's Ford on the Rapidan. The stream was waist-deep and rapid, and in crossing it the extra ammunition, haversacks, knapsacks, and cartridge-boxes were carried on the head, and held in place by the rifle, pressed upon them and grasped in both hands. At 7.30 the men bivouacked near the river. Wood being plentiful, huge fires soon lit up the country. Frolicsome and joyous, yet edging up to the impending battle, the command dropped off into welcome slumber.

When the army left camp a member of the regiment who had been lame with rheumatism for months determined to go with the men rather than be sent to the hospital. He managed to keep up, or catch up, somehow, and after crossing the Rapidan, suffering acutely, thoroughly used up and thoroughly soaked, he wrapped himself in his blanket, lay down by one of the fires, and forgot where he was. When he rose in the morning he was astonished to find not a vestige of his rheumatism left. Nor did it trouble him again until after his return to camp.

The Rapidan was at no time a sluggish stream. Its width varied, but at Ely's Ford it about equalled the Schuylkill at the Falls. A tributary of the Rappahannock, its waters joined that river about two miles above United States Ford, the uppermost of those on the Rappahannock, the crossing of which would permit an advance into the enemy's territory, without necessitating the crossing of the Rapidan.

It was the first time the Army of the Potomac had pushed so far. Meeting no opposition, and passing successfully two such water-barriers as the Rappahannock and the Rapidan without resistance, the soldiers had fairly reached the conclusion, as it was shortly afterwards announced in general orders, "we now have the enemy in such a position that he would either be compelled to leave his entrenchments and fight us or ingloriously flee." Their belief went even further; they believed he had ingloriously fled, and must be pursued to be fought. Hence the huge fires, the unusual enthusiasm, the universal exhilaration. There was a firm conviction that by

superior tactics, and wise strategy, the enemy had been dislodged from a position believed from experience and observation to be invulnerable. How sadly this conviction was dissipated history has told. How speedily the belief that the enemy had fled disappeared, and the joy and enthusiasm vanished, will soon be apparent.

The early beams of the morning sun, on the 30th, were just tinging the lofty tree-tops when everything was astir about the bivouacs. The morning's promise of a bright, clear day was fulfilled, and a bracing temperature set every one aglow with invigoration and expectancy. It had been announced the night before that the brigade would have the advance, and it was expected the regiment would lead. The column lengthened into the road about eight o'clock, the brigade leading, with the regiment on the right, as was anticipated. The march began with brisk, active gait, but its alacrity was soon checked as the road entered a dense wilderness. The skirmishers were much delayed in forcing their way through the thick underbrush, and their halts affected the movement of the whole column. The men kept well closed up, ready for instant deployment. It was the advance of the whole army, and General Griffin, the division commander, gave it his personal supervision and direction. In the rear, some half a mile, were the other two brigades of the division, with two batteries of artillery. Such was the unusual enthusiasm, that the hope was general that the enemy might be struck before other troops should come up. There was a prevalent belief that the division could dispose of any reasonable force, and gather laurels for itself alone.

Nearing the Chancellorsville House, a most pretentious mansion, now so famous, the skirmishers were brought to a temporary halt in front of a line of earthworks seen from the edge of the timber. Their appearance indicated a hasty construction. The brigade was promptly deployed; the skirmishers and the line again moved forward. General Griffin, observing the deployment, hurried forward the other two brigades, and as their pace increased to the double-quick, the echo of their steady tramp resounded through the timber.

As the skirmishers left the woods and entered the clearing, they speedily mounted the earthworks, as the enemy were leaving them. A few laggards were captured, and these, with a number of the pickets who had been taken during the march, indicated by their conversation and appearance such astonishment at the unexpected presence of an enemy, as to assure the soldiery in their belief that they had really effected a complete surprise.

It was about eleven o'clock when a halt was made in front of the Chancellorsville House. It was a house of the Southern type, belonging to a well-known family of the neighborhood, still occupied by the women, and stood there alone, in a clearing. It was a large, commodious, two-story brick building, with peaked roof and a wing, and pillared porches on both stories in the centre of the main building, facing the Fredericksburg and Orange plank road, about twelve miles from Fredericksburg and about six from Banks's Ford. Its large size and number of rooms seemed to indicate that it was designed for a summer boarding-house. As a fact, it was intended to be the central structure of a village not yet built, which, it was proposed, should be located around it. Hence its name of the "Chancellorsville House," as distinguished from the Chancellor House, sometimes known as Dowdall's Tavern, a roadside inn a few miles beyond, kept by one of the Chancellor family, and deriving its name from its proprietor.

Upon the upper porch was quite a bevy of ladies in light, dressy, attractive spring costumes. They were not at all abashed or intimidated, scolded audibly and reviled bitterly. They seriously condemned the stoppage, urged a more expeditious movement, and stated they had assurances from General Lee, who was just ahead, that he was there anxiously awaiting an opportunity to extend the "hospitalities of the country." They had little conception of the terrors in store for them, or that they were to participate in this bountiful hospitality. They saw all the horrors of the battle, felt the hot blasts of shot and shell, and, before another day was over, pitifully pleaded to be

carried to a place of safety. The gallantry of the distinguished chief of staff of the army would not permit him to be resentful, and having seen them safely quartered in the cellar, subsequently rescued them through its windows when the flames, smoke and falling timbers of the burning building had brought them to the very presence of death.

General officers with their staffs, as their troops approached the vicinity, gathered about and occupied the porches. It was a lively and inspiring scene in the midst of such surroundings, the presence of the ladies adding a spicy sprinkling of society and domestic life.

The march was shortly resumed towards Fredericksburg, out the old turnpike road, and continued in column without incident for about two miles, when it was again interrupted at the foot of a piece of high ground, towards the top of which and from the direction of the enemy, a single gun was seen to move at a rapid rate. The drivers furiously lashed their horses, clouds of dust almost obscured them, and the gun reaching the eminence was swiftly wheeled into battery and unlimbered. Strangely, it did not fire a shot. As quickly the brigade began a rapid deployment, and by the time the gun was in position it had nearly completed its line, well concealed by the timber and ready for an immediate advance. Meanwhile our skirmishers had struck the enemy's. There they stood facing each other, close enough for conversation in ordinary tones, grim with determination, neither firing, and no one speaking. The word had been passed for those of the Union side to halt. It seems inexplicable how men of war, meeting at the opening of an engagement, could hesitate to fire. After days of useless slaughter, the unauthorized truce was by no means unusual. But there they stood, steady and silent, gazing, the one in apparent wonderment, and the other in real surprise at the unexpected situation. One of the enemy presented a striking attitude. He stood rigid, apparently in the position he had assumed when he first observed his foes. His countenance indicated that he considered himself in an awful predicament. His

right foot was thrown forward, his right hand grasped a tree as if for support, while with his left he held his piece nearly at a trail, grasped firmly at the middle band. And so he remained until he, with the rest of the line, continuing to face to the front and stepping backwards, gradually drew off, disappearing finally in the thicket without firing a single shot. Nor did the Union line, halted by direction, attempt to disturb the withdrawal. They remained silent; not a piece was discharged. But there stood the important eminence, apparently utterly abandoned, only awaiting occupation. The dullest could see the necessity for its seizure, and could not understand the failure to accept the invitation to occupy it.

General Griffin soon made his appearance, and he and General Barnes were seen in hurried, earnest consultation. There the brigade rested for a long time awaiting instructions from the corps commander, General Meade, to whom the situation and opportunity had been speedily communicated. Conceiving, as far as their limited opportunities would permit, that this ridge was apparently the key of the position, if a battle was to be fought in the vicinity, the soldiers waited in earnest, anxious readiness the direction to occupy it. It was cleared land, and out of the wilderness. Beside the incalculable advantage of controlling such a point, it was believed its crest commanded a view of much of the country beyond. But it was decreed otherwise, and the spot that was the scene of the bloodiest, severest fight in the next day's struggle was permitted to remain in the then loose, unstable grip of the enemy from whom, at that moment, it could have been readily wrested. General Meade's orders were positive and imperative not to bring on an engagement.

After several hours of impatient waiting, in buoyant expectancy of a promised success, the whole division was withdrawn to the rifle-pits near the Chancellorsville House, over which they had charged the enemy in the morning. There they remained in bivouac for the night. The soldiers were as discomfited as if they had been checked by a serious repulse.

All enthusiasm vanished, all the bright hopes of success disappeared. The belief that had grown to conviction that the campaign would culminate in the utter rout of the enemy was changed to sullen disappointment. The spirits of at least the advance of the Army of the Potomac were sadly broken. They had witnessed a lost opportunity, and slept that night near the morrow's battle-field convinced that, before the discharge of a single gun, before the firing of a single shot, somebody had again blundered.

Both Generals Griffin and Barnes were much chagrined at the peremptory order to stop. They made earnest appeals for the revocation of the directions, entered potent objections against their enforcement. From those who were in position to overhear the loud and angered tones of the conversation, it was reported that some hot, plain, determined words were spoken. General Griffin, filled with soldierly enthusiasm and justly confident of his ability to take and hold the eminence, offered to surrender his commission if his attempt should prove a failure.

Just as the line was formed at the foot of the rise, much merriment followed the performances of the division surgeon. Dr. Owens, oblivious, meditating possibly how "pill opii" or "pill hydrarg" could be made panaceas for all ills, failed to observe the deployment, and continued his course leisurely along the road. Nor did he fully realize his position until a rifle-ball from the enemy brought his horse to its haunches. The disabling shot rudely disturbed his meditations and, speedily discovering his lonesomeness, he sought cover with commendable celerity. He soon found his associates, and concluded he would thereafter conduct his musings at a more convenient season. This shot, intended solely for the doctor or his horse, was the only one fired during all these singular proceedings.

All the surrounding country was filled with troops. During the afternoon they concentrated in great numbers, indicating a purpose to mass heavily in this vicinity. At the invitation of Colonel Prevost, Captains Donaldson and Crocker accompanied him to army head-quarters, about being established near by.

They were courteously received by Colonel Dickinson, the chief of staff, who excused his chief, busily engaged elsewhere. He presented the party to a general officer who, in broad-brimmed hat and corduroy hunting coat, without insignia of rank, was sauntering leisurely about on foot. He received them with his usual affability, and graciously extending his hand in acknowledging the introduction, expressed his regret at his inability to extend the hospitalities also; and turning to Colonel Dickinson, whom he familiarly addressed as "Joe," inquired what he could do for the party. The Colonel explained that the head-quarter wagons had not yet arrived, and he was without the exhilarating beverages usual on such occasions, but producing a bottle of Drake's plantation bitters as a fitting substitute in the emergency, with the customary "here's how," it was passed "by word of mouth," until all had partaken at the Colonel's expense. It was too busy a time for a lengthy stay, and the visitors shortly withdrew.

Before night General Hooker's famous order, so eloquent in its rhetoric, was published. It was doubtless, when indited, justified by the first grasp of the situation, but was sadly unfitted to the circumstances when it reached the soldiers.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VIRGINIA,

April 30, 1863.

General Orders, No. 47.

It is with heartfelt satisfaction the commanding general announces to the army that the operations of the past three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him.

The operations of the 5th, 11th and 12th corps have been a succession of splendid achievements.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

S. WILLIAMS, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Through the night the gloom was pierced by the doleful screech of the owl, the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill, and the buzz and clatter of a multitude of insects. Different species of the latter, not content with making night hideous, sought to

investigate the strange change that had come over their usually quiet haunts. Big black ants wandered up and down among the hard-tack in the haversacks, stopping occasionally to refresh themselves with a lunch. Thousandleggers crawled over the necks, faces and hands of the sleeping soldiers. Stag-beetles, or horn-bugs, nipped wherever they alighted, and were crushed out of existence for their temerity. They were fitting substitutes for a nameless entomological pest oftentimes a familiar companion. This pest disappeared with the winter frosts, but, apparently indigenous to the vicinity, was ready with renewed life and untiring activity when the accumulations of dust and dirt should restore it to its sportive playfulness and itching ways. In its season of active operations it revived sorrowful memories of the backsliding Egyptians whom Moses punished, when he directed Aaron to lift his rod, smite the dust and let a plague fall upon the land of the sphinx and the pyramid.

At early dawn on the 1st of May the melodious notes of innumerable birds filled the air, and, notwithstanding the invasion of their forest home, they kept up their cheerful songs far into the day. But the frightened deer found safety from the advancing hosts in the depths of the wilderness; the foxes sought their holes and the rabbits their warrens. Now and then an inquisitive squirrel looked down from his hiding-place far up in a tree upon the warlike men beneath.

There was no movement of the division nor incident of note until about ten o'clock, when suddenly, without warning of artillery or picket-firing, prolonged and heavy musketry was heard to the front, rapidly increasing to a continuous roar. The artillery soon added their deafening thunders and the sound, intensified in the timber of the wilderness, was appalling. The blue smoke rose through the thicket and hung like a curtain over the combatants. Both sides were evidently taking punishment where they stood, no yell or cheer indicating either an advance or retreat. The scene of the conflict was the eminence which General Griffin had been refused per-

mission to occupy, and the troops so manfully struggling to secure it were General Sykes's division of regulars.

The fight raged fiercely, and while its furies were still unabated, at eleven o'clock, Griffin's division, for some undisclosed purpose, was moved off in the direction of Banks's Ford. The route lay entirely through the desolate, uninhabited timber, and continued for some five miles, to within sight of the ford. Here there was nothing that seemed to require attention; no enemy was or appeared to have been in the vicinity, and, after a lengthy halt, the column retraced its steps and brought up again about five o'clock in the vicinity of the Chancellorsville House.

While at the ford a captive balloon floated about in the air, its mission and purpose doubtless futile, as all observation of roads, trains or troops was evidently impossible in the dense forests in which everything was hidden.

A line of battle was formed in the clearing and pushed forward into the timber. The movement was believed to be to the front, but distance and direction were so lost in the interminable thicket that both were, to those of the line at least, mere conjecture. Some distance was accomplished, when the line was halted at a spot where the underbrush was of less density. Troops had occupied the ground before, and indications were significant of a hurried preparation for the charge. Knapsacks, half opened, the contents most easily transported removed, and torn papers from the cartridges distinctly marked the place from which the charge commenced. The troops had disappeared; there was no evidence whether in advance or retreat, nor of who they were, except that a Bible from one of the knapsacks showed it once belonged to D. C. Thompson, of Worth, Mercer county, Pennsylvania, Company H, 134th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. This knapsack also contained some very neat, clean, well-made underwear, and though the Bible was abandoned, from the scraps scattered about it was evident that Thompson had not forgotten his tobacco.

Darkness was fast approaching, and after a still further for-

ward movement in the same general direction, the line again halted and pickets were established well in advance. There was an anxious, uncertain look upon the countenances of the men. Thrown out apparently in the air, night approaching, with a certainty that they were without support, with no knowledge as to whether they were to make an attack or receive one, with vivid remembrance of the mismanagement of yesterday and the struggle it had caused to-day, the sturdiest spirits became sullen and gloomy. Just as the twilight was passing into total darkness, General Barnes rode up to the regiment. He informed Colonel Prevost of the result of General Sykes's fight in the morning. He had been roughly handled, but had secured an advantageous ridge which commanded the open country beyond, and which had been immediately occupied in strength by other troops that had not been engaged. In the face of urgent appeals and stern protests against sacrificing such opportunities, presented by several of his most eminent generals, General Hooker, to the astonishment of his men and the wonder of the enemy, had ordered the abandonment of this entire line. He subsequently altered his determination, but it was too late; before the revocation reached its destination the order had been executed, and the enemy had occupied the heights in such force as to destroy any hopes of their present dislodgement. General Barnes also advised the colonel that his brigade was alone and then far out in advance of the army; that the orders for the advance to this position had not been countermanded, and that at any moment he was liable to be attacked by overwhelming numbers; that if orders were not soon received he would retire on his own responsibility. When such orders were received the withdrawal must be made directly to the rear, in silence and with extreme caution. The pickets must be abandoned, unless an officer would volunteer to communicate to them the instructions to withdraw. Captain Donaldson hearing this remark promptly tendered his services. As he was receiving the specific directions from General Barnes how to proceed to execute his mission, a single cannon shot

passed over, followed immediately by a tremendous and furious shelling. The red streaks of fire from the fuses, the vivid flash of the bursting shell, the hissing shriek of the flying missile were startling in the gloomy darkness of the lonely timber. All movements were at once suspended. There were no guns with the advance and the punishment which continued several hours was endured without reply. Without awaiting directions the men set about to fell and slash the timber on their front, anticipating such active practice would be followed by an advance in force.

Scipio Africanus again appeared. Wherever he was the ludicrous was dominant. This time, though, he had not designed to furnish his usual contribution. It was never his purpose to seek a perilous place, but the fear of being forgotten entirely had prompted him to stroll along, until he inadvertently fell upon the terrors then surrounding him. He was lost completely and knowing neither his right, left, front, or rear, plaintively appealed to the officer nearest at hand to be directed to a place of safety, pitifully indicating his desire to be shown the rear. Guided by the light of the flash from a bursting shell the officer designated the general direction of the haven he sought, and with all the speed his tremulous body could command Scipio dashed away towards it. He had disappeared but a moment when a shell, passing over him, burst in the path he was pursuing right in his front. In his wild excitement he had no other conception than that what appeared before him must have been discharged from something in front of him, and turning suddenly back, with arms beating the air, eyes distended and hair on end, a picture of fright beyond recovery, yelled in a wail of utter despair,—“Captain, dar is no rear! captain, dar is no rear!” His familiar voice was heard above the noise of battle, and shouts of laughter greeted his announcement. But he found his way out eventually and turned up in a few days with his exuberant spirits still unimpaired.

Shortly after ten o'clock the cannonading gradually subsided and Captain Donaldson started on his mission to withdraw the

pickets. He was soon lost to any idea of direction except as he was guided by the sounds coming from the enemy's lines. He plainly heard the creaking of the wheels of the gun-carriages as the batteries which had been in action were apparently being withdrawn; then the driving of stakes and cutting wood in preparation of a rest for the night. The voices of the enemy in conversation were distinguishable and then they sang right merrily, to a banjo accompaniment, a ditty to the tune of the "Other side of Jordan." This indicated that he was in front of Louisianians. It ran thus,—

"The Louisiana boys *air* a coming,
Never mind the Yanks but get upon their flanks,—
And you'll send them to the other side of Jor—dan."

Followed by a shouting chorus of

"Ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha!"

While noting the various sounds which had guided his direction he still kept slowly and cautiously in motion, all the while descending a sharp declivity. At its foot was a bog beyond which evidently was the corresponding rise to the descent which he had been following. Everything hidden in the impenetrable gloom, he judged this rise to be the enemy's line, and concluded, but with no warrant except supposition, that it was probably the eminence Sykes had taken and from which he had so summarily withdrawn. Confronted by this obstruction so near the enemy and with nothing yet to indicate he could accomplish his mission, he ventured in guarded tones to call "Where is the picket line?" "Which picket line?" anxiously responded a familiar voice. To assure himself he had not mistaken it, the cautious exclamation, "Is that you, Crocker?" brought the welcome "Yes," and pushing through the jungle a few feet they were together. Why he had come—it was almost anticipated—was quickly told. The delicate manœuvring necessary to assemble the detail without arousing

attention was slowly and successfully accomplished. They were all assembled at the point designated, and with their march directed by the same officer who had borne the instructions reached the command about two o'clock in the morning, still in the same position in which he had left it. The whole force was then immediately retired, and after a toilsome march, wearisome from the many exciting changes of the day, bivouacked towards daylight somewhere on the road leading to Banks's Ford.



All these vacillating and apparently mysterious movements, with the knowledge of the further abandonment of the eminence, the occupation of which the soldiers who knew of it still felt assured was essential to success, had in no way restored confidence.

The desultory operations of the previous day, indicating first a disposition to attack, and again a desire to await assault, ceased entirely the next morning, when it was quite apparent that all purpose of assaulting the enemy had been wholly abandoned, for at early dawn on the second the troops were set to work to entrench. The earth-works, with a parapet some three feet high, were substantially revetted and covered as far as could be seen, the distance of about a mile. Not completed until the middle of the afternoon they were skilfully constructed but poorly located. The disappointment at the evident intent to receive instead of give battle was increased by observing the unfortunate selection of the ground where it seemed to be the purpose to receive it. The line was untenable. In front, plainly in view, higher ground commanded nearly all the dis-

tance directed to be fortified, and the work of construction was prosecuted in a sullen, disapproving silence.

The day passed with occasional sounds of engagements elsewhere about the lines, but, relieved from the noise of battle and the excitement of rapid marching, the masterly inactivity was a subject of comment. The timid, panicky operations of the two previous days it was believed had encouraged the enemy to assume the offensive, and their aggressive manœuvres it was thought would soon force the leaders to find the surest way for a safe withdrawal if they were not already contemplating such a movement.

Towards the extreme right of the army, just before sunset, there was considerable firing. At dark it had culminated in a continuous roar, and, accompanied by the roll and thunder of the artillery, indicated an active engagement. There were but few moments of suspense. The human voice can be heard above the sounds of battle. The piercing shriek of the unmistakable Confederate yells, without a corresponding retort of Union cheers, told too plainly that the right had yielded. Shortly, as the yells ceased entirely, the firing slackened noticeably.

While the engagement was at its height, just as night closed in completely, the division abandoned the position it had held during the day and was rapidly moved towards the Chancellorsville House, where it was thrown into earthworks vacated the moment before by other troops that had constructed them. It was subsequently ascertained that the army was extending its right to recover its lost lines. Then commenced a series of unauthorized, demoralizing, and dispiriting tactics. Directions were first passed along the line from man to man, to spread out and cover more ground; then by the same means of communication to turn the visor of the cap to the rear that the rays of the moon might not reflect on it; then they were cautioned to keep perfectly still; then to lie down; then to stand up and come to a ready, and then to sit down. And so these and various other like instructions, frequently repeated and all

communicated from one to another in whispering, quivering tone, continued until the men were so nervous and unstrung that to establish confidence many of the officers seized rifles and followed literally all the movements with them.

The engagement on the right was over and the annoyance had ceased, when, about nine o'clock, near the right of the regiment, General Howard appeared, followed by a part of his discomfited corps, who, as it was then learned, were the forces which had so speedily crumbled at the first shock of Stonewall Jackson's onslaught, over on the right, where the sounds of battle had but recently died away. They moved along silently, continuing to pass for over an hour. Their condition did not indicate need of much repair, but they were evidently to be placed, for the present at least, well out of the reach of danger. An impressive silence followed. The insect world was hushed and the night birds were voiceless. The breaking of a twig was a volume of sound, and the faintest whisper startling. Gentle breezes were whistling winds, and falling boughs the tread of men. Soldiers heedless of sentiment viewed the quiet as ominous, men insensible to fear looked upon the stillness as portentous. The moon, then in the full, shone brightly, its glimmer through the tree-tops occasionally fading as swiftly moving, fleecy clouds covered its brilliant disk. The pale, changing light and the death-like stillness made everything seem unreal and ghostly.

A slight flutter in the immediate front strung every nerve to a still higher tension, and piercing glances sought, through the uncertain shadows, to ascertain the cause. As the sound grew to recognition, a voice cautioned the men to hold their fire, and General Griffin, who was returning from an observation of the ground his position commanded, passed through the line. General Griffin, an officer of unquestioned skill and untiring energy, beside the implicit confidence had the unbounded respect of every soldier in his division. His presence was assuring, and demonstrations were only restrained by the necessity for perfect quiet.

Once more the awful silence reigned, soon disturbed again as by the distant rumble of the coming of a mighty tempest. To the experienced ear this indescribable whirl and sigh as if the distant winds were increasing their velocity had another meaning. It was the hum and buzz and tramp of large bodies of men in motion, the rattle and jostle of arms and equipments. Nearer and nearer it approached, and louder and louder it swelled and spread until the veriest tyro could not mistake it. Disciplined battalions were massing for assault, and then distinct and audible came the voice of command, its tone loud, its volume ringing, as it rolled out the "Battalion"—"halt"—"front"—"on the centre, dress," and then a pause,—"battalion"—"right shoulder shift arms," and still another pause, followed with increased vigor by the "forward"—"guide centre"—"march." Other operations elsewhere seemed to distract the enemy's attention. At once the stillness vanished, the quiet disappeared. Off to the right and front, instantly every rifle flashed, every gun thundered and that portion of the Union army was hotly engaged in the furies, terrors, and uncertainties of a most determined night assault. Under such wicked gunnery and persistent musketry, intensified by the darkness, the trees seemed to shiver, the earth to tremble and shake. It brought every man to his feet and roused the men of the 6th Corps, quietly sleeping miles away in their bivouac beyond Fredericksburg. The memorable assault at Chancellorsville on the night of the 2d of May, 1863, is not confined in recollection to the troops who immediately took part in it. Every participant in the great battle will ever vividly recall what was then believed, except by the troops engaged at that particular point, to be a repulse of the enemy's assault, but which history shows to have been, as it has been aptly styled, "Sickles fighting his way home again."

The moonlight battle subsided during the early morning hours, and Sunday, the 3d, opened a clear bracing spring day. Gossip dwelt on the details of the 11th Corps disaster, as it was enlarged by exaggeration and the opportune arrival

of the 1st Corps, and concluded with a venture of opinions upon the general further contraction and concentration of the lines.

The officers' supplies were completely exhausted and the men's rations were thinned out to a few crackers and a scant allowance of coffee. Some who had never before used tobacco found it temporarily effective in satisfying the cravings of appetite.

Lieutenant Batchelder, a man of strong nerves and unflinching courage, of exceptional firmness in time of peril, took the opportunity of a little quiet to communicate to one of his friends that he had labored all night with a harrowing presentiment that during the day he would certainly be killed. Given to no superstition he had struggled to banish the phantom, but it would not down, and he had thus sought relief in reluctantly communicating his burdensome thoughts to another. Before the campaign opened and frequently during its operation he had been haunted with horrible dreams of frightful gaping wounds, so shocking and repulsive as to be beyond the reach of surgical skill or careful nursing. He would awake amid shrieks and pains of death and wounds, and rest again only to have these distressing scenes repeated. He would not be persuaded that all this was the result of some local physical disturbance, but insisted, with his usual deliberation, upon giving directions as to the disposition of his worldly affairs, and that the time and place of his fall should be delicately broken to his family. It was suggested to him that if he did not expose himself so needlessly and recklessly in the future as he had in the past, the catastrophe he dreaded might be averted. Such caution was useless. Nevertheless, he survived Chancellorsville and other battles, and is still prosperous and diligent, as may be incidentally disclosed hereafter.

At a very early hour Sunday morning the brigade was withdrawn from the line it had previously held and moved to the road leading to United States Ford. There it remained for some time, halted in order of battle near General Sykes's com-

mand. Wicked fighting was waging fiercely in the front on the left. The timber concealed the combatants, but the blue smoke hanging over and lingering in the tree-tops indicated the lines, and the frequent whirl and zip of the balls told of their close proximity. There was no lull, no cessation: it was awful punishment. The smoke increased to clouds; the sun, shining brightly, was dimmed and darkened as if by an approaching storm. The regiment, alone, was then moved on the line and put to building breastworks, as subsequently shown not for their own occupation, but for the accommodation of the regular division. They set about their task manfully, regardless of hunger and the fatigue from the many sleepless nights. This work completed, after a short interval of rest, about noon the entire brigade was removed, on the road towards Chancellorsville, to the extreme left of the White House. Approaching this point the battle seemed to wax hotter, bursting shells filled the air and the yells of the Confederates were incessant.

The Chancellorsville House itself was not in view. The location was a piece of open, cleared land, so difficult to secure in the neighborhood, which, by a flank to the left and rear, had been entered by Griffin's and other batteries that were now heavily engaged, while to the rear of the batteries, and just within the timber, was located the general and field-hospital. The conflict had approached the hospital uncomfortably close. The troops, still hotly at work on the outer lines, were resisting assaults preparatory to retiring to the interior ones then in the course of preparation, and gradually the hospital had been drawn within range. The heavy and increasing casualties had crowded its grounds beyond their capacity; the medical force was entirely inadequate to the exacting duties thus imposed upon it. Several of the surgeons and attendants had been killed and wounded, and the panicky sensation following operations and attention under fire had materially interfered with a prompt and ready service. There was no discrimination and the shells tore through these grounds relentlessly. To the miseries and sufferings already at hand were added others, and

some of the wounded, as they lay helplessly about, were either more frightfully mangled or killed.

As a result of the concentration the Chancellorsville House eventually fell into the possession of the enemy. But before it was completely theirs the flames had done their work effectually and the building was a blackened ruin.

The attack of the Confederates was so fierce and persistent that General Meade ordered General Griffin to put in his division. He asked permission to use the artillery then concentrating in the vicinity, saying: "I'll make them think hell isn't half a mile off." Permission being granted, he ordered the gunners to double-shot their pieces, let the enemy approach to within fifty yards, "and then roll them along the ground like this," stooping in imitation of a bowler.

The immediate duty of the command was the support of the batteries thus engaged. The enemy's firing was terrible and practice accurate. No other phrase will fairly meet it, except that there was a rain of shell and solid shot. The men stood it handsomely; few availed themselves of the privilege of lying prone; the majority assumed a crouching posture with head erect, eyes strained and musket upright as if for instant service. An officer of a regiment in the brigade, lying upon his back reading a newspaper, was struck in the stomach and instantly killed. The artillery continued to arrive, either to go immediately into battery or remain parked in the vicinity. But gradually the fire slackened to desultory discharges.

Batchelder had forgotten his morbid sensitiveness, and, deaf to suggestions, was again recklessly exposing himself. An abandoned limber-chest seemed to be a point of attraction, and, heedless of all danger, he had selected it as a suitable place of observation. He stood upon it, conspicuous, closely observing with a pair of field-glasses, drawing the enemy's fire directly to him, but so elated with the splendid view it gave him of the battle that he declined to retire at the earnest solicitation of those around him, and remained until Colonel Prevost peremptorily ordered him to return to his post. It was a reluctant

obedience. He withdrew, grumbling that it was shameful to deprive a man of such an opportunity, as he probably wouldn't have another such chance in a lifetime.

There were other points of observation equally available and less exposed. These were resorted to by several of the curiously inclined. At an angle in the breastworks lately constructed stood the White House before referred to, the property of one Burns. In front and to the left of this house there was excellent opportunity for a view of the active combat. The few points in this thickly-wooded region to designate locality has brought this unpretentious dwelling into distinguished prominence. In its rear a large tent had been pitched for the use of army head-quarters. The flaps open, its occupants and their doings were plainly in view. General Hooker, in reclining posture, still suffering from the blow he received from a falling pillar of the Chancellorsville House, was surrounded by a number of general and staff-officers. The libations, in view of the character of the surroundings, were quite imposing, and the beverage luxuriant and expensive. The light wines of France were apparently the exclusive tippie. The many abandoned bottles, the broken and empty baskets, the frequent and suggestive popping of champagne corks indicated a free and liberal allowance of this intoxicant, just then so exclusively confined to army head-quarters. An impertinent fellow, enviously overlooking the scene, observing General Hooker as the only one of the party not upon his feet, inquired the cause. A volunteer reply was made by an officer near by to the effect that he had been shot. "Shot in the neck," quickly responded the inquirer. Fearing the consequence of his levity he quickly hid himself in the crowd, but not before the restrained smile with which his response was received assured him in his belief that he had not *shot* very far from the mark.

There were other scenes about these head-quarters interesting, startling, significant. Officers were coming and going in hot, important haste, some with reports, others with directions. Guns hurried to position were crashing to their places and

quickly unlimbering. Hundreds of men without organization were passing to the rear. Riderless horses, many of them badly wounded, wandered helplessly about. One with the blood spouting from a wound in the chest was galloping aimlessly in every direction, with pleading, suppliant look as if for some intelligent direction where to go and what to do. A mounted officer, observing his hopeless condition, fired two pistol shots to relieve his sufferings, and then rode rapidly away as if he did not care to see the dying agonies. But his shots were ineffectual; the poor beast struggled again and again to regain his feet, and then was forgotten amid other quickly accumulating, harrowing scenes. The battle still raged fiercely, each determined onslaught being each time heroically resisted.

Active participants see but little of the battle. To those who chose to take the risk of observation from the position in front of the White House about this time it was a rare and thrilling sight. The open ground in front covered about one hundred and fifty yards, dipped slightly in the centre and terminated in a sparsely-wooded crest.

In the timber on the crest was a Union line of battle, holding its regular formation, firing and loading with deliberation and slowly retiring. Beyond, waving battle-flags, butternut uniforms, gleaming muskets were gradually advancing. They were firing as they moved forward, their ramrods flashing in the sun as they executed the motion of draw and return rammer and ram cartridge. On they came, undeterred by the close and terrible fire punishing them. The Union line stood the shock commendably. Then came the desperate moment of impact; the mingling of the blue and gray; the exchange of bayonet-thrusts and shouts of defiance, cheers and yells of victory, shrieks and groans, and, in a confused and shapeless mass, friend and foe broke madly for the guns—the one for their capture, the other for protection. The peculiar, piercing yells of the rebels seemed for a moment to drown all other sounds. But before all the Union line had found the friendly shelter of

their cannon the guns belched forth their death-dealing canister; the enemy's yells of delight were changed to wails of disappointment; his impetuous advance was broken; his lines, confused beyond recovery after leaving the timber, disappeared entirely, and of those who did leave the timber few ever returned. Most of them found death and wounds on the open ground which the determined impetuosity of their onslaught and their conspicuous daring had prompted them to enter. This attack fell upon Tyler's brigade of Humphrey's division, sent temporarily to reinforce French, of the 2d Corps. After an hour's desperate and gallant fighting their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and they were struck as they were about to execute the order to retire.

One poor fellow fell under the fire of our guns just as he had reached them. After the affair an attempt was made to discover his identity. In the confusion he had become separated from his comrades, and there was neither name, mark nor sign about him to indicate who he was or where he belonged. He was buried where he fell, another of the rapidly-increasing patriot army of the unknown dead.

It was nearly two o'clock when the Chancellorsville House was abandoned, but the tremendous artillery firing and desperate, hard fighting all day checked the enemy's advance all along the lines. Flames and fire were added to the other terrors. The woods had caught from the artillery and the wounded and dying in their midst were beyond the hope of rescue. This was a truce of itself, and apparently by general consent there was a lull in the hostilities as the exterior lines gradually melted away behind the troops holding the interior lines.

Before the engagement in front had wholly ceased uproarious, lusty shouts and cheers attracted attention towards the left. As the cheering grew nearer there appeared a crowd of men dragging several pieces of cannon; one had the muzzle blown away and all looked as if they had seen rough usage. They were a battery of guns abandoned by our forces, which had

just been brought in amidst a galling fire under the direction of a gallant officer of the 116th Pennsylvania, and General Hancock had ordered them dragged along the lines by their captors as an evidence of special gallantry and an incentive to other acts of heroism. The whole line joined heartily in the shouts of welcome to the men who had thus so notably distinguished themselves.

Towards the middle of the afternoon the regiment was temporarily withdrawn a short distance for an opportunity to prepare coffee. It was rather tantalizing; the diminished supply made the opportunity available only to those who had more carefully husbanded their stores, while the others who could neither borrow nor beg nibbled at crackers and strolled about in the few moments of leisure and offered their services and attentions to the wounded. One strong, powerful fellow with his foot badly shattered had just been placed upon the temporary table. He fought stoutly against the operation, and at first forcibly resisted an effort to chloroform him, but persuaded it was for examination only, gradually yielded his consciousness to its soothing effects. The knife was applied by Dr. Joseph Thomas, our regimental surgeon, whose skill in operative surgery was always recognized by his detail in battle to the general field-hospital. The flaps were made; the bone severed; the arteries adjusted with prompt and skilful precision, and, recovering consciousness, the patient, as he was removed to the ambulance, joyfully remarked that he was very glad the examination had resulted in the conclusion that amputation would not be necessary. The poor fellow had not yet realized his loss, and, knowing nothing of what had transpired while he remained insensible, still labored under the pleasing deception.

Great enthusiasm prevailed during the afternoon on the reception of the news of the capture by General Sedgwick of the formidable works at Marye's Heights and his successful movement out the plank-road toward the main army. The subsequent disaster that attended his operations, although it had already happened, was not yet known.

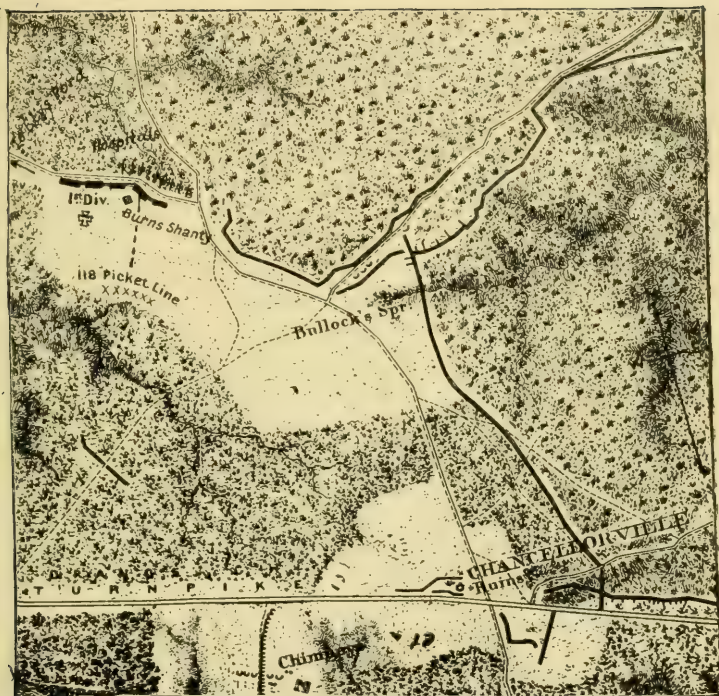
The command was soon returned to the lines at the White or Burns' House and set about strengthening the earthworks, which had been but illy-constructed affairs from the beginning. The bodies of the dead horses in the neighborhood were put to practical uses for the elevation. With earth heaped and well packed around them they answered the purpose of solid works of earth and saved much labor in digging.

Thus closed this eventful and exciting Sunday, a day fated with disaster, but big with valorous deeds and heroic sacrifices. The same lines taken up by the brigade on the 3d continued to be held by it during all of that and the succeeding days while the army remained in position facing the enemy. It was the general impression that hard fighting was about over and the night's rest was most refreshing.

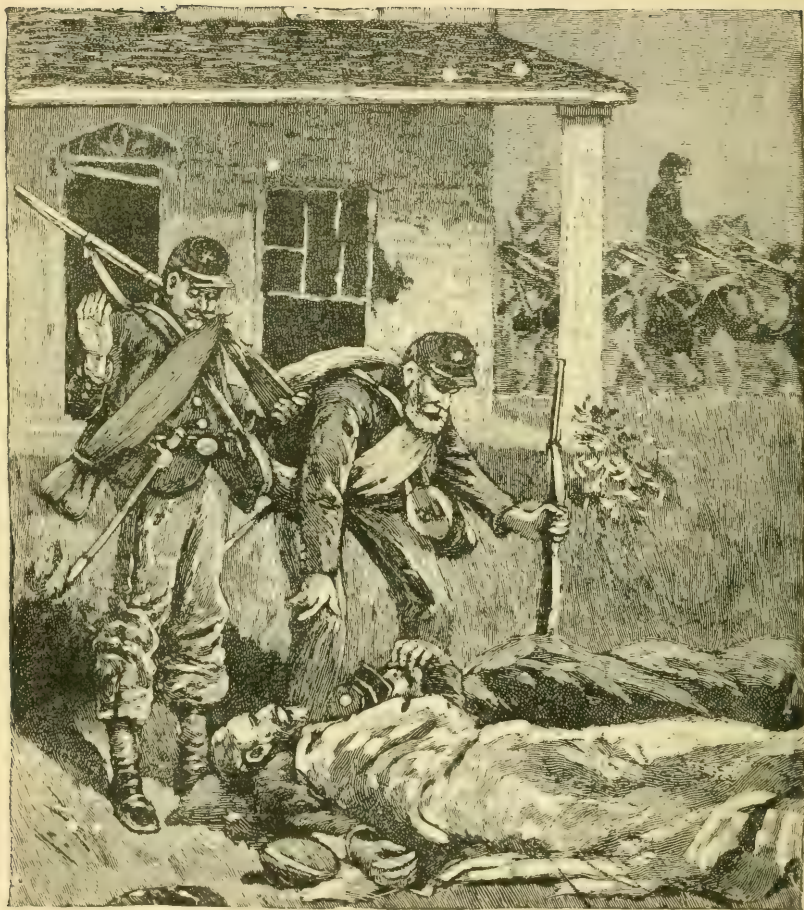
The 4th dawned with every indication of the continued uninterrupted clear weather. Crocker, who had pitched his shelter-tent, rose grumpy and discomfited. The ground his canvas covered, uneven and yielding, had afforded him no spot where his body could be brought to anything like a comfortable position. Making search for the cause with the earliest break of day, he discovered he had spread his canvas in the darkness over a new and hastily-made grave. The obstructions he had been tugging at to remove during the night were the exposed nose and fingers of its partially-covered occupant, and the soft, yielding body was the cause of his couch's spongy uneasiness. Crocker shook, spit and coughed a little, but his momentary discomfiture soon gave way before his usual buoyancy.

The picket-line held the edge of the timber that bounded the open space in front of the woods. The enemy's sharpshooters back in the woods, hidden from view in the tree-tops, had secured a very accurate range of the troops occupying the breastworks, and with the earliest dawn they began their practice. Exposure was useless and the men were enjoined to seek the cover of the works. Any one standing or on horse-back was an excellent mark and immediately drew the fire.

Homer Lancaster, of Company B, was lying on the ground



MAP OF VICINITY OF CHANCELLORSVILLE, SHOWING POSITION OF 118TH.



"THEY WILL NEVER FIGHT AGAIN."

asleep, face downwards, with his knapsack and rolled blanket on his back. A bullet from the sharpshooter went through his blanket and wounded him in the neck, but not severely. Lieutenant Thomas, struck in the shoulder, was felled to the ground, but the ball had nearly spent its force and did no injury. It was picked up and found to be of the elongated pattern, the ammunition used by Berdan's sharpshooters. The enemy were either supplied with the terrible globe-sighted weapons of that or similar make, or had been fortunate in the capture of some.

About two o'clock General Whipple, whose division of the 3d Corps lay in the vicinity, while inspecting the lines in his neighborhood, appeared leisurely walking his horse in rear of the works. Unfamiliar with the surroundings, recognized as a general officer, he was politely cautioned that his exposure brought him in imminent peril, as the enemy had complete range of every living object they could get their eyes upon. Indeed this was scarcely necessary, for he was almost immediately opened on, but, heedless of the caution and regardless of the firing, he continued his movement without accelerating his pace until he had reached the right of the regiment. There he deliberately halted, faced to the front and sat intently gazing in the direction of the other side. In a moment the dust was seen to fly from his clothing and he fell headlong to the ground. Hurrying to his assistance it was found the ball had entered through the stomach and passed out at the small of the back. He must have instantly known his wound was mortal. Although conscious he betrayed neither emotion nor anxiety, and without speech or moan seemed to stolidly accept his fate with true and determined heroism. Stretcher-bearers bore him to the cover of the timber in the rear, and apparently he died from hemorrhage while the surgeons were examining the wound; but he subsequently rallied and survived until his removal to Washington.

There were other less distinguished sufferers from the bullets of the Confederate sharpshooters, and one of them was Peter

Haggerty. Peter's head was so large, or the army caps were so small, that he could never get one to fit him, and the unfitness of things was still more clearly exhibited by his persistent habit of wearing the peak of his cap at the back of his head. The summit of Peter's person was filled with recklessness and he did not know what fear was, because he had no real knowledge of what there was to fear. An hour or so before General Whipple was shot Haggerty was standing on a stump, shaking his fist towards the rebel lines and doing about every other foolish thing he could think of. Cautioned to get down and keep out of harm's way, he cried out: "Ah! there's no rebel bullet made that'll touch me." A few seconds after there came from him a howl that, for volume and intensity, was sufficient mourning for all his ancestors from the days of Brian Boroihme down, and the descendant of the Haggertys was dancing and limping round as if he had been the recipient of the attentions of a circle of mules. He had been hit in the leg by a spent ball. Farewell, Haggerty. His head was never seen in the regiment again.

As it was about time this particular sharpshooter should be silenced, a lieutenant belonging to Berdan's sharpshooters passed through the regiment, and the skirmishers beyond, and felt his way through the woods towards the spot whence came the annoying fire. He found him up a tree. He left him on the ground. A rifle, a fox-skin cap, \$1,600 in Confederate money and \$100 in greenbacks the lieutenant brought back with him.

Except the booming of cannon in the direction of Sedgwick's force and the uninterrupted vigilance of the sharpshooters, there was nothing of stirring moment until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the 2d and 3d Brigades of the division began preparations for an advance.

At five o'clock they moved out, and the 1st Brigade, extending its intervals, covered their ground and its own. They were a shapely body; their colors fluttered defiantly, muskets glistened brightly, and elbows touched lightly. Preserving their alignments with precision, with a ringing cheer they covered

the intervening open space at the double-quick, and were soon lost in the timber beyond. Their disappearance was almost instantly followed by startling volleys of musketry, and then again by their reappearance. The warm reception showed a determined occupation, and their purpose accomplished, they were at once returned to the line and the 1st Brigade resumed its proper position.

Active hostilities were continued in the direction of Fredericksburg. The artillery firing increased in volume, and did not subside entirely until some time after dark. Alarms on the picket line occasionally disturbed the night, another day closed and the vexed question as to who would maintain control of the situation was still an open one. Great battles are said to conclude with violent storms. So far the inference had failed, and the 5th opened with the usual bright inspiring sunlight.

Shortly after dawn the desultory picket firing assumed a scolding tone, and continuing for some time a persistent advance broke the picket line in front of the 1st Michigan, and the pickets fell back to the main line. The enemy pursued, advancing beyond the cover of the timber. He was permitted to enjoy his temporary advantage until the field was cleared of the retiring pickets, when several well-directed rounds of canister sent him quickly to his cover again.

It was necessary to speedily restore the broken lines, and the duty devolved upon details from the 1st Brigade, one hundred and sixty of whom, with a proper complement of officers, were allotted from the 118th. Captain Donaldson was assigned to the command of the entire brigade line; Lieutenants Batchelder and Thomas were also detailed from the regiment, and Captain O'Neill, at his own request, was permitted to accompany the detachment as a volunteer.

O'Neill was a quaint character. He was the ranking captain of the regiment, but on this occasion, craving some excitement, freely yielded his grade, for, as he oddly expressed it, he "was divelish tired of marking time behind the breastworks." He reported with overcoat, haversack, and shelter tent, equipped

for a lengthy march. When his attention was called to the fact that his tour of duty would probably be short, and he would likely soon return to his place in the line again, he persistently declined to relieve himself of his burden, remarking, in defence of his position, "There is nothing like always being in chune" (tune). Translated, he meant that it was better to be prepared for an emergency. He was selected for the prominent place of senior captain, as he had seen service with the British Indian contingent, and delighted to condemn all American army usages which he could not be made to understand, by the sweeping denunciation that "that was not the way they did it in Injee, when he served with her Majesty's 39th foot." What his Indian service was was never fully understood, nor did he vouchsafe to boast that his regiment, besides bearing upon its banners the evidence of its achievements in the Peninsular campaign, bore upon them also the still prouder distinction "*Primus in Indus*," for its eminent services with Lord Clive at Plassey. His quaintness, his oddity, his national mannerisms, his brogue and his many mistakes, which he had a happy way of gilding, ever supposing they had passed unnoticed or been forgotten, had secured him the sobriquet of "Owld Teddy." Yet with all his want of knowledge of military manœuvres, his intuitive Irish humor, his natural hard honest sense, his fierce bravery, his unsparing bitterness against the enemy, and his intense desire for fight had caused him to be much respected. It was this disposition not to miss a fight, so common to Irishmen, that doubtless prompted his volunteer service on this occasion.

General Griffin personally supervised the movement. His instructions were, that in case of a failure to reach the timber, the pickets should form in the depression about half way across the open space, that the artillery might fire over them, to aid their further progress. The signal for the advance was to be the dropping of a red flag in one of the batteries. The deployment was made in rear of the works with shortened intervals, and the men were personally cautioned as to their duties

and responsibilities. They seemed to be in special humor for their task, and determined that nothing should stay their advance before they reached the timber. They felt that that once gained, their dislodgement would be difficult. O'Neill was assigned to the right, Batchelder to the left. At a concerted signal the flag was dropped, and responsive to the "double-quick, charge," given by Captain Donaldson and vociferously repeated all along the line, the men at once rushed from their concealment and gallantly breasted the storm of bullets that met them as they passed out in the open plain. Encouraging shouts and cheers from the brigade greeted the movement, and nerved the men to an accomplishment of their purpose. Batchelder, who, as always, was personally in front of his line, with sword slashing the air, and shouting loudly, kept his left continually in the advance. But the centre and right, not to be outdone, were promptly up, and the whole line, without hesitating at the tempting cover the depression invited, and facing the blaze of musketry that flashed from the timber, had soon pressed the enemy's fire from its edge, and were in full occupancy of the abandoned line. O'Neill and Batchelder, regardless of their instructions, in the excitement of the venture, thus far so successful, were still urging their men forward. Their



CAPTAIN F. A. DONALDSON.

loud vociferations were necessarily restrained. Batchelder quickly subsided, but O'Neill, in anger or excitement, continually bearing in mind a man in his company, Tom Scout, whom he especially disliked, incensed at the restraint, continued to shout, "Out, Scout, bad luck to yez, why do yees stand marking time? Go forward, every one of yees."

When these officers had been quieted and the point effectually secured for the establishment of the line, as is not unusual with the best of men there was some competition for trees. Choice ones of large circumference had been each seized by three or four. As the man in front of the group was the only one who could use his rifle, the others were reluctantly forced to seek other cover or take the risk of open exposure. All, however, stood their ground and maintained their fire, and the enemy, who had it all their own way while the troops were crossing the plain without firing, were compelled also to find protection and shoot only as opportunity offered. Lieutenant Thomas, meanwhile, had been sent to report the successful occupation, and, returning with entrenching tools, individual rifle pits were constructed for an extended stay. Shortly after their completion the enemy fell back and their fire slackened, and an occasional slouch hat bobbing up and down among the bushes was all that could be seen of them.

Thomas, an eminently brave and excellent officer, fond of his creature comforts, always secured the best advantages attainable for their satisfaction. Opportunity for rest, entertainment or reflection, if not interfering with his duties, he habitually managed to enjoy, if at all within reach. Dangers or exposure in no way interfered. He managed to have constructed for himself a more commodious pit than the others, and, quietly ensconcing himself under its protection, selected a *Waverly Magazine* from among other literature of a like character that had been abandoned by some of the previous occupants of the locality, and was soon lost to the surroundings absorbed in an entertaining story.

Meanwhile, O'Neill had again been heard from. As his

activity had been restrained in checking his advance, he was determined not to be entirely inactive, and had opened an unauthorized communication with the enemy, looking to a temporary cessation of hostilities. He conducted his truce with some degree of diplomatic skill. Intimating by signs he desired to hold a parley, his invitation was accepted, and the officer of the Confederate pickets met him at a log about half way between the lines, which they had both indicated as the point for the conference. There they seated themselves, and proceeded with deliberation to discuss the purpose of their mission. O'Neill cautiously parried all attempts to ascertain his name or his command, and the strength and position of our forces. Save that his badge showed he belonged to the 5th Corps, and the number in his cap that he was of some 118th Regiment, nothing was disclosed. They freely interchanged views on the subject of picket firing after troops had occupied the same position upwards of twenty-four hours, in, as O'Neill expressed it, "a bit of a talk." The Confederate officer was firm in his convictions that, under ordinary circumstances, it was a useless exposure and a waste of ammunition. O'Neill agreed with him and, although not in command, assumed to act for his commanding officer. They parted with the understanding that the firing should cease, and that timely notice should be given if either side was ordered to open again; or if either should be relieved, and the troops relieving them should not agree to continue the truce. O'Neill's agreement was tacitly accepted, and the understanding was faithfully carried out until that detachment was relieved.

The firing was still maintained actively on the immediate left. Some of the bullets after passing beyond the line exploded. Such cartridges, unknown to our use, had usually been considered the English explosive ammunition, imported through blockade-runners. About eleven o'clock a small party appeared in that direction, accompanied by a mounted officer bearing a flag of truce. They passed through the lines, and as the fire gradually slackened and finally ceased altogether, it indicated that the

flag had been respected. Its purpose was said to be the recovery of the body of Major Chandler, of the 114th Pennsylvania. As it did not return within the reach of observation, it was not ascertained whether the mission was successful.

The firing in the timber had somewhat subsided. It was at a distance from this locality. The unburied dead, thickly strewn everywhere, indicated the vicinity had been the scene of some most serious fighting. The Confederate dead predominated, their scanty clothing and poor equipments in marked contrast with the more substantial and better appointments of the Union men. A notable peculiarity was the unaccountable difference in the positions of the bodies of the Union and the Confederate dead. The former were all upon their sides or faces, with their knees drawn up, while the latter were all flat upon their backs, their legs spread out, and their hands clinched convulsively, mostly grasping a twig or bough. Several attempts were made to account for this noticeable difference, but none seemed satisfactory. From the Union dead all the haversacks had been removed. It was evident, short as his supplies had run, the scanty portion remaining was some relief to his more famished adversary.

The rations had not been replenished, and, though the old supply was now entirely gone, other comforts were measurably increased. The many blankets scattered about the field were gathered, and fifteen or twenty appropriated to each pit. Such an agreeable couch was most unusual.

The quiet afforded opportunity to ascertain the losses. Quite a number from the regiment were wounded in the advance across the plain, and several had been hit on the line but refused to leave their post.

The prediction of the battle storm was verified before the day closed. About two o'clock dense clouds suddenly appeared in every direction, followed immediately by sweeping torrents of rain. It was not a shower, but a storm of strength and force, meant to discharge all the accumulations that had been gathering unseen for the several previous days. The pits soon

filled with water and were untenable, and everything but ammunition soaking wet.

The lowering clouds brought on darkness early, and with it came an intimation from the enemy that they were about to be relieved by Mississippians. Not conversant with the notions of the relief on the subject of picket firing, they suggested the propriety of seeking cover and watching sharply. The temperature had fallen, the mud had deepened, and the pits, with water still rising, were almost overflowed. Mindful of the terms of the truce, the men set about bailing their dug-outs, and sought the cover their damp and muddy walls afforded. The warning had come none too soon, as the relief, with no disposition to test the temper of their adversaries, immediately opened an angry skirmish fire. Besides, they were a wicked, designing crew, continually through the night conceiving projects to harass. The one generally practiced was to cautiously creep close to the works, then suddenly rise, flash a lantern, fire a shot and disappear. This manœuvre resulted in several disabling wounds. These active hostilities permitted no interval for bailing out, and the pits were again soon waist-deep. It was one satisfaction to know the enemy were equally uncomfortable, and another to feel that the punishment they were inflicting was being vigorously applied to them.

But O'Neill must not be forgotten. Just as the storm began he had conspicuously pitched his shelter-tent in full view of the enemy. Plentifully supplied with blankets, protected from the storm, he was hugely enjoying his comforts, whiling away the time with a newspaper. Meanwhile, with the darkness, the firing was resumed, but not to O'Neill's discomfort. He had come provided with all appliances for a lengthy stay, and audaciously proceeded to light up his den and adjust his candle to continue his reading. His form was plainly visible under the canvas, and there he lay pursuing his readings, utterly heedless of the many bullets that fell about the lighted target he so conspicuously displayed. Once only did he seem disturbed, as he rose, mumbling imprecations, to stop with a newspaper a

bullet hole through which rain was dripping, much to his annoyance. To repeated directions to extinguish his light he returned the answer that he "didn't care a divil for the firing, as he would as soon be shot as drowned entirely." As his candle was noticed to be flickering in its socket, he was permitted to retain it until it was wholly extinguished. He never afterwards explained how the light in any way aided the canvas in affording protection from the storm, and why he would not have been just as likely to be preserved from drowning if he had depended wholly upon it and abandoned his candle. So it was generally believed that, without directly asserting it, he meant to use some of his own aphorisms that would convey to him, if it did not to others, the indifference with which he usually accepted the presence of danger.

The rain had so covered the open field between the pickets and the main line as to throw over it uncertain reflections, and induce a belief that objects, real or imaginary, were occasionally moving across it. About one o'clock one of these objects assumed sufficient reality to prompt a challenge from Captain Donaldson. The reply, "a friend," followed by the click of a pistol trigger, removed all doubts and the soldierly form of Major Herring, whose voice had been recognized, loomed up through the darkness. Assured that he was among friends, he approached and made known the object of his visit. The storm had dispelled any idea of further operations, if there had been any, and all wheels excepting a few batteries had, during the afternoon, been sent to the other side of the river. The works had been rendered untenable by the openings necessary to discharge the water. The army had commenced to withdraw at dark, and the movement thus far had progressed successfully. He had been assigned to command the rear guard, with instructions to bring off the pickets, or abandon them as the necessity or opportunities demanded. Colonel Hays, with the 18th Massachusetts, who, at his own request, had been detailed to support the pickets if their withdrawal was found practicable, was just then in line of battle between the picket line and the works.

Major Herring had been floundering about in the darkness, vainly searching for the pickets for an hour or more, and was utterly lost and bewildered when he came upon the 18th Massachusetts, bound upon the same search. He at first believed he had fallen upon a body of the enemy, and approached with some degree of caution, but, discovering ultimately the organization and its purpose, he induced Colonel Hays to remain outside the works and await his return from a further search.

The withdrawal of the pickets, if it could be accomplished, was to take place without delay, and when Major Herring returned to the breastworks there were still some two hours of darkness left. He gave instructions to assemble the pickets at an early opportunity and retire to the breastworks, as the first rallying point, and there await the earliest indications of day for such instructions or action as the occasion might require. By three o'clock they were all assembled, and had moved stealthily over the plain without arousing the enemy's suspicions, and were within the works awaiting daybreak. There was much difficulty in arousing the men. In this private John L. Smith, of Company K, an active, energetic soldier, materially aided the officers. The men who were not on post had become numbed and chilled, and had dropped off in the deepest slumbers. One poor fellow, even with Smith's energies, would not stir, and had to be abandoned. Noticing the withdrawal, the 18th Massachusetts also moved inside of the works and held itself in readiness for support.

At daybreak the enemy moved out in pursuit. Their skirmishers were twice the front that was obtainable with safe intervals by our detail, and our line was withdrawn some half a mile to again await their advance. A road improvised for army purposes was the only pathway through the woods. The mud was knee-deep, and the rain still poured incessantly. A number of caissons and battery wagons mired to the axle had been abandoned. Another day's delay might have materially interfered with a successful withdrawal.

The enemy again appeared, this time more vigorously. An

active encounter ensued, and their onslaught was repulsed. Batchelder pressed his advantage handsomely on the left, and pushed them back some distance. Major Herring, who retained command of the rear guard during the entire withdrawal, had now succeeded in securing a fresh detail from the brigade, to relieve some of the famished and exhausted men who had served so continuously and faithfully. They were sent to reinforce Batchelder, who was instructed to extend his left and keep it well refused. This movement seemed to attract some attention, as it was followed by a stiff and persistent attack on the centre. It produced a momentary panicky sensation, but confidence was immediately regained and the line promptly restored. Colonel Hays treated it in an unwarrantably boisterous manner, drew his pistol and berated the men with language they illy deserved. His attention was called to the restored condition of things, he subsided to his accustomed affability, and leaving a portion of his own men as reinforcements returned to his immediate command.

This skirmish had subsided when a captain of the regular brigade, under instructions from General Ayres, appeared upon the scene, and deploying his detachment attempted to assume entire control. His conduct was sternly protested against by Captain Donaldson, and he was informed that the troops he was attempting to relieve were covering the rear of the army, by direction of General Barnes, commanding the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division, 5th Corps, and placed there by his orders, and would only be relieved by them or those of his superior, and that General Ayres was not recognized as such superior. After much parley and palaver and reference of the question to General Griffin, who decided the regular had no business there, he finally withdrew. As it subsequently appeared, although no one seemed to know it just at that time, General Ayres had been detailed as the general officer of the pickets, with special instructions to cover the withdrawal of the army, and his authority was, of course, supreme.

The pickets continued to fall back slowly, fighting all the

way and halting at times to let everything get over the bridges, until they reached the edge of the timber which overlooked United States Ford. From there to the river the land was cleared and sloped gradually to the ford. The left bank was lined with artillery in battery. The enemy again began to press actively, when, obedient to command, the skirmishers fell back at double-quick to the foot of the slope, where, assembling on the centre, they were out of the range of the guns, which instantly swept the forests with rattling discharges, continuing the practice until the pickets were all over and the bridges removed. Their removal, in which the picket detachment assisted, began about nine o'clock, and, amid the pour of rain and roar of guns, was soon successfully accomplished.*

This whole affair, conducted with skill, tact and courage, received the personal commendation of the regimental, brigade and division commanders, the latter of whom mentioned that in announcing it in general orders, as he intended to do, he would make special mention of the commanding officer.

Other detachments from the brigade reported, and all set about the laborious work of loading the pontoons. It was nearly night when the work was finished, and the march commenced back to the old camping-ground, most of the army having reached their winter encampment during the day.

The artillery and caissons had ploughed the road into a condition that made the marching of the men more like the working of a tread-mill than anything else. Here and there the road passed over clay land. These spots had been made pools of puddled clay, but their smooth surfaces looked, in the darkness, like stretches of sand. William Gabe, of Company K, taking one of them for solid ground, was disappointed, and tumbled in. He was fished out after one-half of his body was submerged. Daylight, next morning, showed him to be half

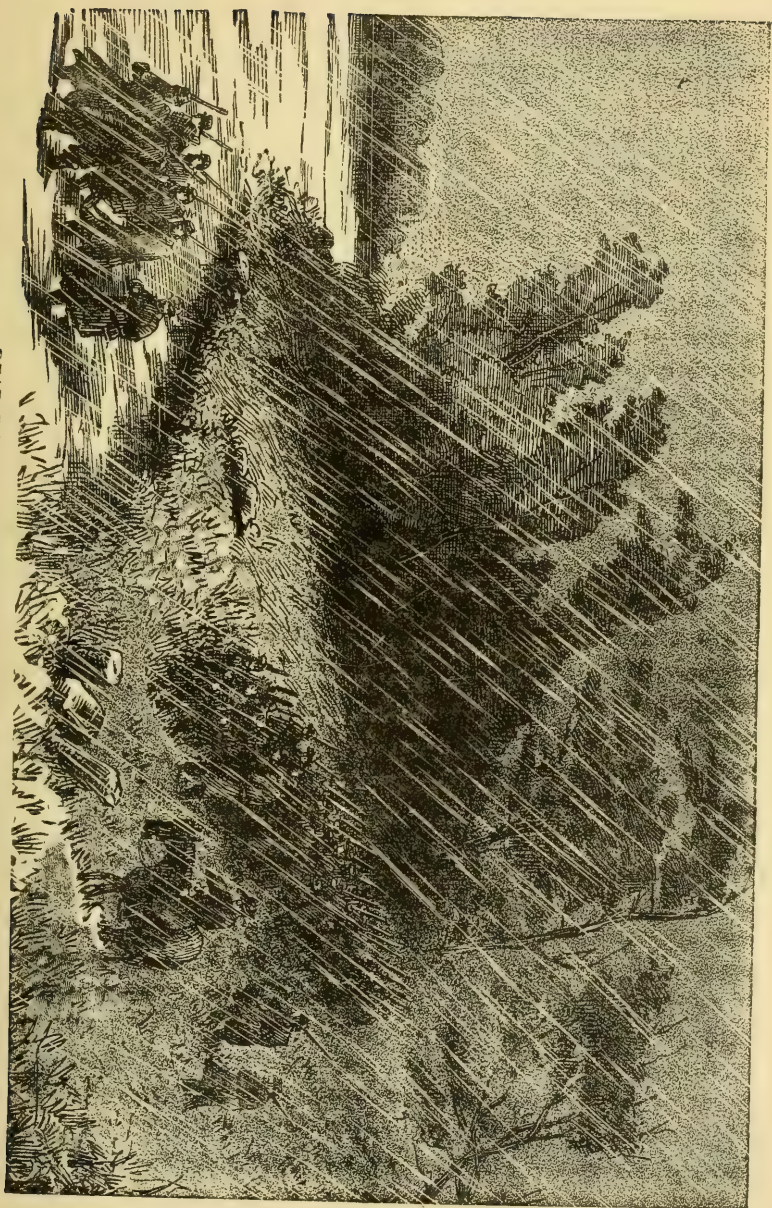
* The *Compte de Paris* says in his work, "The History of the Civil War in America," Vol. III., p. 113: "It (5th Corps) crossed over the two bridges, leaving the post of honor—which was the rear guard of the whole army—to the regular infantry." The text flatly contradicts this statement, and the text is right.

blue and half yellow—a sort of harlequin uniform, hitherto unknown in the army.

Passing Hartwood Church, sorely tempted by the familiar surroundings and the prospect of a substantial meal, several officers quietly dropped out. After a free indulgence in coffee, corn-bread, ham and hominy, they sought the farmer's woodshed, just for a little further rest. They had no notion of remaining but a moment, but weary and jaded they soon forgot themselves in sleep, and knew nothing of their whereabouts until the breaking day aroused them to the reality of their situation, and they hurriedly resumed their journey. They had progressed but a few miles when their tramp was suddenly interrupted by the approach of a general officer and his staff. The general officer proved to be General Wadsworth, who angrily inquired what spirit of demoralization was prevalent in the 5th Corps which would permit a half dozen officers to be straggling some five or ten miles from their command. He demanded to know their names and organizations. One of the number, quick at manufactured and ready responses, replied that they belonged to Colonel Johnson's 25th New York, and gave, as the reason for straggling, that the colonel had led off on the return march at such a rapid rate that it was impossible to keep up with him, and that weary and worn they had reluctantly fallen out, and were now making haste to rejoin their command. Fictitious names were furnished the general, who left with the remark that he would take pains to have General Griffin informed of the utter lack of discipline existing in his 25th New York Regiment. Whether Colonel Johnson ever heard of the affair was never ascertained; probably not, as the party, who themselves kept the matter concealed, never heard that he did. The 25th New York, too, had been purposely selected, as it was a two-years regiment, with its term about expiring, which made it less likely that the occurrence, with troops so soon to leave the service, would ever be seriously inquired into.

The half-dozen officers were not all who fell out by the way.

REAR GUARD RE-CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK.



As the regiment came to a piece of woods that seemed to invite by its shelter and material for fires, nearly all quietly left the lines and bivouacked. After the fighting and marching from the time the movement commenced, and the arduous duty that the regiment had been performing for over thirty consecutive hours, it was a fraction too much to expect them to march in mud and rain and blinding darkness, a distance of twelve miles or more.

The return to the Potomac Creek Camp did not wholly conclude the campaign. Through some misunderstanding the troops assigned to guard the pontoon train on its return march had permitted it to find its way home alone. When this apparent abandonment was known, considerable anxiety was manifested for its safety, and on the 8th a detachment of the 118th, under Major Herring, was sent to its assistance. He marched all day, bivouacking for the night at Berea Church, on the plantation of a Miss Withers, and there ascertaining the train had meanwhile safely reached its park, returned the next day to the regiment.

One of the detachment sent on this duty, a German, foot-sore and weary, on the return march gave out and sat down by the roadside, demoralized to the utmost. A teamster, driving by, upbraided him for falling out. Chris, for that was his name, in mixed English, answered: "Yah, dot is very nice for you fellers vot all the times rides mules, but if you has to valk on your own feet, you don't speak so much about it." The teamster, a good-natured fellow, told him to get on one of the mules, and, that he might do so, halted his team. Chris accomplished the feat of mounting the mule after several efforts, but in doing so he happened to touch his royal cussedness with his musket. A loud bray and the upward extension of a pair of hind heels followed, with a corresponding depression of the mule's forward part, and Chris and his musket departed from the mule, and slid along on the mud in front of the team. There was an exchange of profanity between the teamster and Chris, and the latter went limping on his way, a sadder and lamer man.



"THAT'S MY OVERCOAT!!!"

The mind of the army mule seemed to pervade not only its brain, but its ears, tail and heels. He was subject to sudden transitions from joy to sorrow, which were punctuated in his own way.

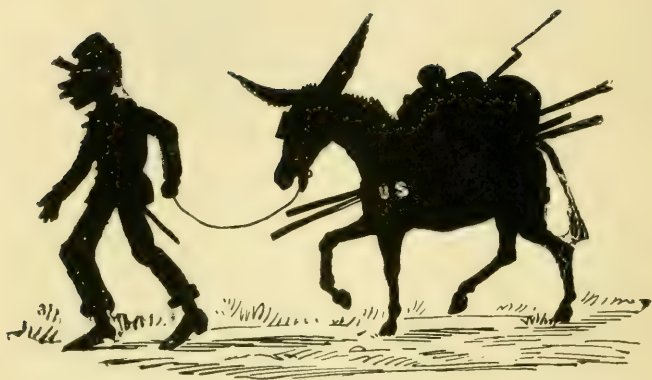
It was Gen. Hooker who invented the pack-mule system. The pack mule, when loaded on each side and with a medley of camp kettles and entrenching tools on top, was, to express it mildly, grotesque. Profanity was considered indispensable in mule-driving.

The value of the mule in the army was very great on account of its being less liable to injury than the horse, and because it could adapt itself to circumstances much better.

Before the war a dead mule was seldom seen. One would think they lived forever. Dead mules were very plenty in the army. They were hard to kill. They gnawed the poles off the wagons. To prevent this destruction they were wound around with hoop iron. Trees and brush were often dragged in front of the wagons for the mules to feed on.

It bore hard usage and scoffs and sneers with uncomplaining heroism, and was found dead on all the battlefields of the war. It was of inestimable value to the army, and it is doubtful if the varied operations could have been conducted without it.

Is it too much to say that to it, above some other distinguished claimants, should be given the credit of having saved the Union? And it has never been known to get a pension nor ask for one.



THE ARMY MULE.

BY TOM, OF CO. K.

For years upon years, very patiently, too,
I've waited for some one to give me my due.
The officers, soldiers, the batteries, flags,
The donkeys of all kinds, the cavalry's nags,
Have been mentioned with praise. It seems to me cruel
That none should remember the old army mule.

Though my voice is no longer so vibrant or strong,
At the last I am driven to sing my own song.
For, boys, you remember, as surely you must,
I brought up your rations through mud and through dust;

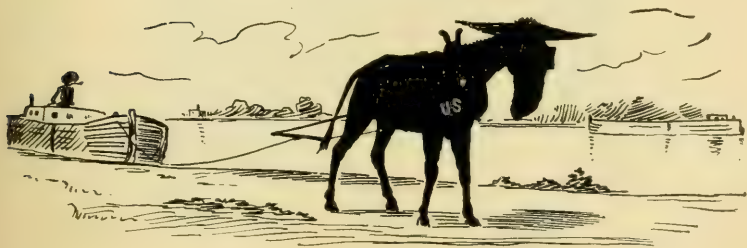
I raided the hard-tack; I chewed up the tents;
In somebody's ribs made a couple of dents,
And doubled the fellow who was such a fool
As to tickle the side of the old army mule.

I stopped when I chose; went on when it suited
Myself; not because I was beaten or booted.
We gave the bold Southrons a terrible licking;
While you did the fighting, 'twas I did the kicking.

If I share not the honors with you in your pride,
Why did they put US in plain sight on my side?
Ah! the war days are over; old friends have grown cool
To the broken-down, pensionless, old army mule.

As I creep down the tow-path, the old boat behind,
The days that have vanished come back to my mind
When forage was plenty; how luscious and sweet
The juicy, green oats and the young, tender wheat!

How often at night when the teams reached their goal,
And forage was missing, I had but a roll.
Ah! life on the tow-path, a tyrant to rule,
Will soon end the days of the old army mule!





JOHN LA BLANC,
Co. C.



SERGEANT HIRAM LAKE,
Co. K.

Neither General Griffin nor Colonel Prevost ever made an official report of the operations of the regiment or division. There are no official utterances in the records of the part taken in the engagement by the regiment, or the observations which came within its scope, except in General Meade's report of the corps, and General Barnes's of the brigade and General Sykes's of his division. Official reports necessarily avoid adverse comment or criticism, and they are all silent on the subject of the neglect to improve the opportunity offered for the occupation of the important ridge on the 30th, or its subsequent unfortunate abandonment, after it had been carried by Sykes's hard fighting on the 1st. Most of the contributions to war literature from both sides are, however, confirmatory of the impressions abroad in the army at the moment, and unhesitatingly pronounce the act a lamentable blunder.

Another futile effort had staggered a disappointed country, and Chancellorsville was numbered with the other disasters. But the Army of the Potomac, with its seventeen thousand one hundred and ninety-seven, killed, wounded and missing, its buoyancy checked, and its expectations unrealized, was still resolute of purpose, confident in strength, and firm in conviction that it would yet gain the mastery. Neither the army nor the people had yet learned that the irresistible Anglo-Saxon race, when its representatives were battling against each other, could only be subdued when one side or the other should be worn into submission.

For the want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For the want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For the want of a horse the general was lost,
For the want of a general the battle was lost,

Hooker lost his head entirely. The Army of the Potomac never had such a good opportunity to defeat Lee's army as it had at this battle. The order of withdrawal was a cause of astonishment to every intelligent soldier. No historian can ever gloss over the battle of Chancellorsville.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER CHANCELLORSVILLE—CAMP AT GOLD FARM, ALDIE,
MIDDLEBURG, UPPERVILLE, VA.

"JOIN THE CAVALRY."

CAME a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles ringing.

IN the course of a week after the collapse at Chancellorsville, by dint of close application, the regiment had slept, ate, and brushed itself into something like its normal condition.

Even Scipio Africanus, whose face had been uneasily solemn since the light from the bursting shell shone upon its terror in the wilderness, had so far recovered his spirits as to laugh at his adventure, and give his own version (not exactly truthful) of it to the other servants of the officers, as follows:

"I was jes standin' wid de offisuz, and bime-by, when nobody wuzn't thinkin' nuthin, de reb guns go boom! boom! an' de shells begin to fizz and screech, and drop roun' us like sparks from a skyrocket. Golly! we a'most think the end uv the world am cum fur sartin, an' we dun no which end. Den de cap'n ax me would I take a messuj to de rear; an' I starts wid de messuj, an' I didn't git but a piece when bang! der cum a shell an' bust right in front o' me; an' wun dis side, an' wun dat. I jes walk back and tell de cap'n dar ain't no rear. An' I tell yer, gemmen, de hones' trufe, my hair's a'most straight eber sense."

It was the mellow Virginia spring-time. The giant oaks and tapering pines had vanished. The vast forests had yielded to the winter's needs. The sturdy axes of the Northmen had cleared the acreage the great army covered, and made an arable soil ready for thrifty husbandmen when war should cease.

The spring-time brought with it no change of garb. There were no alterations fixed by fashion for the different seasons. The same shaped clothing, of the same texture and in the same

color, was suitable for winter and summer alike. Some of the officers affected a little tone by occasionally appearing in top-boots and corduroy pants, and neat-fitting jacket—sometimes, however, to their discomfiture.

Dress-parade was in progress on a genial afternoon, and General Griffin's presence had stiffened the men to their best endeavors. The adjutant was peculiarly happy, his natty jacket, well-polished top-boots outside his pants, and his neat-fitting corduroys setting off his shape immensely. But it was not uniform. He had reached the "Sir, the parade is formed," when the general, who had kept his eye upon him alone, could remain silent no longer. "No, it is not, sir!" said he, addressing the adjutant, "nor will it be until you return from your quarters clothed in the uniform of your rank; and, recollect, sir, with your pants outside of your boots." And then turning to the colonel, "I had hoped, sir, this would have received attention before I was compelled to notice it. You will bring your command to an order and await the adjutant's return."

The adjutant, meekly submissive, shortly appeared properly clothed and the ceremony was concluded. His subsequent orders lacked much of the snap with which he opened.

At other times a disposition to be unduly careless met with like reproof. General Griffin, during the hour for company drills, riding through the division to observe the regard paid to this requirement, happened upon a captain of repute, who wore a brown knit jacket instead of an officer's coat. The captain continued to manœuvre his company, with that special care and little self-importance always assumed when in the presence of superiors. The general interrupted him several times, addressing him as sergeant. The captain resented the application of the title and was at some pains to repeatedly announce his rank. The general was equally firm in his insistence upon the designation he had first used, and ultimately explained he could recognize no commissioned officer in such an unsightly garb discharging the duties of his office. He ordered the captain to repair to his quarters and change his coat, and that meanwhile

he would take charge of the company. He drilled it for some time and when the captain returned in his uniform, addressing him by his title, administering some wholesome advice upon the subject of dress, dignity, and use of the insignia of rank, directed him to continue the exercises.

In seasons of idleness the soldier delighted in promulgating stories of operations stupendous for their magnitude or ridiculous from their absurdity. Of the latter were those which encouraged the credulous to look for assignment in the vicinity of some large northern city, or to garrison duty in the coast defences. These the lingo of the day denominated "soft snaps."

The source of these rumors, when least likely to be true, or so choice in the selection of assignments as to be wholly beyond realization, were generally traced to the company cooks, and were usually dismissed by the incredulous and thoughtful as "cook-house talk." One prevalent about this time, that gained some credence because of its continuance, was that the 118th was shortly to be sent to Pennsylvania for duty at the arsenals and supply depots. Gradually these stories drifted into forgetfulness, but not before severe imprecations were heaped on the poor cooks for concocting such baseless fabrications.

The 25th New York, with others of the earlier regiments from that State, were enlisted for two years. The term of service was about expiring. According to the computation made by the men the time had expired, but by the government calculation there was still another month due. This month's service it was determined should be exacted. As a result of this decision the regiment first became refractory and ultimately mutinous. Their officers could neither enforce duty nor exact obedience, and threats to forcibly resist all authority resulted in the regiment being kept continually under guard. This unpleasant duty fell upon the other organizations of the brigade, and for the entire month a wing of a regiment always had the rebellious regiment in charge.

They were also kept on short rations. But their guards felt

that they were being unjustly treated, and exhibited their sympathy by looking another way and patrolling in another direction, while bags of hard-tack and quantities of pork, sugar, coffee, fresh beef, etc., were passed in to the New Yorkers by the comrades who had shared the toils, privations, and dangers of the war with them.

There were several instances of ignominious and degrading punishment. Ten non-commissioned officers specially named in an order from army head-quarters were directed to have their chevrons publicly torn from their uniforms. They were men well known for their excellent soldierly qualities. The disgrace attending such a punishment cut them keenly and aroused much sympathy in their behalf. Major Herring, who was in command of the guard on whom the disagreeable task of executing the order fell, and whose honorable, soldierly nature made him feel keen sympathy for these men, interested himself for a mitigation, and by a personal appeal to General Meade secured a modification of the order by permitting the men privately to remove their own marks of rank.

These stern and severe measures, condemned by the rank and file, were of excellent service in preventing a repetition of such conduct under like conditions subsequently. The same question arose when the term of the three years' troops ended; the men insisting upon an earlier date for their discharge, and the government demanding a later one. But the men yielded without turbulence. Such violence over the much wider field covered by the three years' expirations might have produced irreparable disaster.

Good weather and dry roads affording comfortable locomotion, there were frequent interchanges of social courtesies. As a class, soldiers in the field are of an eminently social turn and lose no opportunities to extend or accept hospitalities.

There was one occasion, about this time, of greater magnitude than others, but typical in a general way of all, whether of greater or less dimensions. General Barnes was trusted for his abilities, admired for his attainments, and esteemed for the

thoughtful care with which he watched the needs of his soldiers. It was resolved to make manifest the appreciation of his high soldierly qualifications, and the ardent personal regard for him as a commanding officer, in something substantial. A general officer's sword, sash and belt and horse equipment of superior workmanship and costly material, were selected as suitable gifts, and it was decided that the occasion of the presentation should be made memorable by feast, wine, wit, and song.

It was a notable assemblage. Officers of rank and distinction from everywhere throughout the army were there, and, apparently, all the officers of all grades from the 5th Corps. The feast, skilfully prepared by Northern caterers, was bountiful. Salads, meats, ices, sauces were in abundance. The innocent insinuating "fish-house" punch, the toothsome, appetizing bitters, and a preparation of gin, cordials, sugar and lemons, all deftly concocted, invitingly floated in cask, tub, and barrel, persuasively suggestive, silent and speechless as they were, of immense hilarity and a "lordly load." Reason graced the banquet, while with ready tongue and easy phrase the officer chosen, because he could do it well, in earnest emphasis told of the purpose of the gathering, and gracefully presented the gift selected. And then, when the general had fittingly responded, and the feast had been properly disposed of, wit and humor, song and story triumphantly asserted their mastery. They reigned supreme until the beverage was exhausted. And with the coming morn the last lingering minstrel sought his quarters, singing, "The cock may crow, the day may dawn, but still we'll taste the barley bree."

Memory recalls to the active participants in such affairs in those days another one that bore fitting parallel with this. Sedgwick's old division of the 2d Corps was much attached to him. As a mark of their appreciation, after he had been assigned to the 6th Corps, and while that corps lay at Warrenton, in the summer of '63, he was presented with a splendid horse, with trappings in keeping with the character of the animal. The ceremony of presentation was accompanied by a

feast equal in all respects to that which attended General Barnes's.

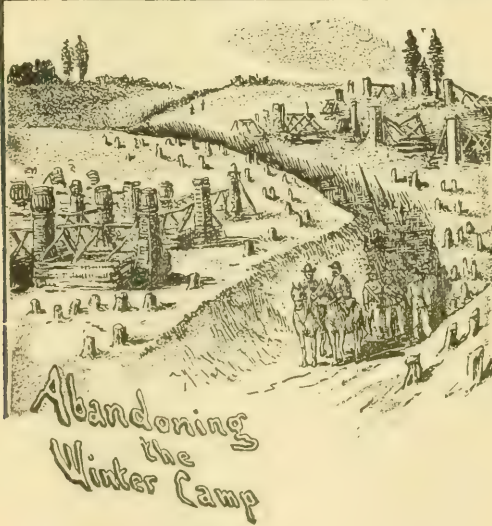
A notable incident happened at its conclusion, which, as it soon became the common property of the army, justifies its introduction here.

A distinguished brigade commander had quaffed deeply, to a stage of seeming generous merriment. Withdrawing, after the night had waned into the small hours, to the spot where his patient orderly had, presumably through all the weary time, watched his horse, his generosity for such a lengthy service overcame his dignity, and, lurching forward to mount, he steadied himself and, addressing the soldier in maudlin tones, said: "By George, Orderly, with all this hilarity abroad, do you know, I'd like to take a drink with you, but," then recovering himself he continued, sternly, "it wouldn't do, sir, it wouldn't do, sir. By George, sir, you're an orderly, sir, and I am a general, sir; recollect that, sir." From the orderly's reply it was quite evident he had found opportunity to refresh. Promptly asserting himself, he quickly responded, "By George, General, hadn't you better wait till you're asked?"

It was too much for the general, in his then condition, even to administer a reproof. He did not give the story away himself, but the whole occurrence had been overheard, and for many a day he was pleasantly twitted with the incident.

On the 25th of May Colonel Prevost permanently retired. His wounds wholly incapacitated him for active service in the field, and he was subsequently appointed to a regimental command in the invalid corps. His departure was quiet. His preference always to avoid display or demonstration was, on this occasion, a serious disappointment to his followers, who would have preferred, in some appropriate way, to have manifested their regrets at the separation. Colonel Prevost's high culture, superior military attainments and conspicuous gallantry had materially aided in maintaining the excellent standing the regiment bore at home and in the field. Though misfortune so early attended him, and prevented the continued dis-

charge of the duties of his office, his strong personal character gave a marked prominence to the organization while he retained the commission of colonel. The regard for him as a man, and respect for and confidence in him as a commanding officer, caused the separation to be deeply felt and his loss to be greatly regretted.



Rumor had not quieted. There were many conceptions and frequent suggestions of what the enemy were about to do; but late in May, without opportunity to gain information, instinct seemed to point to the conclusion, in the language of the boxer, that Lee was about "to spar for an opening." Events were

now rapidly culminating to justify this opinion.

On the 26th the picket details on the right flank of the army were strengthened, and a very unusual number—twelve hundred—from the brigade, under Major Herring as the brigade officer, were detached for that duty. And then on the 29th the old camp was abandoned, this time forever, and the whole right of

the army was extended first some twenty miles to Grove Church and the next day still farther, to the vicinity of Morrisville, about six miles southeast of Bealton, a station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and some twelve miles in the same general direction from the familiar location of Warrenton Junction. The old soldiers, subtle fellows, consoled themselves with such remarks as, "We aint going to attack nothing; Lee is marching around our flank, see if he aint, and we're only watchin' to see that he sha'n't."

Men who had camped in forests and battled in the wilderness, who for months knew only of broad dales and open fields by journeying through them in rapid march, viewed the beauties and verdure of lower Farquier with a higher conception of the surroundings than the actual scenery justified. Farquier claimed to be famous among the richest of Virginia's counties, and "Gold Farm," on the lands of the Liberty Gold Mining Company, a few miles from Morrisville, in an open, arable region, was a choice location, and the camp was as carefully constructed upon it as the ground allotted would permit. A wood, bordered with majestic oaks, skirted its edge, and, in front, field and meadow rolled, boundless, out of view.

To the north and east, far in the distance, Bull Run mountains stood, green in early summer foliage, historic reminders of their silent sentinel duty, as they watched the fierce struggles which bear their name, wax hotly at their base. The productive soil, uncultivated and abandoned, was everywhere abundant with the golden field-daisies. Grass and weed and wild flower were alone the yield, when in the thrifty times of peace, at this most fruitful season, corn and wheat and oats had covered all these prolific acres.

There was an occasional cow browsing by the mansion house, but flocks and herds had disappeared, and a vast extent of pasturage lay waste and fallow. All the vigorous men had gone, and caustic matrons, defiant maidens, watched jealously the little garden truck, the single cow, the depleted smoke-house, the scant granary, and the attenuated fowls, the meagre

representatives of all their life-sustaining assets. And yet, venomous and uncompromising as these women were, they could not resist the temptation to barter a part of their scanty store for the reliable currency of their adversaries.

The Liberty Gold Mining Company, in prosperous times, had made a venture for the mining and reduction of the precious metal, said to exist in limited quantities in that locality. A stamp mill, in good repair, needing but the application of power, and a sufficiency of the gold-bearing quartz rock to put it in operation, standing idle and abandoned, was all that remained of the enterprise. It was a novel and unexpected find, and the curious and ingenious Yankees in the brigade whiled away their leisure in carefully inspecting the machinery. Either the war or a scarcity of metal had brought the venture to disaster.

On one of the marches Sergeant Chas. Brightmyer, of Company G, shot a pig, and carried a portion of twenty-five pounds all day in his knapsack, and was feeling very good at the idea of getting a good supper that evening after a long and hard march. About dark the regiment went into camp. Fires were made and water brought, and Brightmyer was in very good humor. When he returned from the creek, preparing his supper, on opening his knapsack, to his amazement, he beheld a stone that weighed about thirty pounds. Brightmyer was struck dumb with amazement. He looked bewildered. I do not think he "cussed," because that would not do the subject justice. He looked at the stone with a death stare; but he suspected Mulchay, and he went to Mulchay's knapsack, and there he found his porker. He wanted to kill Mulchay, had the soldiers not interfered and pulled him off by main force. His eyes blazed, and looked like those of a tiger. I would not have been in Mulchay's shoes for all the pork in Virginia.

Captain White made Mulchay carry that stone for two days to pacify Brightmyer. The badinage Mulchay had to endure from his fun-loving comrades during those two days was heavier than the stone he toted around.

distant booming of guns came from the right and front. The entire cavalry force of the army—the infantry column was intended to join it—had struck the whole of the enemy's cavalry in the vicinity of Beverly Ford and Brandy Station. The first distinctive cavalry fight of the war, spirited and brilliant, it was a laurel fitted to be woven in the chaplet, with the many other splendid achievements of that most efficient arm of the service. The brigade was sent to cover the recrossing at Kelly's Ford, but the troops had all withdrawn before it reached there.

Important papers, found with Stuart's headquarters baggage, captured at Brandy Station, and the information gained in connection with the operations of the 6th Corps at Franklin's Crossing, indicated that the entire army of northern Virginia was moving towards the Valley of the Shenandoah; and on the 13th, at eight o'clock in the evening, the Gold Farm Camp was broken and the column moved to Morrisville, where, at ten o'clock, it bivouacked for the rest of the night. On the 14th, from eleven o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, the command poked along with halting, tedious delays, through Weavertown to Catlett's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. From thence the following day a tiresome continuous march was made, between five in the morning and nine in the evening, to Manassas Junction.

This region had been tramped over, fought over and camped upon at intervals for two years by both armies, and yet much of the fencing was still standing. It fell, however, before the exacting requirements of the 5th Army Corps. A negro, occupying a spacious mansion, sought to preserve the fence in the immediate vicinity of the brigade, by the doubtful assurance that his "marster," who "sot him free" when the "wah" broke out, had "done and give him" the fee of all his lands. The soldiers were skeptical. They traced the motive, or thought they did, for his "marster's" munificence, if the story had any foundation, to his conclusion that the vandals would avoid spoliation where the negro claimed an ownership. So they

laudably agreed to compromise by only burning the rails in half, as a fire in the centre would answer their purpose for cooking, and permitting the colored recipient of his "marster's" bounty to still retain the two ends. The darkey could not exactly see what benefit he should derive from this concession, but succumbed to the inevitable.

The bivouac was upon the margin of a stream, the bed of which was dry. Upon the banks was a growth of stunted timber. There was a scarcity of water and an abundance of toads, and if one or more saw fit to abide for a time in the limited quantity available for drinking or cooking, the water was considered no less desirable. Captain Donegan, with



BIVOUAC ON BULL RUN BATTLE-FIELD.

much difficulty, had secured sufficient for a single cup of coffee. He had prepared the beverage, and while awaiting its cooling, a friendly toad took possession until forced out by the high temperature. It in no way destroyed the captain's appetite. His only regret was that he lost what the reptile had splashed over the sides.

On the 17th, at six o'clock in the morning, the column moved on again over the plains of Manassas, passing the Henry House, famous as the spot where the stalwart regular division held the victorious enemy until darkness permitted the withdrawal of the broken and shattered fragments of Pope's

disordered battalions—famous, too, in both the Bull Run battles as a point where the struggle waged the fiercest. Torn and shattered by shot and shell, the residence had still an occupant. A citizen, sullen and uncommunicative, stood in the doorway while the troops passed by. The battle-field was yet thickly strewn with leather accoutrements, shoes, canteens, the skins of dead animals, and all sorts of abandoned military property. Then the route lay by the Warrenton Turnpike, over the stone bridge spanning Bull Run, through Centreville, and thence to Gum Springs, on the Little River, or Leesburg Turnpike, where, at six o'clock, the day's march of twelve hours concluded. The march had exhausted some of the strongest. The heat was intense, and water scarce. Lieutenant-Colonel Gleason, of the 25th New York, overcome by the heat, died from sunstroke, and was buried in the evening in the little village church-yard, with suitable military honors. The men put leaves in their hats and cut boughs as a protection from the fierce rays of the sun. At a little distance, with some appeal to the imagination, there was a faint resemblance to a moving forest, and the well-known passage in Macbeth was recalled, "'Till Bernam wood do come to Dunsinane," and, for the moment, diverted attention from the remorseless burning sun, the dry, parched throat, and choking, penetrating dust.

The fatigues had been intensified by the tedious delays habitually attending wagon guard-duty, which that day had fallen upon the regiment. There was heavy cannonading out the turnpike in the direction of the Bull Run Mountains. A conviction had grown that Lee's purpose was invasion, but the suggestion that Pennsylvania was his ultimate destination was scarcely credited.

The bivouac at Gum Springs continued until two o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th, when the march was resumed along an excellent turnpike road, terminated at five o'clock at Aldie, a post village of Loudon county, lying quaint and picturesque in a gap in the Bull Run Mountains. Beyond, towering above

the lesser range, the distant Blue Ridge loomed up majestically. A swift-flowing stream, upon the banks of which the little hamlet lies, trends northward and bears the waters of the valley and the mountain's side to the Potomac.

Goose Creek, for such is the undignified name it bears, seems recently to have been considerably noticed in the river and harbor appropriation bill. A fund was set apart to deepen its waters and remove its shoals. The old Potomac soldier would stand aghast at the likelihood of successfully navigating such a stream. One of the command, who looked like a truthful man, said that in the course of a two hours' march, in nearly a straight line, he had crossed the creek seventeen times.

The turnpike forked at the village, one branch crossing the Blue Ridge at Ashby's Gap to the southwestward, and the other at Snicker's to the northwestward. The Ashby Gap branch passes through Middleburg, Upperville and Paris, and the Snicker's Gap branch through Leesburg.

There were evidences of hard cavalry fighting all around the town. It was the point whence had come the sounds of artillery heard on the arrival at Gum Springs. The cavalry had had a severe tussle, and the engagement at Aldie was already known as a well-fought fight. Our cavalry were pressing for the gaps in the Blue Ridge for opportunity for observation of the Shenandoah Valley beyond, where the bulk of the rebel infantry was believed to be in motion; and Stuart was contending vigorously to prevent it. Wounded men lay upon litters of straw near the roadside and in the yards of the houses. Dead horses were scattered about, and lost and abandoned arms and trappings were numerous.

The band and scattered remnants of Colonel Duffie's 1st Rhode Island Regiment were in the town. A sergeant who had been badly sabred was taken prisoner and afterwards escaped. He graphically described the gallant fight made by his regiment. The regiment had been sent for observation from Centreville, through Thoroughfare Gap, with instructions to keep on to Middleburg. Stuart meanwhile advancing east-

wardly from Ashby's Gap, with intent to secure the gaps at Aldie, struck Gregg, with whom he became actively engaged.

Duffie drove a rebel brigade from Thoroughfare Gap, and, following out his instructions, to keep on to Middleburg, approached the place towards Stuart's rear, and so disconcerted him that Stuart, believing he was about to be cut off by a formidable force, hurriedly withdrew to Rector's Cross Roads to concentrate against Duffie. Subsequently the several rebel brigades, recovering from their discomfiture, advanced on Middleburg from different directions. Duffie had posted his troopers so skilfully, taking advantage of barricades and stone fences, that he was enabled to repel several assaults; but attacked by overwhelming numbers, he finally retreated by the road on which he had advanced, with the loss of some two-thirds of his command. So eminently successful was Duffie's resistance, so skilfully had he posted his line, that Stuart officially mentioned, subsequently, how manfully so light a force had combated him in all his strength for such a length of time. These operations were a severe blow to the enemy. He lost the pass at Aldie: Hooker had possession of Loudon county, and the marching column was thrown far to the westward.

The brigade remained at Aldie on the 20th and until two o'clock on the morning of the 21st. The cavalry meantime had been manœuvring and reconnoitring preparatory to another effort at Ashby's Gap. By break of day the infantry column was well on towards Middleburg, and by daylight, with Gregg's brigade of cavalry in advance and Vincent's 3d brigade on their left, it had entered the town.

Beyond the town the country is open for a distance, then there is a wood, and beyond it again rises a hill of considerable elevation, the white turnpike winding up its slope. The plains, the woods and the hill had been the scene of a severe cavalry fight a few days before. The struggle was for the eminence, the charges against which the enemy appeared to have successfully resisted. Their artillery, well served from the crest, seemed, from the character of wounds on the bodies of the

dead animals which lay around in large numbers, to have done the principal work. In one instance a twelve-pound solid shot, entering the breast, had gone entirely through the body and passed out at the tail. The roadway and fields were thickly strewn with the bodies of the horses killed in the action, and in the yard of a house, from around which the fences had been removed, there were eighteen. As their trappings indicated, they were of both sides ; it was evident they had met there in a charge. This action bears the name of the "engagement at Middleburg," and it, together with Duffie's valorous resistance, has made the town famous in the history of the Gettysburg campaign.

Middleburg was a village of some six hundred inhabitants, with two churches and a few stores, in the midst of a well-tilled, productive region. Its men, thrifty and industrious, with all the prosperous plenty of their surroundings, had lost taste for peaceful callings and were away to do battle with the rest of Virginia's disloyal manhood for the disruption of their common country.

About eight o'clock the brigade pushed through Middleburg and deployed. The 118th held the right, and the line extended to high ground overlooking the position Stuart had selected to await attack. The extent of his front was plainly observable. The Union right was well beyond his left. That the infantry on the right might be concealed, the pieces were ordered at the trail. It did not seem to be effectively done, for apparently, discovering their presence and feeling the pressure of the dispositions made by Vincent's brigade on the left, the enemy started to withdraw. Of this the cavalry took prompt advantage, and with skirmishers, and the whole line at a trot advanced handsomely. It was but momentary, before the lines impinged, and the infantry had the rare opportunity of a full view of a cavalry charge. The two lines intermingled in apparent inextricable confusion. Sabres flashed, men yelled, horses reared. There was cutting, slashing, cheering ; riderless horses dashed madly to the rear, or, lost and perplexed,

ran aimlessly up and down the line. For an instant it seemed the onslaught would be repulsed, but one by one the enemy unwound themselves from the writhing mass and found safety in flight. Stuart was badly worsted, and some of his horse artillery, the gunners sabred at their pieces, were a trophy of the fight.

The disorganized squadrons were speedily assembled, and the movement continued towards Upperville, the cavalry leading.

A batch of some fifty prisoners, fine, sturdy fellows, passed by the column. They were rather a communicative set, and loud in their commendations of the fighting and riding of our cavalry, one shouting vociferously, "You'ns will soon be as good as we'ns." The enemy would occasionally halt on a commanding position, but retire before deployment was perfected, preserving his lines creditably in spite of the hammering of the Union guns.

The country is a succession of ridge and valley, of field, meadow and wood. The houses, substantial and spacious, indicated intelligent farming and industrious thrift. A prominent feature of the landscape, as viewed from the ridges, were the stone fences. They intersected each other in every direction and at all angles. There were none of any other material, and the field patch-work of green, divided by such distinctive lines, was marked and picturesque. They were utilized, at times, to obstruct the advance. But there was no material obstruction. The march was a succession of halts and advances, ployments and deployments. The purpose of the enemy was, seemingly, to force the delays incident to the changes from column to line and line to column.

It is about nine miles from Middleburg to Upperville, and there the enemy made a more determined resistance. Upperville is directly at the base of the mountains at the entrance to the gap. Both bodies entered the town together. The contest was close, the fight vigorous. Pistol-shot and sabre-stroke were indiscriminately used, and the angered combatants jammed

and choked the roadway. From the cover of fences and dwellings dismounted cavalry greatly annoyed the charging column, but it pressed the enemy successfully through the village and into the gap, up the defiles, thence towards the summit, where they rallied at the little hamlet of Paris. There the enemy's infantry appeared in the shape of a portion of Longstreet's corps, and Stuart taking refuge behind it, the affair at Upperville terminated.

So determined and valorous were the Union cavalry during the conflict, that many who had received sabre-wounds on the face and arms rode to the moving hospital in the rear to have their wounds dressed, and then returned to the front in hot haste to take further part in the battle. The brigade, which had been moved into the village at the double-quick in the height of the fight, bivouacked there for the night.

Of these cavalry charges General Vincent, who a few days later fell at Little Round Top, while gallantly protecting it against overwhelming odds, officially speaks in his report of the operations of his brigade: "The charges of cavalry, a sight I had never before witnessed, were truly inspiring, and the triumphant strains of the bands, as squadron after squadron pushed the enemy in his flight up the hills towards the gap, gave us a feeling of regret that we too were not mounted and could not join in the charge."

The evening, a pleasant one, was not permitted to pass without cultivating social relations with the cavalry, and extending congratulations upon their brilliant achievements at Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville. The most prominent guest was Colonel Taylor, of the 1st Pennsylvania, among the most distinguished of Pennsylvania cavalry soldiers; and his regiment, originally the lamented Bayard's, was among those famous for daring through all the years of the war.

There was but a limited opportunity, in the absence of trains, to extend very bountiful hospitality, and scarce any to satisfy the hunger of which the cavalry officers most complained. Fortunately appliances and material were at hand to concoct

the "Hooker's Retreat," a beverage that had gained an immense celebrity since the battle of Chancellorsville. The formula of simple ingredients was well known to Crocker, Thomas and Donaldson. They so skilfully and frequently adjusted its combinations that the ravenous appetites were stayed, hunger disappeared in hilarity, and the entertainment closed harmoniously as the midnight hour was fast approaching. The colonel, who had complained at the beginning that he had not been so hungry for "eleventeen hundred" years, generously remarked as he withdrew, he had never, in his lifetime, so hugely relished such a nourishing meal.

Upperville, at the base of the mountains and entrance to the gap, is a smart little Vir-

ginia village. The crops had been neglected and the advancing season gave no indication of the summer harvests. The population, some two or three hundred, was considerably depleted. Its strong men, familiar with all the roads and mountain passes, were

Often seen on Stumpless Envelope of Soldier's Letter.

Soldier's letter. Not a cent;

Empty shelter—lost its rent—

Uncle Sam, just let her through.

I'll get my back pay, then pay you.

doubtless the sinews of the partisan warfare so judiciously and successfully waged in this and the neighboring localities.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 22d the infantry column commenced its return movement by the turnpike, in the direction of Middleburg and Aldie. The cavalry closely followed and the enemy were not far behind. Occasionally the proximity was annoying, and our cavalry massed to resist their charge. Then followed a halt and no further demonstration. The masses deployed again, but were compelled to frequently repeat the same manœuvres by the enemy's repetitions of his hesitating tactics. Approaching Middleburg there was unmistakable evidence of massing for a determined effort, when our columns were opened, the roadway cleared, and a battery speedily unlimbered. With a little excellent practice the pur-

suing force rapidly disappeared. Except a few occasional shots at long range, the march progressed to Aldie without further incident. There at five o'clock the brigade went into bivouac on the right of the road, opposite Sykes's division of regulars. As there seemed a prospect for more than a night's delay, shelter-tents were brought into requisition, and a comfortable camp established.

The regulars were an orderly, proper set. They went about

their business in a methodical, mechanical way, preserving a painful silence. Their habits were strange, contrasted with the volunteers, whose lusty shouts when they "broke ranks" never failed to exhibit anger or merriment as the day's tramp had pleased or incommoded.

Mosby had not been idle. This region was his "happy hunting-ground," and the 5th and other



ALBERT HAVERSTICK.

Corps trains had suffered somewhat from his forays. Fortunately the wagons of the division escaped entirely. From the limited supply of clothing they contained an issue was made, fractional as compared with the needs which, with the heavy work already done and the still heavier likely to follow, were increasing daily.

These were the dark days of the Union, darker than any since Valley Forge. What followed lifted the gloom and relieved the depression that had well nigh strangled the manly efforts of a loyal people.



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE.

GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

5th Corps, commanded by Maj.-Gen. George Sykes.
1st Division, commanded by Brig.-Gen. James Barnes.
1st Brigade, 18th Mass., Col. Jos. Hayes.
22d Mass., Lt.-Col. Thos. Sherwin, Jr.
1st Mich., Col. Ira C. Abbott.
118th Penna., Lt.-Col. Jas. Gwyn.

CHAPTER IX.

GETTYSBURG.

OUR bugles sang truce for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

LEE'S design was manifest. The forcing of his cavalry westward may have interrupted, but did not alter his purpose. A Northern invasion, skilfully planned, had been consummated, and the famed historic Potomac had ceased to be the border which controlled the strife. Lee's legions had put the Potomac river behind them, and the unsuspecting farmers of Maryland and Pennsylvania were startled in the very early summer time by the advance of his mighty army. The loyal people of the North, although confident and reliant, stood aghast in awful pause, anxiously awaiting the impending conflict. The army, with no knowledge of these anxieties, with

no fear of consequences, tractable, obedient, enthusiastic, was assured of its strength, confident of its ability. It trudged along complacently to again measure swords with its old adversary. This time not through the swamp, forest, wilderness and bog of the enemy's less favored clime, but through the open fields, over the broad dales, and down the gently-rolling valleys of its own native heath.

Four days sufficed for whatever necessitated the stoppage at Aldie, and the march begun which culminated in battle on the distant field of Gettysburg. On the 26th, in a drizzling rain, by the broad turnpike road through Leesburg, the column moved to Edwards' Ferry, near the mouth of the now famous Goose Creek, and there crossed the Potomac.

It would have been impossible for the regiment to have a dress-parade upon this march. Wardrobes among the soldiers were so scanty that the clothing which was not upon their backs could easily have been disposed of in a pantaloons pocket. The extra garments usually consisted of a pair of socks. Dress-coats did not average one to a dozen men.

As the government did not furnish perambulating laundries for the convenience of the enlisted men, each man was forced to do his own washing. When the army halted near a suitable stream, the men disrobed and each washed his only shirt. When the march was resumed the dilapidated and tattered remnants of more prosperous days were tied to the bayonets, and flapped in the wind as the army moved on. An army with banners truly ; not beautiful, but picturesque.

Leesburg and the ferry, so near ill-fated Ball's Bluff, revived memories of that disastrous fray and sad recollections of its consequences. They gave way before the buoyancy and relief that was always felt by the old Potomac soldier when he left war-blasted, inhospitable Virginia behind him and trod again the fair fields of Maryland. The long June days and brief summer nights made short bivouacs.

The Monocacy was forded below Frederick City. The water was waist-deep. Just before the city was reached the men

came to a remarkable spring. It gushed from a horizontal cleft in a rock about three feet from the ground, and in a stream fully a foot broad, with such force that a tin-kettle not held firmly in the hand would be dashed several feet away. The water was icy cold, and the tired, hot, thirsty soldiers eagerly and gladly availed themselves of the refreshment it offered.

For both days all there was of daylight and part of the night had been allotted, with but few irregular and short intervals for rest, to the march.

"Old Four Eyes," such was the happy synonym for Meade, when he was too distant to observe and too far off to hear, was much berated; and the officers who led the column, in shocking epithet and vulgar phrase, were repeatedly consigned to the cruel fate of being shot to death by musketry for their inconsiderate disregard of comforts and conveniences. All hard usage was forgotten, all harsh epithets were changed to commendations, when it was learned that, by this severe measure, General Meade had successfully interposed his corps between Stuart and the main Confederate army, and, as it subsequently appeared, this deprived Lee of the valuable services of that indefatigable chieftain with his cavalry at Gettysburg.

It was a fitting closing triumph of Meade's career as a corps commander. On the 28th, in recognition of his abilities, his energy, his courage and his patriotism, he was selected to succeed Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac, who, at his own request, had been relieved. General Sykes, an officer of splendid reputation, high soldierly attainments and superior military education, by virtue of his seniority, became General Meade's successor. There were some mild comments among the rank and file, in homely phrase, as to the propriety of "swapping horses in crossing a stream," but it had no material effect on the *morale* or temper of the army. The soldiers were occasionally demonstrative when attempts were made to arouse enthusiasm, but matters were generally viewed more stolidly than in the earlier days of the war.

Frederick City had seen a good deal of soldiers, and the sol-

diers knew much of it. There is always temptation "to do a village" when in close vicinity. In spite of stringent orders, many of the men eluded the efforts put forth for their enforcement, made merry with the townsfolk, ate at hotel tables and drank at hotel bars, on the day and evening of the 27th, during all of which time the halt continued near the town.

On Monday, the 29th, the "general" sounded about eight o'clock, and by eleven the column was in full swing through Frederick. It was quite a parade occasion. The citizens lined the sidewalks and crowded the windows. The reception was generous and the people demonstrative. There was neither hesitation nor stint in a very general expression of hope that, in the approaching conflict, success might attend the Union arms. At two o'clock, the general direction of the march being a little east of north, the column passed through Mount Pleasant, and at seven o'clock bivouacked beyond and near Liberty, still in Frederick county. The march, though not lengthy, was a hard one and stragglers were numerous, but the evening roll-call brought a full response.

The troops were in a section wholly unacquainted with great bodies of armed men. Thickly peopled, highly cultivated, alternating between wood, meadow and field, it rolled in easy undulations, and from its gently rising knolls one scene of rich grandeur appeared as the other faded from view. The grasses had been garnered; vast fields of golden grain were ripening; oats and corn were advancing. The rich green and golden yellow were beauties of landscape and evidence of thrift, striking in their contrast with the wasted fields, bared woodlands and fenceless farms of exhausted, battle-scarred Virginia. Over the succulent meadows and on the green sloping hillsides flocks and herds revelled in fattening pasturage. Poultry was plentiful, milk, butter and eggs abundant. The country store bartered its wares and the roadside inn supplied its guests. The miller had grists to grind, the blacksmith his horses to shoe, the wheelwright his wagons to build. Peace, plenty, thrift, prosperity everywhere abounded. The men feasted in

the luxuries of this region of abundance. Men, maidens, matrons and children gazed in wonderment as the column hurried through their villages, and gathered around the bivouacs eager listeners to the soldiers' stories of war. As the names of their towns, Liberty and Union, indicated, the citizens of Frederick and Carroll county were a loyal people, and the sturdy farmers bade the soldiers be of good cheer and tarry not until their lands were freed from the ruthless invader.

On the 30th it rained. By break of day the bivouac was astir and at four o'clock the column had lengthened for its all day march. The brigade had the advance. The direction was still about north by east. By eight o'clock Unionville, some twelve miles from Liberty, was passed and then Union at ten. There were few intervals for rest. At Union Mills, with upwards of twenty miles accomplished, the command, at six o'clock, halted for the night. It was the turn of the 118th for picket, and its march continued some distance farther. Union Mills is in Carroll county, seventeen miles from the Pennsylvania line.

The 1st of July was bright and bracing. Bivouac was broken at ten o'clock and the march conducted under the most stringent, exacting orders, probably, ever published during the war. Under no pretext whatever should a man be permitted to leave the column. Disobedience of this order, any attempt to straggle, would be followed by instant death. Officers were instructed to march in rear of their companies and rigidly enforce the execution of the order. Although the emergency was urgent, such a cruel and unusual measure was scarcely justifiable. As soon as the men understood the situation, they needed no stimulant to untiring exertion, nor any threat of punishment, but put forth every energy they possessed. The disagreeable duty of rear-guard to the brigade fell upon details from the regiment, and Captain Donaldson was assigned to its command. His instructions were to rigorously enforce the order and execute its penalties. Any failure on his part to discharge the painful duty would be followed by arrest and court-

martial. All men found skulking by the roadside, regardless of their organization, were to be forced into the brigade ranks. Drivers of pack-horses, cooks, servants and other non-combatants were to be seized, placed in the ranks and made to do duty as soldiers. The captures from this class were meagre. An intimation of the instructions must have reached them and they found safety in concealment or flight. One poor fellow, in charge of a head-quarter pack-horse, was not so fortunate. He was a poor, weak-minded creature, utterly unfitted for a fight and suitable only for such employment as his detail required. His horse was turned over to a contraband; he was furnished with gun and accoutrements and a place in the ranks given him. The fates were against the regimental barber; he was picked up and for once had an opportunity to join his fellows in a little active duty. An Irishman in a New York regiment held back so vigorously despite all efforts to urge him forward that it was about time to use the pistol. He seemed to be a good man, either stubborn or overcome by fatigue, not intending to avoid battle, and of that class which usually find their regiment at night. As a further effort, two men with levelled bayonets were placed behind him with instructions to run him through if he did not move on. General Sykes and his staff appeared when all known means had been applied, and for some time watched their repetition. Apparently satisfied that the guard had about exhausted all conservative remedies, and that the fellow was likely to be shot, the general turned to the officer and in a loud, commanding tone said: "Go ahead, captain, and leave this man to me; I'll get him along." With that he struck the fellow several smart blows with his riding-whip and ordered him to "double-quick." Without stirring a foot and apparently not heeding the whip, the headstrong, good-natured fellow, for with all his stubbornness he had a fund of good-natured humor in him, turning his head to one side and looking the general full in the face, said, apparently in all sincerity, neither discomfited nor annoyed: "I say, gineral, 'ave ye any tobacky about ye?" It was too much for everybody;

roars of laughter followed, and the general, heartily joining in it, rode rapidly away, remarking as he did so: "Captain, let that man go; I'll be responsible for him."

Rousing cheers, demonstrative shouts, ringing enthusiasm greeted the good old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The unfurling of colors and rolling of drums at one o'clock in the afternoon indicated the crossing of the line. There was a firmer step, better closed ranks, more determined countenances. Beyond there had been some cavalry fighting. The fences were down and the bodies of dead horses scattered about; those branded C. S. A. the more numerous. Rumors were rife of the close presence of the enemy, and stories of a battle to be momentarily expected. Information, none of it of value, was eagerly seized and distributed with frightful exaggeration.

The broad, level acres of York, in Pennsylvania, took the place of the rolling lands of Carroll in Maryland. The rich soil, too productive to permit the timber to stand, was almost entirely cleared of the forests, and patches of woodland were rare. The great red barns, cosy spring-houses, and large, roomy stone mansions were indicative of the successful results of good, substantial tillage.

Hanover, a town of considerable size and of flourishing business, was intended as the destination of the day's march. Its railway depot, extensive warehouses, large stores, substantial dwellings, were the evidence of its enterprise, thrift and comfort. One of the oldest settlements in southern Pennsylvania, it had long been a centre for the gathering and distribution of the prolific yield of the surrounding country. Its broad streets were the terminals of excellent turnpike roads leading to all neighboring important towns. Its main railway outlet, with branches from Gettysburg and Littlestown, was by the Northern Central to Baltimore and Harrisburg, its own branch tapping that line at Hanover Junction. Here, on the outskirts, the column halted at four o'clock in the afternoon, with something of a conviction that it was for an all night's rest. Immediately, in wonder and astonishment at this sudden visitation

by such a mass of men, apparently all the people from far and near gathered for a more familiar acquaintance with their uninvited guests—as one of them not inaptly expressed it, for a more intimate association “with these travel-stained, dusty, walking arsenals, licensed to do murder at their chieftain’s bidding.” They were deferential, respectful to the rifle and bayonet, and at first cautious and hesitating about a near approach to them. But upon being assured that the arms were not dangerous unless used to do harm, they became interested in their mechanism and evinced some degree of boldness. But the most attractive feature was the fair ladies of the vicinage. Their tastes ran wholly to culinary affairs, and they were delighted by the explanations and ocular demonstrations, as some of them styled it, of the primitive, original and uncouth way in which the soldier prepared his limited diet. The most fascinating and agreeable among the officers were at pains to convince them of the excellent social, intellectual and moral standing of the officers and men of the regiment. As ragged and dirty a specimen of a soldier as happened in view was pointed out as the son of the Rev. Dr. Henry Boardman, Philadelphia’s most distinguished Presbyterian divine, and it was suggested if he was of such excellent stock, it might be well imagined how high the better appearing ranked in the social scale. This twitting pleasantry was apparently accepted as verity, and as the citizens seemed reluctant to leave, it was assumed they were agreeably entertained as well as instructed.*

The conviction that the stoppage was for the night was erroneous. It had been a busy day at Gettysburg, some eighteen miles away. General Reynolds had been killed and the 1st and 11th Corps, after excellent fighting, had been badly worsted by the more rapid concentration of the enemy. All

* A member of the 1st Michigan, writing respecting this march, says: “The night march from Hanover, with women and children handing food and water to our veterans, is another picture never to be forgotten by us; and when they said: ‘Don’t let them come any further, boys,’ the response, ‘We will not, we will not,’ came from our Michigan men with a meaning which they exemplified in their next day’s fighting.”

the army was ordered there with the greatest speed human endurance could sustain. The great battle had opened, upon the determination of which hung the success or failure of the invasion. So at nine o'clock, guided by the shimmer of a brilliant moon, the column headed toward the then quaint old-fashioned borough, now the famous historic battle town of Gettysburg.

As the army moved forward the bands and regimental drum corps played through the streets of every town through which the corps passed to keep the men awake. As it neared a point of concentration, moving through batteries on one side and infantry battalions on the other, a staff officer approached the colonel, and drawing a paper from his pocket, with the aid of a lantern which he carried, read from it to the effect that McClellan had been restored to the command of the army and would have charge in the next day's battle. This information was evidently intended for publication, but before it was formally announced, the reading having been overheard, the news passed from one to another, until it became known to all the troops in the vicinity. The effect was electric and the result astonishing. So long a time had elapsed since the removal of McClellan it had ceased to be a subject of comment, and the old-time enthusiasm for him it was believed had disappeared forever. The announcement was received with shout and yell and cheer, and as they echoed and re-echoed from battery to battalion and battalion back to battery again, the woods and fields were resonant with the enthusiastic demonstration. It all passed away as suddenly as it came, and was soon lost and forgotten in the startling and thrilling incidents soon to follow.

At 3.30 on the morning of the 2d the column halted in a piece of timber by the roadside for a rest in the little darkness left before the dawn of a day to close big with the fate of the nation. There was little comprehension of the situation beyond the fact that a great battle was likely to be fought, but it was not viewed as in any way different from the many other hot and bloody contests through which the army had already passed. There was no realization of the portentous result of

the issue, nor was it remotely conceived that history would record it as the decisive battle of the war. The halt was made some miles southeast of the town of Gettysburg, the distance marched since the early morning of the 1st having been about thirty-seven miles. The spot could not have been a great distance from the woods that skirt the base of the now memorable Culp and Wolf's Hill, then the extreme right of the fish-hook shaped Union lines. At daylight within view was a prominent heavily-wooded knoll, evidently the now well-known Wolf's Hill. The clear, red sunrise indicated intense heat, and as the day advanced the indications were verified. It bore down with sweltering, withering effect, until its discomfitures were forgotten later amid the thunder of guns and the intense activity of the conflict.

At daylight, or shortly after, the column was on the march, and emerging from the timber where the morning halt had been the division was deployed in line of masses, the battalions doubled on the centre, and the brigades arranged from right to left in their numerical order—Tilton's, Sweitzer's and Vincent's. In the 1st Brigade the 118th had the right, then followed the 1st Michigan, and then the 22d Massachusetts. The 18th Massachusetts was temporarily detached for special service early in the morning and did not rejoin the command until the afternoon. The divisions were arranged in the corps, with Barnes on the right, Ayres in the centre, and Crawford on the left. The movement was conducted with precision and distances established with accuracy. Except for the proximity of a battle-field, it gave every evidence of preparation for a grand review. The ground was specially adapted for such a ceremony with so large a body of troops, being so level that, when the deployments of the masses were completed, the mounted officers had the entire corps in view.

The alignment perfected, with colors unfurled and pieces at a right shoulder, the masses advanced, preserving their alignments and distances with all the force, effect and impressiveness attending a display occasion. The fences were removed and grass, grain, bush and weed were crushed by the heavy tramp

of the solid advance. Pennyroyal was prolific and the air was permeated with its odors. Silence prevailed, interrupted only by an occasional caution to "recollect the guide" and observe the direction. Rising a knoll a short distance beyond where the formation was effected, wooded crests and promontories stood out boldly; beyond were the sounds of musketry. These now historic grounds had the neighborhood designation of Culp's, Wolf's, MacAllister's and Power's Hill. Nearing the base of the hills the corps may be said to have arrived at Gettysburg. The hour is differently reported, by some at seven and others at eight o'clock in the morning, the time between daylight and the arrival having been occupied by the formation and the advance. Here the direction was changed by the right flank, and the first intended purpose of the 5th Corps to extend the right of the line of the army was virtually accomplished. The masses were deployed into lines, and shortly after, it being thought the lines of the army were too extended, the brigades were formed by battalion columns and direction changed twice by the left flank.

After moving a considerable distance in the last of the new directions, the division crossed Rock Creek near the Baltimore and Gettysburg turnpike, and massed there in the vicinity of an orchard, the corps being for the time held as the reserve of the army, where as such it lay within easy reach of the 12th Corps. The original relative position of the several brigades in the division, and of the regiments of the 1st Brigade, was retained. These manœuvrings and changes from the arrival until crossing Rock Creek occupied the time until after midday. There were then several hours of ease. There was an intermittent, bickering sort of musketry fire continually going on, with an occasional discharge of a piece of artillery. It was ominous of preparation, indicative of assault.

The tempting opportunity for a bath in the creek could not be resisted, and a few seized it in the interval of rest as a refreshing relief from the fatigues of the incessant marching. Some dropped into peaceful slumber, oblivious of the coming storm.

Toward three o'clock, on the left, in front of a rocky ridge

terminating in a round knobbed, timbered mountain, the musketry increased to a roar and the guns thundered with the energy of determination. Shells, shot wild of their intended destination, passed over the closely crowded reserve and exploded harmlessly far beyond. The 3d Corps, fighting in a death grip, was crumbling, front and flank, before Longstreet's assaulting hosts. The rest was broken; the sleepers were awakened. "Fall in," "attention," "load at will, load," harsh, stern, determined, in quick succession, obeyed with alacrity, brought a realizing sense of the immediate responsibilities. The columns stood in earnest readiness, sternly awaiting the moment of contact with that twinge and tingle of anxiety, indefinite, indescribable, invariably attendant on the command to load. The first instructions to detach a brigade from the 5th to the support of the 3d Corps were countermanded. The whole of the 5th was then ordered to the threatened position, and the imperilled left thus fell sacredly to its keeping. To repeated applications from General Sickles for assistance while the 5th Corps was approaching the field, General Sykes replied: "It is impossible for me to give it; the key of the battlefield is entrusted to my keeping, and I cannot and will not jeopardize it by a division of my forces."

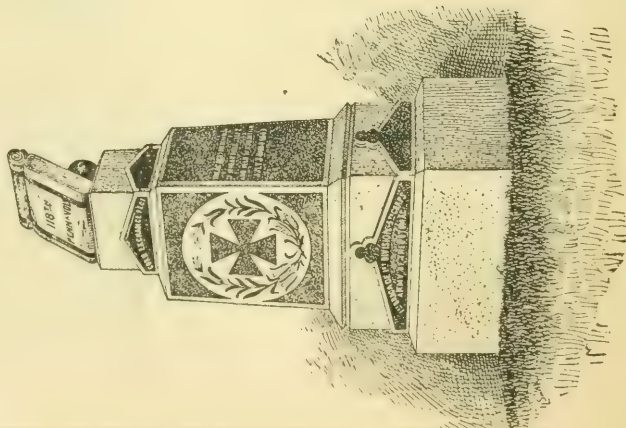
At 3.30 the division moved by the left flank to the south-eastward in the direction of the heavy fighting. The brigades reversed numerically, brought Vincent on the lead, with Sweitzer following and Tilton to the rear. By this change Tilton's brigade lost the opportunity for the high distinction won by Vincent's in its magnificent repulse of the assaults on Little Round Top. General Warren, who had discovered its vital importance, neglected or abandoned as it was, just as the head of the division column was nearing it, seized the troops closest at hand to hold the rocky eminence. As Vincent's brigade led, it was thrown hurriedly to the crest. If the movement had been by the right, Tilton's brigade would have been assigned this important duty. Upon the 22d Massachusetts, its left regiment, would have devolved the trying respon-



THOS. M. COANE,
1st Lieut. Co. H.



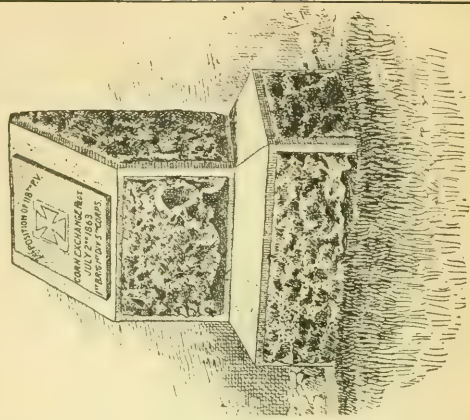
JAS. P. HOLT,
Co. K.



THIRD POSITION.



OUR FIRST POSITION.



SECOND POSITION.

OUR MONUMENTS AT GETTYSBURG.

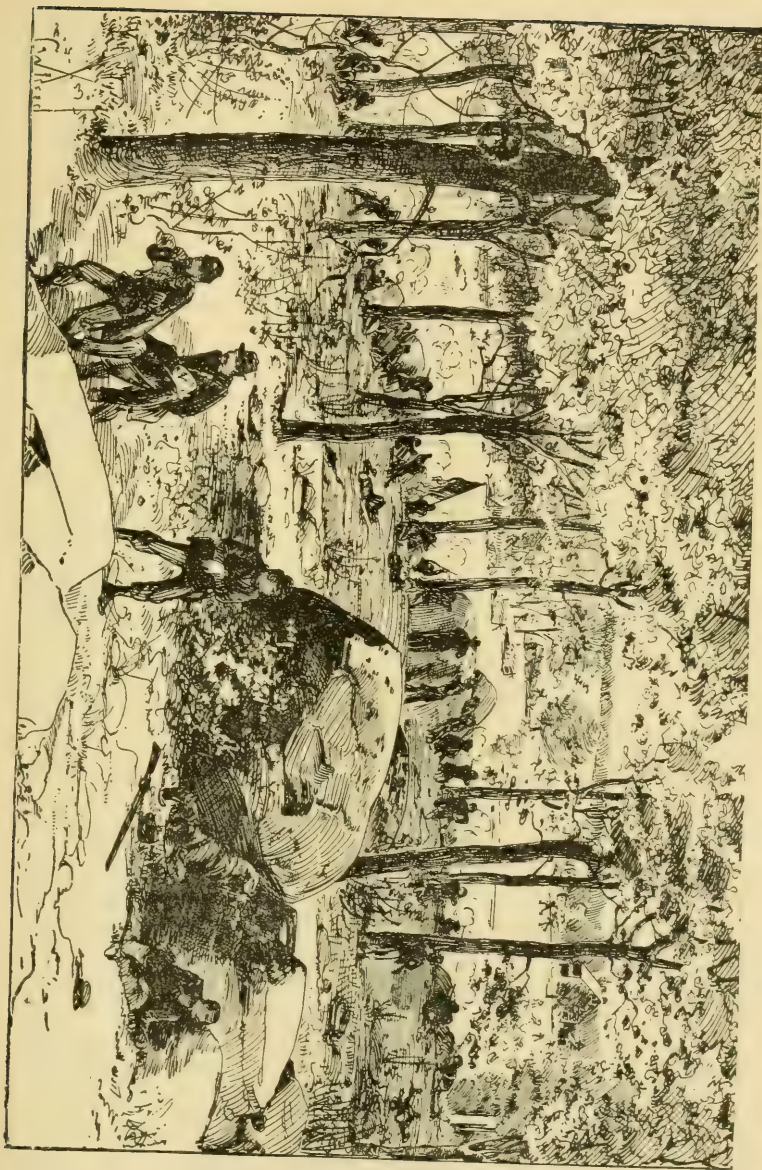
sibility, so valiantly discharged by Chamberlain's 20th Maine, of repelling the overwhelming odds hurled against them and of maintaining alone the extreme left of the defensive line of the Union army, and of eventually driving the enemy from the face of Big Round Top.

The march was by roadway, timber skirting the flanks most of the distance. The battle was raging fearfully. The wicked screech and angry whistle of shot and shell were persistent and continuous. The enemy's batteries were served with unusual determination and unwonted vigor. The noise, confusion, bustle and excitement of the rear were more than usually intensified. Ammunition wagons, parked close together, ambulances, jamming and jostling each other, were imperilled and threatened by the bursting bombs and ricocheting shots. The harrowing sights of shocking wounds and bandaged limbs, as borne on stretcher, carried in ambulance, or limping in pain, men sought a place of safety, thickened as the column neared the scene of action. The demoralizing rumors of irretrievable disaster grew to shameful proportions, as the fears of skulkers and malingerers magnified the enemy's onslaught. A splendid black charger, too valuable for such exposure, said to have been the horse of Captain John Fassit, of the 23d Pennsylvania, an aide on General Birney's staff, had his right foot torn off as he was being led along the flank of the column.

The rocky eminences, Big and Little Round Top, commanded almost an entire view of the plateau held by our army. Rising a ridge near them, the column passed over it, down its rocky, wooded sides, into a gorge filled with huge stones and massive boulders, towards the enemy. It was now in the midst of the active combat. Shot, shell and musketry raged terrifically. The familiar piercing rebel yell, incapable of description, conceivable only by those who knew it, dominated the uproar. The march trended diagonally through the gorge by lane or by path, and thence by the roadway which connects the Emmetsburg turnpike with the Taneytown road, crossing the gap between the two Round Tops. Following this road a short

distance, then removing the fences, the column turned to the left into the timber, beyond and in front of the famous wheat-field. Rocks and boulders were scattered about, not so large or massive as those in the gorge. The ground in front, well cleared, fell off in quite a slope and was interspersed with rocks and a few straggling trees. Beyond this open ground and in full view was the Rose House on another rise. To the right, on the other side of the road, was an open space apparently unprotected, the source of much anxiety. Here were a number of batteries, their left resting on the opposite side of the road at the point where the brigade had entered the timber, their right extending towards the front, in a line deflecting a little from a direction nearly parallel with the road. The only one noticeably in view was Bigelow's famous 9th Massachusetts Battery of brass twelves on the extreme left. His guns were being served with wonderful rapidity, accompanied by that pluck, energy and determination as much a part of all well-appointed batteries in action as were the guns themselves. These batteries apparently were wholly without infantry support on their right. As soon as the brigade had nearly cleared the road it was halted and faced to the front, upon the further edge of the timber. This restored the formation as it was before the march to the battle-field began, bringing the 118th again on the right.

The 2d Brigade had preceded the 1st into the woods and left so little space for it to occupy between its right and the batteries that the 18th Massachusetts was necessarily thrown to the rear as a support, and the whole of the right wing of the 118th was refused to the right at a sharp right-angle. As the division was then posted, the 118th was the extreme right regiment. Except the troops that had been in the peach orchard, which was but a short distance in front, and those on the Emmetsburg turnpike, the brigade was farther advanced than any troops on the left had been or subsequently were during the battle. As the line was established, a thin line of battle in front, not heavier than a strong skirmish line, taking it for granted that it was relieved, withdrew. They were immedi-



OUR FIRST POSITION, SECOND DAY.

ately replaced by skirmishers from the brigade. During all this time the firing had been very heavy in every direction, and the men, in eager expectancy of an assault, manifested such an anxiety for action that they were cautioned to restrain themselves long enough, in case of attack, to permit the skirmishers to retire. They were kept but a moment in waiting. The increased activity of the guns, their loud and deafening roar, loud cries for canister, indicated, though his lines were still unseen by the infantry, that the artillery had discovered the enemy and were determined to inflict prompt and damaging punishment. It was ineffectual, and the onslaught, timed as at twenty minutes after four, terrible and severe, first fell upon the left of the brigade. The musketry rolled in continuous roar, volley after volley was poured in heavily as nearer and nearer the enemy approached the right. The ground trembled, the trees shook and limbs quivered. "Shell without cutting fuse!" shouted Bigelow. All the other batteries had retired and one section of his. The skirmishers came in hurriedly, and then across the unguarded space a column of the enemy appeared through the smoke, moving with shout, shriek, curse and yell, about to envelop the entire exposed and unprotected right flank of the regiment. They were moving obliquely, loading and firing with deliberation as they advanced, begrimed and dirty-looking fellows, in all sorts of garb, some without hats, others without coats, none apparently in the real dress or uniform of a soldier. The regiment now opened vigorously, and the entire brigade was hotly engaged. The man who had been summarily relieved of head-quarter pack-horse duty by the rear guard, a few days before, showed conspicuous gallantry. Begrimed with powder, hatless, a few paces in advance, shouting continually, "Give them hell, boys!" he was doing excellent work. Twitted and jeered for his previous failures, the slurs changed to commendations at this early attempt at leadership. The line preserved its regularity; there was no attempt to seek cover among the rocks or timber, but the men stood erect, stepping a pace to the rear to load and returning promptly to the front

to fire. The enveloping process continued with alarming rapidity. Colonel Gwyn had noted its progress with anxiety. A change of front or a disorderly break would alone prevent capture or annihilation. Discipline, firmness, courage were in readiness, and in response to Colonel Gwyn's order, repeated in the stentorian tones of Major Herring, ringing out above the din of battle, "Change front to the rear on 10th Company, battalion about face, by company right half wheel, march!" the regiment, under all this withering, pelting fire, executed the movement with as much alacrity, precision and detail as it ever did on any parade occasion. The rest of the brigade had also executed a similar *manceuvre*, which changed the entire front in the new direction. The position of the organization was so far altered as to bring the brigade into two lines, the 118th still retaining the right of the first line. Colonel Sweitzer was notified of the change and directed to conform his movements to co-operate in resisting the heavy attack. The line retired, loading and firing with deliberation, for some 300 yards, crossing a corner of the wheat-field and making another stand in the timber behind a stone fence, about 200 feet from the gate opening into the lane of the Trostle House. So orderly was this retirement that there was neither break, hurry nor undue crowding. Save when Major Biddle, of General Meade's staff, rode his horse into the ranks, earnestly imploring a halt, there was neither waver nor hesitation. These movements were neither sudden nor panicky, but performed in obedience to orders and conducted with all military propriety. Bigelow, sorely pressed and his battery in imminent danger, followed the movement, withdrawing his pieces by *prolongs*. Then he took position in the angle, almost at the Trostle House gate, slightly in front and to the right of the regiment, where he did damaging execution. He had not moved until the enemy, with a savage yell, were on the very top of him and had completely covered both his flanks. Sergeant Augustus Luker, Company E, Corporal DeWitt Rodermel, Company E, James J. Donnelly, Company C, Sergeant Joseph Turner,

Company F, of the 118th, gallantly assisted in keeping back Kershaw's skirmishers from his left flank, and Bigelow to this day continues to refer admiringly to their gallant conduct. Whilst lying behind the stone wall, the same James J. Donnelly, who had taken his place with Company E on the extreme right, attracted attention by the cool, deliberate and accurate manner with which he used a carbine that he had picked up at Aldie and carried with him afterward. Donnelly



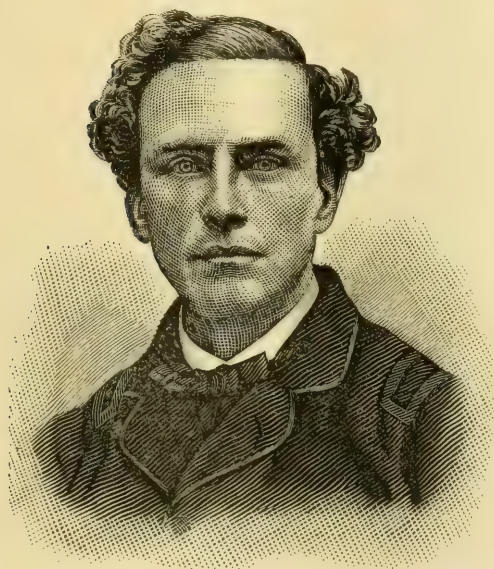
SERGEANT AUGUSTUS LUKER.

had been detailed for orderly duty at regimental head-quarters and, being without musket or equipments, had taken this method to provide himself with a weapon, intending to use it to a purpose at the first opportunity. He had exhausted his ammunition and, desiring instructions what he should do for more, from Lieutenant Samuel N. Lewis, who stood in his immediate vicinity and had noticed the man's behavior, was di-

rected to leap over the wall and remove the cartridge-box and take the musket from the dead body of a soldier that lay some fifteen or twenty paces to the front. Without hesitation, amid a shower of bullets, he executed the direction, slowly removed the accoutrements, seized the musket and returned to his place. He then called Lieutenant Lewis's attention to a Confederate stand of colors and its color-bearer. Taking deliberate aim, he fired, and the standard almost instantly fell. Donnelly, enraptured with his

success, never afterwards returned to his orderly duty, but remained, courageously fighting, in the ranks, and towards the end of the war was rewarded with a well-earned promotion to a first lieutenancy.

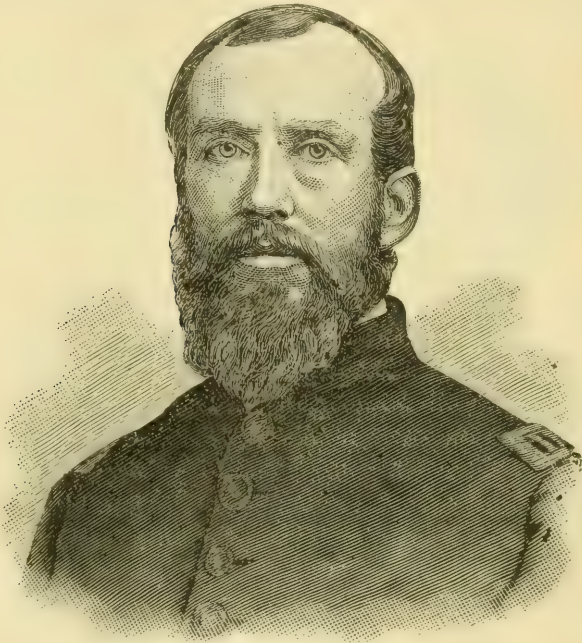
The yard and grounds of the Trosle House soon swarmed with skirmishers from Barksdale's brigade. The Mississippians crowded every corner,



JAMES J. DONNELLY.

knoll and rock that offered protection, pouring in a destructive and accurate fire. Their line of battle, with colors well to the front, developed distinctly and still continued to envelop the right and the battery, punishing it most seriously. They soon covered the rear as well as the flank. With a mad rush they made for the guns. Bigelow was almost surrounded; he had lost eighty horses. Nearly all his men were killed or wounded. Yielding to the inevitable, the pieces

were abandoned, and all four fell into the enemy's hands, to be subsequently, however, retaken before the close of the day. This spot no longer tenable, a further withdrawal was necessitated. Just as it commenced the color-bearer of the 21st Mississippi regiment advanced through the gate of the Tros-
tle House and, halting in the road, stood gallantly and courageously waving his colors in the midst of the thickest of the



CAPTAIN RICHARD W. DAVIDS.

melee. Beside him a Confederate skirmisher was seen to drop on one knee and take deliberate aim at Captain Richard W. Davids. His shot was effective. The ball penetrated his body; staggering, he fell into the arms of Smith, who was by his side, and with his aid and that of others he made an effort to reach the rear, but fell within a few paces of where he had been shot and expired where he fell. He met his fate with true soldierly composure. Captain

Dauids was a man of positive convictions, earnest purpose and strong determination. Of high soldierly instincts, his courage was heroism and his bravery daring. With his superior military attainments he coupled a genial, generous disposition. Cultured, affable, firm, he was endeared to those with whom he associated, admired by those whom he commanded.

At this time Lieutenant James B. Wilson and Lieutenant Inman were severely wounded. Lieutenant Inman's wounds were of a character that prevented his ever again resuming his duties in the field, and Lieutenant Wilson was a long time recovering.*

As the command withdrew, a Georgia regiment, moving at double-quick, with arms at the right shoulder and colors flying, passed the left of the regimental line. They were prisoners of war, guarded by a small squad of their captors and were being hurried to the rear to get them out of the fire of their own people. In the flurry of the capture the demand was not made that they should lay down their arms, and they apparently unconsciously continued to bear them, although they were prisoners. It is probably fortunate for the small squad who had them in charge that they, as well, unconsciously forgot to use them.

The enemy seemed startled and appalled at their success.

* Lieutenant Inman says : " Lieutenant Wilson and myself were wounded, and I lay upon the field until the morning of the 4th, when some of the men of Company F, of which I was an officer, carried me off on a stretcher to the hospital, where Dr. Thomas operated on me. On Thursday night, whilst lying within the rebel lines, the 139th Ohio Regiment came to where I was, and I quietly called one of the sergeants and asked him to help me into our lines. He reported to the colonel the fact of being within the enemy's line, when he immediately ordered right about face and fell rapidly back, leaving me alone with the dead. That night a number of stray hogs came to where I lay and commenced rooting and tearing at the dead men around me. Finally one fellow that in the darkness looked of enormous size approached and attempted to poke me—grunting loudly the while. Several others also came up, when, waiting my chance, I jammed my sword into his belly, which made him set up a prolonged, sharp cry. By constant vigilance and keeping from sleeping I contrived to fight the monsters off till daylight."

They had lost something in organization, but their numbers were overpowering. Their yells and howls never ceased.

Colonel Gwyn gave orders to "about face." It has been said that our brigade was withdrawn with undue haste. Now, if it was not time to retire, when the guns of the 9th Massachusetts were in the hands of Barkesdale's Mississippians, who were on our right flank, and firing so close that Corporal S. M. Caldwell, of Company E, was shot through the right side of the head, then all we had learned or knew of the art of war as veterans was in *vain*. Lieutenant S. N. Lewis and other officers emptied their revolvers at the now eager enemy, who were charging and firing on us. Our men withdrew slowly, firing on them as we fell back. Organization was fairly preserved. The whole battlefield was in a twirl since the attack had begun in the frequent changes of front, and directions and requirements had become so intermingled that they were at the moment trying to unwind themselves. There were times when regularity of formation was lost; but the colors indicated vantage ground and confidence to the hesitating ranks, and the men kept their eyes on the colors. It is said that the 21st Mississippi Regiment of Barkesdale's Brigade, McLaw's Division, who charged on us and the 9th Mass. Battery, lost every color-bearer. Many of our men had their cartridges on the ground ready for quick firing as the Rebels charged on us. They were the troops who charged on us in our first and second positions.

No histories give mention that the 118th Regiment supported Bigelow's Battery, and rendered good service. Phillips' 5th Massachusetts Battery also did splendid fighting, vainly struggling to check the onward rush of the rebel masses. The rapid peals from their guns told the awful work allotted them was being well done by the gallant cannoneers. The rebel General Wofford attacked the line held by Zook and Sweitzer. Barnes' two brigades were driven out from their position in the woods and wheatfields. The losses were frightful, and our whole line at this part was soon broken. Humphrey had meanwhile completed his movement.

Generals Sickels and Barnes were wounded. Bigelow's Battery, with the 118th Infantry as support, was on the left of the Trostle House, near the left bank of Plum Run, and opened fire upon the enemy, now advancing from the west and south, and taking their battery.

The batteries of McGilvery, consisting of thirty or forty pieces of artillery, were hurried into position, with their front at the trostle-house on our right. They opened on the enemy, and, together with Hancock's other batteries, got a cross-fire upon the advancing, yelling enemy.

The Confederate battle-flags could be plainly seen, and on our left the wheatfield where Generals Zook and Taylor were killed. The fighting was desperate, mingled with the solid, defiant cheers of our men and the groans of the wounded and dying. The men had no time for sensations of fear. As they said, "If we cannot whip them in our own State of Pennsylvania, where can we?" It was the men's battle, and fought with no thought of being defeated.

It would be well for future historians, in writing up the history of the 3d and 5th Corps to extend the high-water mark to the Round Tops, where the greatest losses and most desperate fighting took place on the afternoon of the second day; when Longstreet, with the entire right wing of Lee's army of 45,000, the largest body of men that advanced together on any part of the field, was repulsed after fiercely charging again and again until compelled by darkness to cease, and failed to carry the key of the whole battle-field. This is what all the military men say, both Union and Confederate, who were there. General Meade states that his greatest losses were on the second day, and this we claim is the high-water mark of the rebellion. Our first division did some desperate fighting. The dead and wounded, with the red maltese cross on their caps, were lying all over the field.

During the long, hazy moonlight night of July 2d parts of our lines were being strengthened by breastworks, and many wounded carried to the hospital, and there was but little rest given to the weary veteran who had fought through the day.

established in front and a little to the right of the point where the command had crossed the ridge near Little Round Top in the afternoon. Concerning the retirement Colonel Tilton officially said: "I think, however, I saved my brigade from great disaster, after it could no longer be of any good at the front, and succeeded in forming a new line, which was retained during the night."

While the withdrawal from the Trostle House was in progress, attention was attracted to the solid, ringing, regular tramp of firm, determined men. Concealed by the smoke and the irregularities of the ground, the sound of the approaching mass was heard before the line appeared in sight. As it drew nearer and nearer, that splendid division, the Pennsylvania Reserves, came suddenly into view, sweeping everything before it, as if confident in the assurance of its own inherent strength. With Crawford leading, hat in hand, waving his followers on to victory; with fixed bayonets, steady tread and in excellent alignment, shouting and cheering, as if the victory were already theirs, they pressed on in that memorable charge that restored so much of the ground lost and recovered so many of the guns taken during the afternoon. Their rush had been so sudden that many of the enemy, who had succeeded in working around the right of the corps, were caught between their advancing and Barnes's retiring lines. There was no escape, and, yielding reluctantly, they stepped out hurriedly to a place of safety. The 1st Brigade was small, and the prisoners taken by them almost equalled in numbers the strength of the brigade. With some the reluctance was not so manifest, and they expressed satisfaction at being safely out of that "blazing hell."

After the division had withdrawn to its second position, it having been reported that Caldwell's brigade, of the 2d Corps, was driving the enemy to the left and front, Sweitzer's brigade was sent to its assistance. The 18th and 22d Massachusetts regiments, of the 1st Brigade, accompanied it. The effort was futile, disastrous, and resulted in severe loss. The 4th Michi-

gan and 62d Pennsylvania crossed bayonets in actual contact with the enemy. Colonel Jeffords, commanding the former regiment while mounted, was thrust through with a bayonet, as he gallantly attempted to rescue his colors. With the exception of this advance, the movements of the two brigades corresponded with each other during the entire engagement, and they were together when the line was established in the evening in front of the ridge near Little Round Top.

Thus, to sum up, while repulsed at every other part of our line, the Confederates held possession at Kulp's Hill, on the extreme right. Thus ended the second day of the bloody struggle at Gettysburg. That night Meade called his generals together to determine whether they should continue on that line, and fight it out on the morrow or retreat. The verdict was to fight it out, and Hancock, in giving his vote, remarked that "the Union army had retreated too often already."

* Dr. Joseph Thomas furnishes the following graphic description of the scene after the second day's battle: "About eleven o'clock at night the ambulances were busy collecting and carrying to the rear great loads of mangled and dying humanity. The wagon-train, with tents and supplies, had not yet arrived, and the wounded were deposited on the ground. The site selected for the wounded of the 1st division was a field just in rear of Big Round Top, a little over a half mile from its base. As they were removed from the ambulances they were placed in long rows, with no reference to the nature or gravity of their injuries, nor condition or rank. Friend and foe alike, as they had been promiscuously picked up where they had fallen, were there laid side by side in these prostrate ranks of bleeding, suffering and dying unfortunates. Soon the ambulances ceased their visits, as they had gathered up all that were accessible or could be found in the darkness. There were about 250 or 300 thus collected and lying upon the ground awaiting examination by the surgeon, as soon as dawn should appear to furnish light for the painful work. Opiates were administered to alleviate pain, and water supplied to appease their thirst. One of the surgeons then wrapped himself in his blanket and sought a brief repose to prepare himself for the busy work of the morrow. It was futile to attempt to sleep, for the horrors of the environment put this out of the question. Sounds of pain and anguish, invocation and supplication, singing, and even cursing by some in their delirium or sleep, were promiscuously intermingled. To sleep was impossible. At last morning dawned, and at the same time orders were received to remove the wounded farther to the rear and out of range of the enemy's batteries, which were expected to shell that quarter as soon as it was light

The earliest streaks of dawn had scarce made objects distinguishable, ere the pickets signified their purpose of continued strife by sharp, persistent firing. The 3d of July, the third of these three eventful days, had broken to close again in bloody strife, and to roll back in terrible disaster the final attempt to break the hard-pressed Union lines. At daylight the brigade was shifted to the rocky face of Round Top, and there relieved Vincent's brigade, now commanded by Rice. The strength and valor of that brigade, tested to the highest degree of soldier manhood, had saved that commanding eminence, and with it the entire line from the momentary grip the enemy had upon it. This wooded promontory, boldest of all the hills in the vicinity, was visible for miles in every direction. It was without road or pathway, a mass of huge, round, smooth, slippery boulders. Securely manned, the hill would have been almost invulnerable against assault. To the natural defences the position afforded, the troops relieved had added a substantial stone breastwork. The trees were rudely scarred, split and torn in every conceivable way, and scarce a bush, twig or limb but that bore convincing evidence of heavy firing from both cannon and small arms.

This position commanded a view of all the country between the two lines to the left of the Union centre, covering a scope of some two square miles. Immediately in front for some half mile was thick timber, concealing the rocks, stones, caves and boulders that made up the well-named, weird, forsaken and desolate Devil's Den. Through this, and extending to the right beyond it, coursed a sluggish stream of width and volume scarce sufficient to dignify it with a name, called Plum Run. Its waters were not confined to its channel, but spread out in

enough. Ambulances simultaneously arrived, and the wounded were again placed in them and taken to a more remote point back on Rock Creek, where tents were subsequently pitched to shelter them. In lifting them upon the conveyances, it was discovered that many were dead. The removal from the place was accomplished none too soon, for as the last load was moving off, shells and solid shot began to fall in formidable numbers on the place."

swamp and bog over loamy ground grown rank in a tall swamp grass. Beyond this growth of timber in its front to the Union left, the country rolled off in open, arable, cultivated lands until it was interrupted by the timber crowning the other crest, Seminary Ridge, which the enemy occupied. The enemy's lines were distant, all along his front, about three-quarters of a mile. The ridge he held ran almost parallel with that occupied by the Union forces, until it reached beyond Round Top, where it deflected to his front, terminating not far from the base, and almost on the flank, of that mountain. It was much lower, and in no sense commanded it. The Emmetsburg road, a broad, well-made turnpike, extended the entire distance between the two lines, but was nearest the Union line. Along it, and elsewhere over the scene, fine old-fashioned farm-houses, with large, substantial barns, stables and out-buildings, dotted the undulating lands. Just at the season of wheat harvest, the whole country teemed with abundant crops, ripening to a rich maturity. The battle doubtless made the wheat harvest of the locality a failure, and the usual prolific yield of the other crops was probably materially interfered with. Numbers of these commodious houses and roomy barns fell victims to the flames, and all through the fight great volumes of smoke from burning buildings, barns and hay-ricks rolled up like huge spires—for there was but little wind—at various points between the lines. It was a field that more strongly contrasted thrifty, enterprising, prosperous peace with harsh, rude, relentless war, than any other on which the Army of the Potomac ever fought.

In proportion to the number engaged, the greatest loss sustained by any regiment during the war was that of the 1st Minnesota. On the afternoon of the second day the Union line was driven back in confusion from its position along the Emmettsburg Road. While Hancock was patching up a second line he saw a column of the enemy (Wilcox's Brigade) emerging suddenly from a clump of trees near an unprotected portion of his line. The 1st Minnesota were on right of the 118th, and Hancock, desirous of gaining time until reinforcements could be brought forward, rode up to Col.

Colville, and ordered him to take the enemy's colors. A desperate fight ensued, in which the enemy were forced back, leaving their colors in the hands of the 1st Minnesota. There is no more gallant deed recorded in history. The regiment took 262 officers and men in this fight. It lost fifty killed and 174 wounded. Total, 224.

A remarkable feature of the loss is that none were missing. Seventeen officers were killed or wounded, including the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major and adjutant. The killed, with those who died of their wounds, numbered seventy-five, or over twenty-eight per cent. of those engaged—a percentage of killed unequalled in military statistics.

This regiment (141st Pennsylvania) went into the fight with 198 men, of whom twenty-five were killed, 103 wounded and twenty-one missing. The killed, with those who died of wounds, numbered forty-nine, or twenty-four per cent. of those engaged. They fought in the peach orchard on the second day afternoon.

The 26th North Carolina Regiment, Confederate, went into action with over 800 men. They sustained a loss of eighty-six killed and 502 wounded; total, 588, in addition to 120 missing. This loss occurred mostly in the first day's fight, in front of the 151st Pennsylvania and Cooper's Battery B, 1st Pennsylvania. Total loss, 708. This loss was the heaviest regimental loss during the war.

The regiment was just becoming familiar with its new surroundings on Round Top when a Confederate officer, without sword or belt, with his coat thrown back with an air of ease, independence and authority, comfortably enjoying a cigar, moving calmly and leisurely as if he were quietly out for a stroll, deliberately walked into the lines. The enemy was close, and our skirmishers were advanced but a few paces. He had passed through them unobserved, or had been permitted to do so, with a conviction that his capture was certain to follow elsewhere. Astonished, he moodily accepted his fate, and was promptly conducted to the rear. He was a staff officer, and had no idea

he was in such proximity to the Union lines, when a few moments before he sought a short respite from the bustle and activity of head-quarters by strolling off in a direction where he thought he would be alone. Of good address and culture, he was keenly sensitive to the reproach that might follow the unfortunate way in which he had permitted himself to be taken.

There were many distressing sights of torn and mangled bodies upon the mountain side. One Confederate in the death grip had seized the sharp edge of a huge rock, and with feet held fast in a cleft of the rock above, hung head downwards between the two. Wild hogs feeding on the corpses magnified the surrounding horrors. One of the enemy, evidently mortally wounded, shot early in the **engagement** on the previous afternoon, had been placed upon a stretcher to await opportunity for removal. Meanwhile his people had been driven from their position, and he had lain all night in fearful agony, scarce able to articulate from thirst. Grateful for the water that temporarily allayed his sufferings, he was removed a short distance to the rear, but not far enough to be out of the range of the bombardment that followed a few hours later. At its conclusion his body was found frightfully mangled. His own guns had expedited a death which would have surely followed the wounds inflicted by his enemies. He, with others, spoke of the terrible punishment their forces had received, and was by no means sanguine of ultimate success. They had been encouraged in the assurance that they would encounter only militia, and took some consolation in the fact that their failure to make good their onslaught had been due to the tried and experienced soldiery of the old Potomac Army.

All the morning there was a hushed and painful anxious stillness. Save the bickering of the pickets, the two great armies were in quiet repose, or gathering in cautious preparation for another stroke. So quiet was it that, tempted by the silence, the chaplain found his way to the front to minister consolation to the dying and call the attention of the living to the uncertainties of human existence, by a liberal distribution of

tracts and periodicals. His flock was not as appreciative as he would have desired, nor his means and methods as convincing as he would have had them. The battle-field, where men become stolid against its horrors, indifferent to its fear, heedless of its anxieties, seems not the place for the encouragement of religious training, or the propagation of the Gospel's teachings.

But relief soon came to the anxious waiting; the painful stillness was abruptly broken. At one o'clock every gun in every battery that lined the crest of Seminary Ridge opened in simultaneous crash. Instantly every gun on the Union ridge responded. Without let or hindrance the cannonading continued for well nigh two hours. There was not first a gradual subsidence and then a swelling again to the discharge of all the guns, but without stop, break or interruption the firing continued as it commenced, throughout the whole time of the bombardment, by all the guns of all the batteries of both the armies, for which position could be found on the ridges they respectively occupied. From the position on the slope of Round Top the enemy's line, as marked by its fire, was in full sight for two-thirds of its entire length.

The sun shone in unusual splendor, and made the puffs from each discharge from the enemy's batteries so distinct, until the thickening smoke cut off the view of ridge and valley, that seemingly, though almost a mile away, they flashed in the very faces of those at whom the fire was directed. Screech, whistle, roar, crash, thug, explosion, so filled the air with inharmonious, conflicting noise as to drown the human voice.

As the more deadly whir and buzz of the flying fragments of exploded shell dominated the screech and whistle of bolt and solid shot, men cast anxious glances at each other until the sound died away harmlessly in the distance. The guns, served as if with venomous rapidity, would send the solid shot along with the fury of a maddened bowler who, angered at his luck, recklessly sends his balls in rude confusion to their destination, careless of his aim, heedless of results, anxious only that his task were done. The blows from the weighty missiles fractured

rocks, splintered timbers and shattered the loose material of the entrenchments. This contributed to wounds and bruises, where the weight of metal had failed of its more deadly purpose. The army had not yet acquired tact or speed in the construction of breastworks, nor was the rocky surface so adapted to their erection as the more pliable soil of Virginia. There was no such cover as the well-built lines of Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg afforded, and the open country contributed to a better accuracy of fire.

The buzz and hum of conversation ceased. There was a strange and remarkable stillness. Every man was motionless and silent. The prophetic enthusiast, ever ready with his boastful foreknowledge of the next move on the chess-board of battle, ceased to prophesy. Poor practice was greeted by no such jocular phrase, irresistible on other fields, as "Shorten your fuses," "Elevate your pieces," "Depress your guns." Vivid animation yielded to sober, serious reflection. Stilled to an awful pause, save when the batterymen worked with untiring energy and ceaseless activity, the whole army lay prone, hushed in appalling silence. Men investigating their surroundings, ministering to the needs of the wounded, hurriedly sought their places. Veiled in smoke, obscured by the timber, the soldiers as close to the ground as if they were part of it, it was scarce conceivable these wooded hillsides concealed a great army of animated, living beings.

And the incessant roar and the wild, unremitting screech continued all this long and weary time—weary from long inaction—when it slackened and then ceased as abruptly as it began. The smoke slowly lifted, and there was nothing to obscure a full view of almost the whole length of the enemy's front and of the more than three-quarters of a mile of open country that separated the two lines. The great silence, the portentous lull, was ominous of the enemy's assault. Unlike such other operations, there was no attempt to protect or conceal the column of attack. There was no overhanging mist of breaking day, no uncertain shadows of a lingering twilight, no

glimmer of a pale and sickly moon, no friendly timber, no sheltering knoll. But, in the full glare of the afternoon sunlight, Seminary Ridge suddenly bristled with activity, and from the timber which crowned its crests there emerged, covering half its length and opposite the Union centre, two solid, unwavering lines of battle. Their distances were preserved with accuracy, their mounted officers occupied their several proper stations. The standards fluttered defiantly, the muskets, at a right-shoulder, glistened brightly. Upon their right flank huge columns of masses moved in support, and as the lines cleared the woods, heavy bodies followed in reserve. Four hundred yards is considered to be the limit of distance fair to test the strength and metal of men. Here there was nearly a mile to cover before the lines would impinge, and then the point of impact was against the enemy's centre rarely effectual. No other word fittingly describes those splendid lines as they appeared before shot or shell disturbed or shattered their symmetry save the somewhat extravagant adjective—magnificent. There was no crescendo yell, no wild, weird shriek, and the tramp was steady, solemn, silent. As if in waiting for a full disclosure of the purpose, the Union guns reserved their fire. Then deep, sonorous, rapid, they plied their terrible punishment, and yet, with unflinching nerve and steady grandeur, the formidable charging column pressed right along in the full sweep of a resistless energy. There was hesitating, anxious questioning whether at the point of contact there was strength sufficient to withstand the crushing blow. A slight crumbling on the flanks forced a deflection to the left; but, recovering promptly the direct advance, the whole mass passed out of view behind an intervening wood, amid unrestrained expressions of admiration for such heroic daring. Again everything disappeared in the gloom of the impenetrable smoke. As the lines approached the enemy's fire noticeably slackened and the Union guns continued with increased wicked, nervous intensity. Suddenly they too ceased for a moment, and then, as if with universal crash, the death-rattle of small arms drowned all other sounds.

The usual musketry smoke curtain indicated a scene of frightful carnage. The noise of the contest rose and fell in heavy surging volumes, and then, as first, groups and knots, and then other groups and other knots appeared beyond the woods in the desperate hurry of confused retreat, it died away to rise again in sullen anger as the enemy's guns opened to help back home again the pitiful few who alone remained of all that splendid host. Pickett's charge, to be memorable throughout the ages, was a failure, and historic Gettysburg, from whence Confederate treason began to slowly ebb its life away, was over.

The soft and soothing shimmer of another moonlight night hushed the battle-field in slumber, and the Fourth of July, bathed in calm, refreshing sunlight, dawned as if in joyous commemoration of the old freedom and in bright recognition of the nation's new birth of liberty. As if there had been work enough, the bickering of the pickets subsided to watchfulness, and by noon the battle-field was in repose.

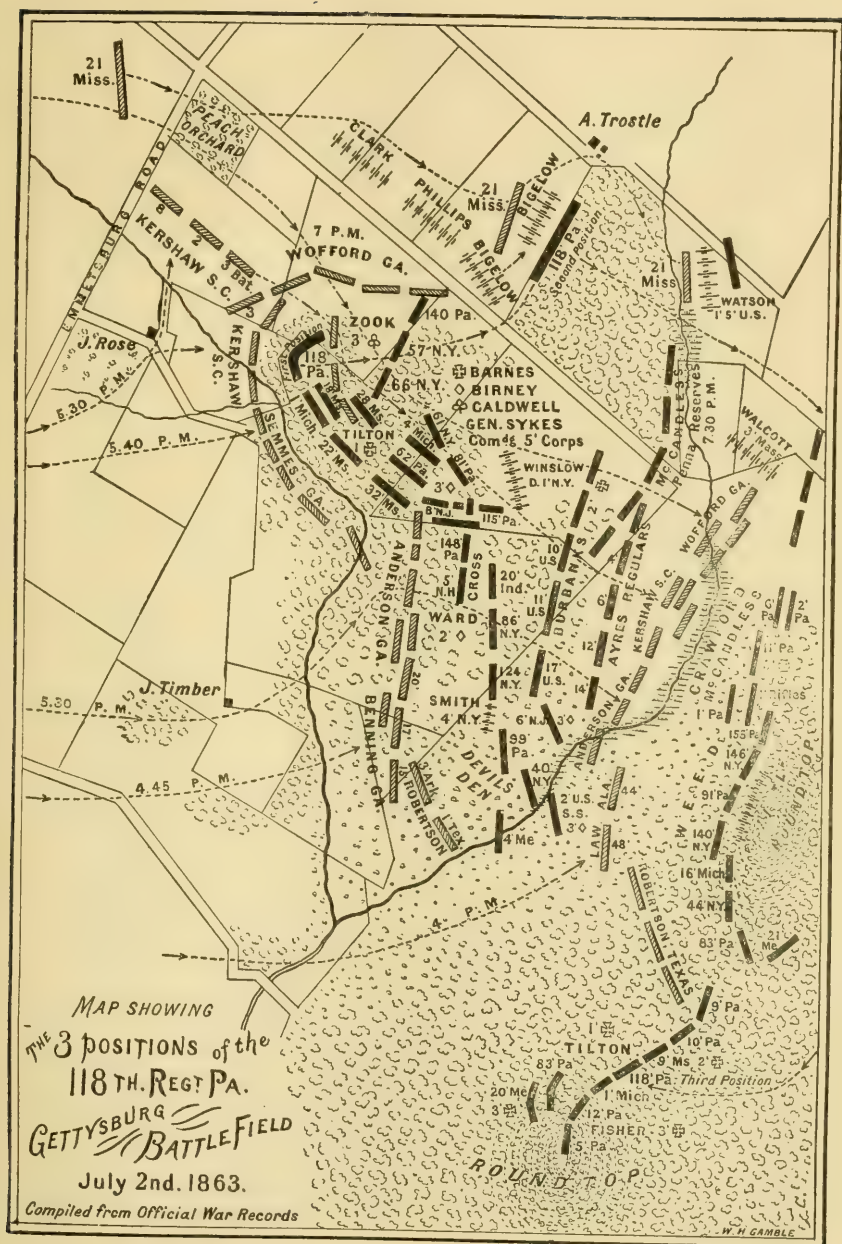
About ten o'clock the brigade moved out to feel and develop the enemy. At the foot of the hill and in the gorge there were thrilling, horrifying scenes of blood and carnage. The dead lay in all shapes and in every direction, some upon their faces, others on their backs, while others were twisted and knotted in painful contortions. The progress of the advance was much impeded in the effort to tread without stepping upon the bodies. Some kneeling behind the rocks had met their death where they dropped for shelter. The men gave way at times instinctively from the muzzles of muskets resting upon rocks and stones, down the barrels of which the sightless glassy eyes still gazed and the guards of which were grasped by hands convulsed in death. Seeking shelter in kneeling, to aim, they had fallen in the act of firing. Numbers of the enemy lay in a shallow trench they had dug, evidently to avoid the unerring fire of some expert skirmishers. They had torn and twisted leaves and grass in their agonies and their mouths filled with soil—they had literally bitten the dust. One or two were in the act of biting tobacco, of which most of them had a lavish

supply in their mouths. At one spot, a point either of desperate resistance or formation for an assault, thirty-seven dead bodies lay in line, side by side. In Confederate clothing, their uniforms were better than usual, and all had new black slouched hats, doubtless from the stock of some neighboring dealer. In front of these bodies lay that of an officer of fine proportions, manly physique and remarkably handsome features. His head rested upon a stone; his limbs were straightened, his hands folded; he had evidently been prepared for decent sepulture. A letter, through which the ball had passed that penetrated his heart, identified him as Captain William A. Dunklin, of the 44th Alabama. Many years after the war the incident of finding his body was brought to the knowledge of his relatives in Selma, who, up to that time, knew only of his death at Gettysburg, but nothing of its attendant surroundings.

The advance pushed on without interruption to the edge of the timber bordering the wheat-field. In the belief that what still remained of the standing grain concealed the enemy's pickets, the skirmish line, under Lieutenant Walters, was pressed vigorously into it. A formidable volley, the appearance of large bodies on either flank and a movement in front, indicating a purpose to engage, sufficiently accomplished Colonel Tilton's instructions to develop the enemy, and he withdrew to the vicinity of the point from whence he started.

The brigade fell back a short distance and formed a line of battle in a piece of woods. An hour or so after taking up this position a storm arose and the rain descended in torrents. The bayonets of the guns were jammed into the ground to prevent the water running into the barrels.

A farm-house stood near. In the midst of the storm its proprietor came out, approached the general and insisted that the troops should be moved further out. "Couldn't the general see that if a fight took place there his house and outbuildings would be ruined? Why, those heavy shot and shell would go right through the walls, and one place was as good as another



to fight in." He pleaded, begged, beseeched, stormed; but all to no purpose. The unfeeling general told him that a movement was impossible, and the hard-hearted soldiery greeted his appeals with roars of derisive laughter. The regiment bivouacked that night in the same position, the storm continuing unabated.

This storm, breaking the intense heat of the three preceding days, was so memorable that for a long time it was designated as the rain of the Fourth of July, '63, and, in any confusion of dates in the memories of the participants in the battle, served as a guide to rectify discrepancies.

While the regiment lay crouching for protection in its first position near the Rose House, before it had yet become engaged, a rabbit, startled from its cover by the advance of McLaws's assaulting Georgians, rushed in frightened, headlong leaps towards the Union lines. Innocent of purpose to harm, he plunged in one of his aimless jumps right into the ranks and planted his cold, sharp claws firmly into the neck of a soldier who lay flat near the right of the regiment. It was too much for the poor fellow. He gave it up, and, jumping to his feet, with pitiful expression, in woe-begone tones, wringing his hands in agony, announced himself a dead man; that he had been shot in the neck; that the ball had passed entirely through, and there was no hope for him. He recovered his equanimity, however, when those in the neighborhood, who had observed the cause of his trouble, received his dire announcement with the merriment it necessarily created. When informed that a poor little rabbit had innocently been the cause of his discomfiture, he sheepishly resumed his place.

This rabbit has become so historically famous, it is to be regretted that it has not been preserved by the taxidermist and a place found for it in the Smithsonian Institute.

General Lafayette McLaws, in a recent article describing his attack on the Union lines at this point, mentioned an unsuccessful assault that Wofford's brigade made upon a rabbit during their advance. He escaped their fire and found safety

within our lines. When the coincidence of time and place was brought to General McLaws's attention, in a very happy vein of correspondence, he identified this particular rabbit as the one which Wofford's men missed and which so alarmed the poor soldier whom he jumped upon. He gracefully yields all claims to it and expresses a willingness that it be known as the rabbit of the 118th Pennsylvania.*

* PHILADELPHIA, *August 11, 1886.*

GENERAL LAFAYETTE MCLEAWS, *Savannah, Ga. :*

DEAR SIR:—In your article in the *Philadelphia Weekly Press* of August 4 you made mention of a "rabbit episode" on the afternoon of the 2d day of July at Gettysburg.

You say, speaking of the retreat of Sickles's men and the pursuit by Wofford, "there was a wide space between the advancing and receding forces. Within that space a rabbit jumped up and ran towards the Federal lines. Wofford's men, reckless fellows as they were, fired at the rabbit. *The rabbit was not hit.*"

A history of the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers (1st Brigade, 1st Division), 5th Corps, is in course of compilation and has advanced measurably towards completion. Among the amusing incidents told therein is the following one taken from a letter to his mother, written by Lieutenant S. N. Lewis after the Battle, in which he describes the part taken by the 118th in that great fight. I quote from the letter, not the manuscript. "Our brigade immediately took the place of Sickles's retreating men, and, as the enemy's artillery continued to play upon our line, the men sought cover behind rocks and stones. On the right, where my company occupied its place in line, it was more open and uncovered, and the men lay upon their faces. Meanwhile could be heard the shouts and yells of the advancing enemy above the din and roar of battle. At this juncture a rabbit, frightened by the advancing foe, ran among our men and made a jump on the back of the neck of private ———, who, throwing up his hands, exclaimed: 'Oh! I'm shot! I'm a dead man! Shot clean through the neck!' This set the men laughing, notwithstanding the shells and bullets flying around, and they fairly roared at the poor fellow."

Can this possibly be your rabbit?

Yours truly,

F. A. DONALDSON, *late Captain 118th P. V.*

SAVANNAH, GA., *August 18, 1886.*

F. A. DONALDSON, *late Captain 118th P. V. :*

DEAR SIR:—I have read with great pleasure your letter of August 11, and thank you for your kindness in writing me and for the incident you relate so well.

I think that, in all probability, it was the same rabbit, and perhaps it was the same one which a Confederate "hollowed at," saying: "Go it, old fellow; and I would be glad to go with you, if I hadn't a reputation to sustain!"

The regiment's proximity to both positions of Bigelow's famous 9th Massachusetts Battery, during a part of its three hours' serious fighting, justifies a reference to its eminent valor on that occasion. It was its first engagement. Its losses were exceptional and greater than that of any other light battery in any single battle in the war, except one, and then the battery was captured by a sudden charge. The very critical and daring operation of retiring by *prolonges* in the presence of charging infantry columns was successfully accomplished for a distance of some three hundred yards. The guns were double-shotted with canister and the contents of the

At any rate, the coincidence of time and place and circumstances is strong enough to make us believe that it was the same animal. Your incident corroborates the one I related, and the only question between us is one of proprietorship.

You have probably heard that in the West and South the rabbit is regarded by the negro specially as a witch, with a power of getting information and of getting out of a difficulty beyond that of the human family, and, therefore, it would not seem strange, from a Confederate standpoint, if we should assume that the said historical rabbit—as I will call him—in running away from the Confederates, had heard from other rabbits the condition of the Confederate commissariat and knew that if he ran into their lines he most certainly would be caught and broiled and eaten, and thus preferred to run the risk of being shot, in order to get into your tanks where he was not wanted “so bad.”

The Confederates were fond of hunting rabbits, in order to add to their meat ration, and would hunt them by regiment and even by brigade. The line would be formed in single rank, the men a yard or more apart, armed, some with sticks, others with rocks, but the majority with nothing, and would march across the country for miles, beating the bushes as they went, and as a rabbit was started all in the vicinity would shout and try and throw at it, which would so frighten the animal that it was easily killed, and thus few escaped. In this way many rabbits were killed, sometimes a hundred or two, and even partridges became too frightened to fly but for a short distance and were caught or killed.

So that you can see how the presence of a rabbit, running before them, would excite “spontaneously,” as the negroes say, the spirit of the Confederates.

As my men did not catch the rabbit on the occasion referred to, for reasons which it is not profitable to discuss, I yield all claim to it and am willing that it be known as the “Rabbit of the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers.”

Again thanking you, I have the honor to be

Very truly and sincerely yours,

L. McLAWS, late Major-General C. S. A.

limber chests were laid by their side for quick work. Fuses were cut from case-shot and shell, that they might explode quickly. Eighty out of eighty-eight horses taken into action were killed or disabled. Of four officers present two were killed and two wounded. Six of the seven sergeants were lost, two of whom were killed. Seven corporals and privates were killed, twelve wounded and two missing. When surrounded the few survivors fought their way back with hand-spikes and sponge-staffs. Two guns were saved, four abandoned. Those thus abandoned, and useless to the enemy for immediate operation for want of rammers and sponge-staffs, were recaptured the same evening and returned to the battery the next day.

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 was one of the greatest of European wars. Larger armies were never assembled. The Germans took 797,950 men into France. Of this number 28,277 were killed or died of wounds. A loss of 3.1 per cent.

In the Crimean war the allied armies lost 3.2 per cent. in killed or deaths from wounds. In the war of 1866 the Austrian army lost 2.6 per cent. from the same cause; but in the American civil war the Union armies lost 4.07 per cent. and the Confederates lost over 9 per cent.

The two greatest battles of the age in point of loss are Waterloo and Gettysburg. Between them there is a remarkable similarity both in numbers engaged and the extent of casualties. At Waterloo the French numbered 80,000 men and 252 guns. The allies numbered 72,090 men and 186 guns. At Gettysburg the Union army numbered 85,000 men and 300 pieces of artillery, and the Confederates about 80,000 men and 250 pieces of artillery.

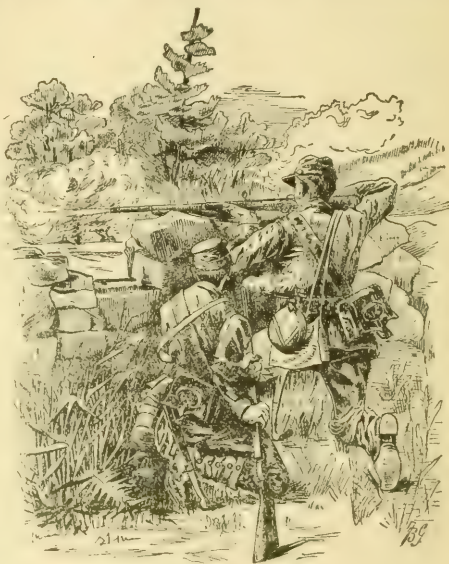
At Waterloo Wellington's army lost 23,185 men; at Gettysburg Meade's army lost 23,003. The loss of the French at Waterloo has never been officially announced, but has been estimated at 26,300. The Confederate loss at Gettysburg as officially reported by the Confederate surgeon-general was 20,448, to which must be added 7,077 wounded and prisoners

whose names were omitted from his list, but whose names appear on the record at Washington.

In the Franco-Prussian war the greatest loss occurred at the battle of Gravelotte, where the Germans lost 4,449 killed, 15,189, wounded and 939 missing; total, 20,578, out of 146,000 troops engaged, exclusive of 65,000 reserves. At Gettysburg Meade's army sustained a greater loss with half the number engaged.

In the American civil war the Union armies lost 110,070 killed and 275,175 wounded; total, 385,245, exclusive of the missing in action, who were not accounted for.

Except that a battle of great magnitude had been fought in which both armies had suffered severely, Gettysburg, viewed from an army observation at the time, was not different from the many serious encounters which preceded and followed it, save the very unusual and satisfactory



opportunity the soldiers had of observing the enemy's withdrawal, instead of participating in one themselves. Great battles are rated as decisive as their ultimate results may bear on the general issue of great wars. Armies treat those battles as decisive that so cripple, disrupt or annihilate their foes as to destroy their future usefulness for the purposes of war. In no such sense was Gettysburg a decisive battle. Badly depleted in numbers, materially weakened in *clan*, the enemy had withdrawn in excellent order, and was

apparently still ready to show a formidable resistance against any demonstration of determined assault. The indications clearly pointed to another advance into Virginia, and nothing was so calculated to soften enthusiasm over successes north of the Potomac as the prospect of a speedy change from the thrifty, prosperous surroundings of Maryland and Pennsylvania to the inhospitable, exhausted, sterile regions of Virginia. The Army of the Potomac, taught in its early career to be demonstrative and enthusiastic, had many times been sadly disappointed. As its campaigns increased its experience, it became more cautious with its cheers, more chary with its shouts. It preferred to await real results and certain conclusions before it would indulge in any untimely or unwarranted manifestations. Its business sense increased with its age, and until the fruits of its victories were safely garnered it was deemed wisdom to restrain any open expression of its appreciation of them. It felt with the loyal North that a great burden had been lifted from the nation with the failure of the invasion, but it saw before it, more clearly than the people, long years of bloody war before the army of the rebellion should be so attrited and wasted that it should cease to be a power strong enough to resist and defy the national authority. So, when Colonel Gwyn, in publishing the congratulatory order announcing the Gettysburg success, failed to secure a response to his urgent appeal for cheers for the commander-in-chief, and very imprudently did his own hurrahing, it was from no lack of regard for General Meade or any want of appreciation of his high soldierly abilities, but simply because the men of the 118th Pennsylvania, with their lights and experiences, could not see the wisdom or the occasion for any such manifestation of enthusiasm.

As a battle of enduring importance, of such practical influence on the social and political condition of our country that a contrary result might have varied the whole of the war in all its subsequent scenes and operations, Gettysburg may be reckoned as decisive. It was the final check to the power of the Confederate arms to invade or conquer. It was the dividing

line between the battles fought for the maintenance of the existence of the Confederate States and those fought to retard their downfall.

This prominence has turned upon Gettysburg a fire of criticism and analysis that seems to gather and strengthen as the years roll on. So persistent, and at times so violent, have been discussions that many a hero of his score of battles has doubted his own remembrance and wondered whether Gettysburg was the only battle. Save some vituperation, a little spleen, and very exceptionally prevarication, these discussions have been conducted in a spirit of fairness, and will doubtless contribute material aid to the book-makers of the coming years. This crucible of criticism has brought the skill of the chieftain and the valor of the soldier to the closest and severest test of inspection. Forsaking all other fields, the mass of writing on this has turned the attention of the student towards it as the one upon which to frame a general judgment for skilful management and soldierly courage everywhere. It was remarkable for skilful movements and splendid valor, but there are other fields which do not pale before it. Both Meade and Lee have been characterized as intelligent fighting men, doing their best with the means at hand to accomplish the end in view. It is not conceded that by some superior stroke of genius Lee could have changed the result. He was forced to fight an offensive battle, engaged in an "offensive defensive campaign," upon ground of his enemy's selection. Outgeneralled at the beginning, he was defeated at the end in measures, both of which the skilful leader would have sought to avoid. That Lee should have avoided battle where he assaulted will be conceded. That neither his communications, his supplies, nor his ammunition, at the time of Gettysburg, had yet been so seriously threatened as to force him to an engagement, must also be conceded. So when, inspired by his first day's success, he was tempted to his third day's defeat and compelled to the rarely successful and most unusual effort to pierce his enemy's centre, he signally failed to maintain the reputation for genius

which his followers had claimed for him, and with which many loyal Northern men yet credit him, as above their own military chieftains.

If there ever was a battle won through the courage and intelligence of the rank and file of the army, without planning strategetical movements or audible commands from their officers, it was Gettysburg. Such is now the universal opinion of the men who fought there. The battle was eminently a people's fight, and the sturdy Northmen won.



CORPORAL JOHN MICHENER.

CHAPTER X.

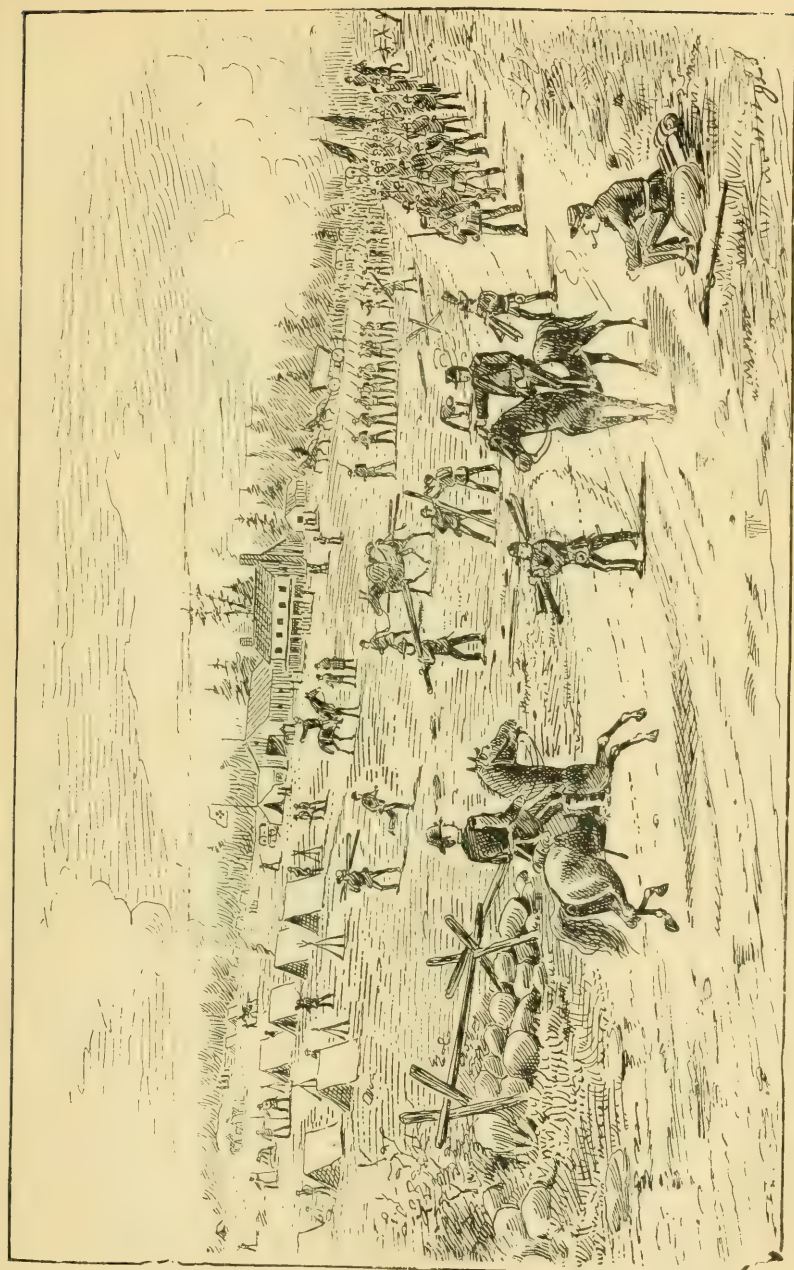
FROM GETTYSBURG TO WARRENTOWN.

WE stormed no time-worn castle walls,
Nor camped in grand old marble halls;
But on the endless Roll of Fame
By deeds of blood we placed a name
That will remain till time's no more.

THE army loosened its soaking vestments to permit the bright rays of the morning sun to absorb the heavy moisture with which the severe storm had laden all the soldier wore or carried. The enemy had disappeared. Other corps were in pursuit, but the 5th, fortunate in its opportunity to dry out thoroughly, did not move until six o'clock in the afternoon, and on the night of the 5th of July bivouacked about eleven o'clock on the banks of Marsh Creek, some distance below its confluence with Willoughby Run. The route marched was across country, around the southern base of Round Top and well to the Union left of the battle-field.

General Griffin, who had arrived on the field during the engagement and who refused to relieve General Barnes, now resumed command of his division.

General Barnes had been severely wounded on the second day of the battle, but still kept the field. On the 9th, forced to yield to surgical treatment, he relinquished the command of the brigade and, though he subsequently returned for a time, never afterwards participated in so great an engagement. With the brigade he had won honors and fame, secured the esteem and confidence of his subordinates and the admiration and regard of his soldiers. He justly deserved the consideration shown him by General Griffin, who arrived amid the heat of the contest and declined to assume command until the battle was over. Griffin considerably remarked: "To you, General Barnes, belongs the honor of the field; you began the battle with the division, and shall fight it to the end." Barnes's sol-



GOING INTO CAMP.



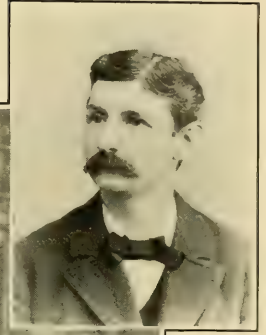
SAML. M. JONES,
Co. K.

dierly form is best remembered as at Gettysburg he rode valiantly amid the thickest of the fray, encouraging, persuading, directing, with that same courageous judgment which had ever been his distinguishing characteristic.

A few days after the battle of Gettysburg numerous carriages from Baltimore and other towns in Maryland visited the hospital, bringing with them delicacies, jellies, wines, etc., intended exclusively for the Confederate soldiers in the hospitals. The latter were receiving the same care and attention as our own soldiers, getting a part of the supplies furnished by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. It was most provoking to observe the preference for the Confederate wounded by these Southern sympathizers; consequently the surgeon determined to put a stop to it and directed that all such things should be left at the hospital supply tent, where all might receive a share at the proper time. A guard was therefore placed at the principal approach to the hospital, with instructions to halt all carriages bringing these supplies. On the next day after this order was issued a carriage drove up, containing a darky coachman, two ladies and two gentlemen. They stated to the guard that they were from Baltimore and desired to know where the tent was located containing the Confederate wounded. The guard informed them that his instructions forbade him to permit them to visit these tents; that all supplies should be left at the general hospital tent, and the surgeon in charge would direct their distribution. They appeared very indignant and inquired at once for the surgeon in charge. Surgeon Joseph Thomas put in an appearance, when they inquired by what authority a guard had been placed to prevent them from visiting and distributing the delicacies they had brought to the Confederate wounded. He replied that he had given the order and was responsible for its enforcement, adding that the treatment of the Confederates was in all respects the same as that of the Union soldiers; that they got their share of both Sanitary and Christian Commission supplies, as well as food and medicines furnished by the medical department; that previous

visitors to the Confederate wounded had made a distinction and given their presents exclusively to Confederate soldiers, and, therefore, he had determined to allow no further communications of this character, but that they should leave their wines, jellies and other delicacies with the steward, to be distributed alike to Union and Confederate, as might be deemed proper. Thereupon the visitors became intensely indignant and threatened to inform General Meade of the surgeon's conduct. Surgeon Thomas replied that it concerned him very little what they might report, or to whom; that he had charge of the hospital and would tolerate no interference with his authority by Confederate sympathizers, and that he advised them to leave what they desired and retire from the vicinity, or else he would at once direct their arrest as rebels. He called their attention to a squad of soldiers standing near. "You perceive," he said, "that we have the power to hold your party, and we shall most surely exercise it unless you leave the camp immediately." They concluded that prudence was the better part of valor, and pulled out a small bottle or two of wine and left. The hospital was not troubled thereafter by such unfriendly visitors.

On the day the battle closed, O. H. Osborn, of Company F, was detailed for temporary duty with the hospital department, and there was called upon to assist in burying the large accumulation of amputated limbs. As he passed by one of the field hospitals with his armful of legs he was carelessly accosted by one of two wounded soldiers of the 1st Michigan, who were complacently engaged in a game of cards. The one who addressed him had lost his leg in the second day's fight and was anxious to identify it. Thinking it might be with the load Osborn carried, he requested him to halt and permit him to make an examination. "Recollect," said he, "my leg can be readily distinguished from the others by a carbuncle on the little toe. It gave me much annoyance when I had the entire use of the missing member, and I would just like to see how the ugly parasite is thriving without me."



Corporal John L. Smith

GETTYSBURG *versus* WATERLOO.

BY CORPORAL J. L. SMITH.

The battle of Gettysburg was the greatest conflict of modern times. In the number of men engaged, in its duration, it exceeded Waterloo, and the loss of life was heavier. Over one-third of the Union army and nearly one-half of the Confederate army were killed, wounded or missing.

General Pickett's charge, on the third day, and its repulse, have not been equalled in valor since the day of Thermopylæ. Napoleon's Old Guard, historic for their victorious career, wavered before the first volley of the English batteries at Waterloo, and at the second fell back in confusion and disorder. Pickett's men at Gettysburg advanced a mile under a fire of musketry and artillery that tore great gaps in the line, which were filled by the living, and firmly, steadily the line advanced, as through the very gates of hell, until they engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the Union men, but were finally repulsed.

Waterloo has stood for half a century without a parallel. It is not to be wondered at that when the descendants of the men who conquered there met each other the fight should be fiercer and longer than on that famous field.

The critical fighting and severest losses took place on the second day, when Longstreet made his desperate charge and was driven back defeated. This was the turning point of the Rebellion. From that time its fortunes waned.

Osborn's time was precious, and, in refusing the request, he consoled the soldier with the assurance that if limbs lost on the battle-field should be finally restored, he might be able to recognize it in the hereafter. "Good enough," said the Michigan man, and quietly went on with his game.

On the 6th reveille sounded at four, but there was no movement until ten, and then but a shifting of the bivouac for a mile or so in the direction of Emmetsburg. The usual congratulatory battle order was published; otherwise the day was uneventful.

The commissariat had fallen off to a few and indifferent supplies. The continuous marching and hard fighting had prevented foraging. The few hours of leisure in the vicinity of Marsh Run afforded an opportunity to test the capacity of the country.

Smith, John L., of Company K, apt and ready with his tongue, and withal a judicious provider, was despatched to barter and trade with the good people of the vicinity for a fair supply of the nourishing products of the neighborhood. Captain Crocker's instructions, to whose company Smith belonged, were that he bestir himself and find something to eat. He left the character of the edibles wholly to Smith's discretion, to be selected from such as the market afforded. Gun in hand, he started on his mission, meeting many others on his route bent upon similar errands. Some three miles out he came across a well-to-do farm-house, in which were three women and a number of soldiers. Attracted by a flock of geese in the yard, the first poultry he had seen, he opened negotiations with the most matronly of the party, and, selecting the largest of the lot, inquired its price. "Seventy-five cents," said the matron, and Smith promptly closed the bargain. As he seized the goose the good lady, doubtless aware it had passed the years when its mastication was possible, generously cautioned him to cook the fowl well, as it was very fat—she may have said tough. Smith, however, understood it as fat. Expressing his thanks for the intimation, he soon had the

goose in condition for the fire, and, with her permission, utilized the pot and stove in the kitchen to fully complete its preparation for the table.

While the goose was cooking, Smith had bargained for several loaves of bread at the very exorbitant figures of forty cents each. He then adjusted himself to quietly wait till the goose was cooked and the bread baked. But he was met by competition. Other soldiers were about bidding handsomely for supplies. To their demands our good housewife could only reply that her resources were exhausted. Unfortunately for her reputation as an honorable dealer, she disclosed Smith's figures. That settled it. The others immediately advanced the loaves to sixty cents. Yielding to the temptation, she repudiated the Smith contract and accepted their proposition. He, meanwhile, not inactive, had overheard the conversation and, promptly seeing the raise and going fifteen cents better, eventually secured a delivery at the very high rate of seventy-five cents.

All business transactions closed, the conversation naturally turned to the all-absorbing subject of the war. Though truly loyal Adams county Pennsylvanians, they had heard but little, and knew nothing except as the attendant scenes of the late battle brought them to a realizing sense of its terrors. Smith, in the course of the conversation, pushing and inquisitive, and having noticed how the male sex was conspicuously absent, graciously turned to the elderly one of the four and, assuming that she was the mother of the other three, in a tone of condolence remarked, "By the way, madam, I assume you are a widow, and with all these cares upon you in these troublous times your task is by no means a light one." It was too much for them. Hitherto controlled solely by mercenary motives, and forgetful of their loss, in a traffic which yielded such tremendous profits, the interrogation revived the remembrance of a dear and absent father, and, all bursting into tears, they managed to stammer out an explanation. When the head of the enemy's column had appeared in that vicinity a few days before,

the good man, husband and father that he was, prompted wholly by a motive to save his goods and chattels from destruction, spoliation and seizure, announced himself as heartily in sympathy with the Confederate cause, and ready to serve it in any capacity for which he might be fitted. "Good for you, my man," said the general officer whom he made his confidant, and promptly equipping him with cartridge-box and rifle, he forced him into the ranks, and that was the last they had seen or heard of him. They would not be comforted nor cease their weeping until the appearance of the shekels again consoled their misfortune, and the bargain and the interview closed cheerfully when the goose was boiled, the bread done, and all the articles paid for. Whether the old man ever returned, and if so, in what condition, was never subsequently ascertained.

Smith returned to the camp in the waning of the afternoon and, proud as a successful huntsman, laid the trophies of his chase at the feet of his gallant captain. The bread was divided among those who had contributed to its purchase, and the goose reserved by Crocker to be enjoyed by the favored few whom he called about him to partake of the dainty morsel.

They sat about in anxious expectancy. Crocker cut and sawed, and hacked, and then another tried it, but to no avail; the bird would not part. Having exhausted all appliances at hand for the carving of fowls, ancient and modern, they concluded that there were heavier muscle and stronger tools among the men, and that to them this old, tried specimen of Adams county poultry should be generously assigned. Summoning Smith, Crocker bade him have the first sergeant procure an axe and divide the fowl as far as it would go among the company. It finally yielded to the sturdy blows, but the flesh refused to respond to all efforts at mastication. The fragments were gathered together, and the last seen of the goose were its remains being escorted, with muffled drums and reversed arms, to a place of decent sepulture. The Confederate general was too much for the husband, but the old lady beat the Union soldier—an uncommonly cute one, too.

On the 7th it rained, and with a three o'clock reveille the march began at four. This delay of nearly twenty-four hours was to await a pending consideration of change in the manner of the pursuit from one directly following to a movement around the enemy's flank.

At six o'clock, quietly, soberly, and silently, the column crossed the Maryland line. No joyous shouts, no demonstrative enthusiasm greeted that boundary as when, a few days before, the advancing hosts had entered Pennsylvania with the belief that their stay would be a long one. The march was hard and fatiguing and, with twenty-five miles behind them, at seven o'clock the troops bivouacked within a short distance of Frederick City.

The 8th broke dull, heavy and rainy, the storm increasing in intensity as the march was resumed at six o'clock. At ten, on the summit of the Catoctins, it was dark as night. Up there among the clouds vivid flashes of lightning followed each other with startling rapidity, and the thunder rolled incessantly. It was dark as eventide, although not yet noonday. Completely enveloped in a storm-cloud, the column seemed lost in the weird, desolate grandeur of the lonely, wooded mountain top. But the angry elements soon spent their fury, and the sunlight shone out again on quaint old Middletown, freshening the bright familiar beauties of the rich Catoctin valley. Renewing acquaintanceship with that old-time village, about two o'clock, a short distance beyond it, the regiment went into bivouac. Sounds of cannonading were heard during the afternoon from what was subsequently learned to be a brisk cavalry affair near Boonsboro. The sound of the distant cannonading was not so startling as when the reverberations were heard among these same hills and valleys the year before. Constant familiarity with the sounds and effects of gunnery had served to deaden the sensibilities.

On the 9th, a day of sunshine and shadow, the column leisurely followed the old turnpike road over the September Sunday's battle-field of the year before, through Turner's Gap in

the South Mountain range, and by a little after twelve o'clock was in bivouac again just west of Boonsboro. A heavy brigade picket detail, one hundred and twenty-five men from the regiment, in charge of the major of the 1st Michigan, indicated the presence of the enemy.

Colonel Tilton, of the 22d Massachusetts, had temporarily succeeded General Barnes in command of the brigade. Frequently in temporary command, he had come to be well known. He was of eminent courage and superior attainments, and consequently inspired confidence and commanded respect. At Gettysburg, seen everywhere in the heaviest of the engagement, he conceived and personally conducted the delicate manœuvre which relieved the brigade from the imminent peril of its first position.

The scenes and surroundings were familiar. All the memories of the past autumn were vividly revived. The same scenery was there in all its grand picturesque effect, but heightened by the beauty of its summer verdure. The promise of a hostile battle-front upon the thither side of historic Antietam completed the parallel.

A daybreak reveille on the 10th ushered in a bright, clear day. Moving at seven in the morning, the division crossed the Antietam at noon and, taking position in two lines of battle, bivouacked for the night with the entire 3d Brigade on picket duty, some five miles from Williamsport.

With the heavy marching and with no opportunity for renewing clothing, at least half the regiment was almost shoeless. In the hope that the trains or a supply depot might shortly be reached, a requisition was forwarded for 154 pairs.

On the 11th, at six o'clock, the brigade marched a short distance and then formed line of masses, with the battalions doubled on the centre. Pushing through a corn-field to an orchard beyond, it so remained in mass until five in the afternoon as a support, if necessary, for artillery there unlimbered and in battery. During the day Senator Wilson paid a visit to the old 22d, scarred, ragged and depleted since he had last seen

it, by its many casualties and vicissitudes. Patriotic speech, gracious greeting, and generous sentiment welcomed the eminent statesman, and enlivened the day with grateful memories of his distinguished services.

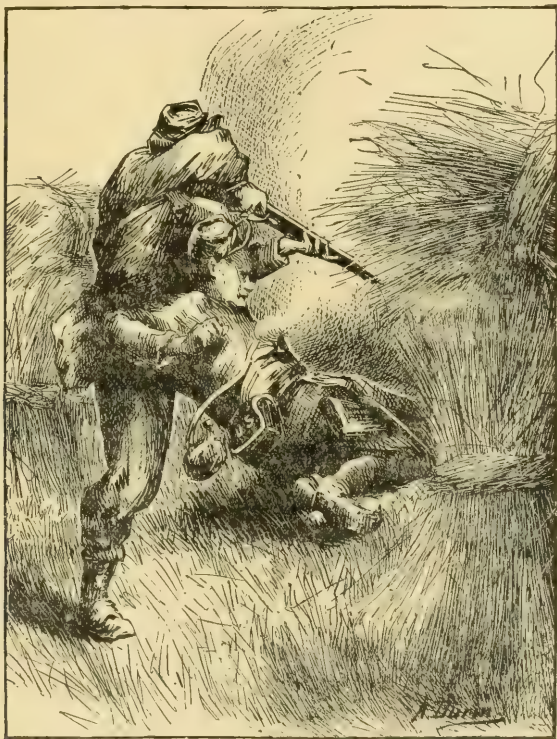
Towards evening the line of masses advanced in a north-westerly direction for some two miles and bivouacked at eight o'clock, still in the same formation, on a bluff near the banks of a narrow stream which flowed at its foot.

The 12th, a cloudless Sunday morning, was followed in the afternoon by rain. At eleven o'clock the advance in double column was again resumed and continued, with hesitating halts, until the enemy's earthworks, located on a distant rise, appeared in view. Upon an eminence of equal elevation the double columns were deployed to battle lines, and there awaited developments or directions. The swale between the two rises was open and under high cultivation. The farmers had been interrupted in their harvest, and the wheat, cut and gathered but not stored, stood stacked at the usual intervals over the fields. Between these stacks was the Confederate skirmish line. The whole Army of the Potomac appeared to be in position, the 6th Corps on the right of the 5th, and the 2d on the left.

General Meade and his staff came upon the ground, and riding to the front of the brigade for some time closely scanned the enemy's lines. Ultimately he ordered three companies to be detached from the 118th and sent out to support the pickets. The right and left companies, E and B, were thrown forward, and H, the centre company, moved out in support. As this detachment entered the wheat stubble, its appearance provoked firing. An engagement seemed so imminent that Quartermaster Gardner, who wholly unsuspecting of the situation had been drawn to the front to exchange a few social greetings, rapidly rode away, laughingly remarking that such unnecessary exposure was by no means essential to sustain the dignity of the non-combatants.

He was by no means peculiar in his views. Officers of his department frequently very properly sought the seclusion of the

rear in moments of impending peril. On one occasion a midnight assault was made on the lines in front of Petersburg. The bullets whistled about the head-quarters, rattled against the logs and tore through the canvas. The adjutant-general, roused from his slumbers, bethought himself first of the necessity for his steed, and yelled loudly to the orderly to saddle his horse.



SKIRMISHING AMONG THE WHEAT STACKS.

The assault was repulsed, things resumed the usual quietude, and all returned to their slumbers. The next morning the quarter-master, who had not been noticed in the darkness and confusion the night before, was absent from the mess table, and continued absent for several days thereafter, when he reappeared as suddenly as he had departed. Called upon for an explana-

tion of his absence, he replied that all he distinctly remembered to have heard during the assault of the night or two before was the very penetrating voice of the adjutant-general directing his horse to be saddled. Concluding from his experience that the only purpose for a horse on such occasions was to run away, and desiring not to be behind that officer in such an exploit, he quietly ordered his accoutred, and had stolen off on it to more secluded quarters. Where he had remained away so long he did not vouchsafe to tell, but his appearance indicated he had been most generously entertained.

A further evidence of the imminence of an engagement was the astounding conduct, prompted by his overweening religious zeal, of Chaplain O'Neill. General Meade still retained the position from which he had given the directions for the movement of the three companies to the support of the pickets. The chaplain, with head uncovered, solemnly approached him and boldly inquired whether the impending battle could not as well be fought on the next day as on God's holy Sabbath. All who heard him expected he would meet a crushing rebuke, but instead of this General Meade received his interrogation most graciously and naively replied in parable, drawn to it doubtless by the scriptural calling of his interrogator. He said he was like a man who had a contract to make a box. The four sides were completed, the bottom finished and the lid ready to be put on, and that he proposed to do with the engagement about to begin. Delay might vitiate the entire contract, and he saw no way out of it except for the fight to go on. "Then," said the chaplain in tones as if he were administering Heaven's thundering anathemas, "as God's agent and disciple, I solemnly protest, and will show you that the Almighty will not permit you to desecrate his sacred day with this exhibition of man's inhumanity to man. Look at the heavens; see the threatening storm approaching." And the chaplain's prediction had scarce been made before it was fulfilled. The clouds that had been gathering all the afternoon suddenly broke forth in copious showers, vivid lightning and pealing thunder followed and deep darkness settled everywhere before the storm was over.

The skirmishers stood confronting each other, quietly taking the soaking, their individual identity so lost in blankets that in the distance each man more resembled a crow-deceiver than the stalwart hero of "big wars."

The regiment was moved into a wood to the left, where it bivouacked for the night; but a heavy detail of a hundred men under Crocker and O'Neill did picket duty in the near vicinity. The firing was occasionally rapid and distinctly heard in the bivouac. The duty was an important one, and the wisdom was commended which had put such intrepid officers in command. There had been a question as to whose tour it was to perform the duty. Crocker had been out continuously, and his skill and courage were given as the reason for an assignment which it was believed would require the exercise of his best judgment. The picket detail of the day before remained on duty until the afternoon, when it was relieved by detachments from the 3d Brigade.

On the 13th it rained again. The brigade was set to building breastworks and soon completed a well revetted earthwork fortification with depressions at intervals for artillery. A single gun of Captain Martin's battery was run into position in one of them.

General Meade again visited the vicinity and rode slowly along the lines, examining the position with some care.

Chaplain O'Neill was determined to make up diligently for lost opportunities, and, though it was a secular day, organized what he deftly styled a war service. With the two lines facing each other in battle array, his phrase was not inaptly used. He took his text from the gospel of St. Matthew, 13th chapter, 9th verse: "Who hath ears to hear let him hear." His strong voice and earnest manner commanded an audience, and it was irreverently suggested that before he had concluded the ears of the whole brigade had heard every utterance.

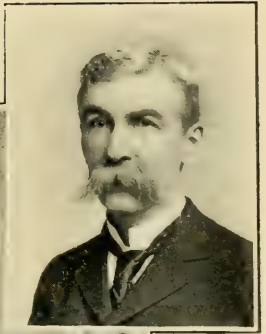
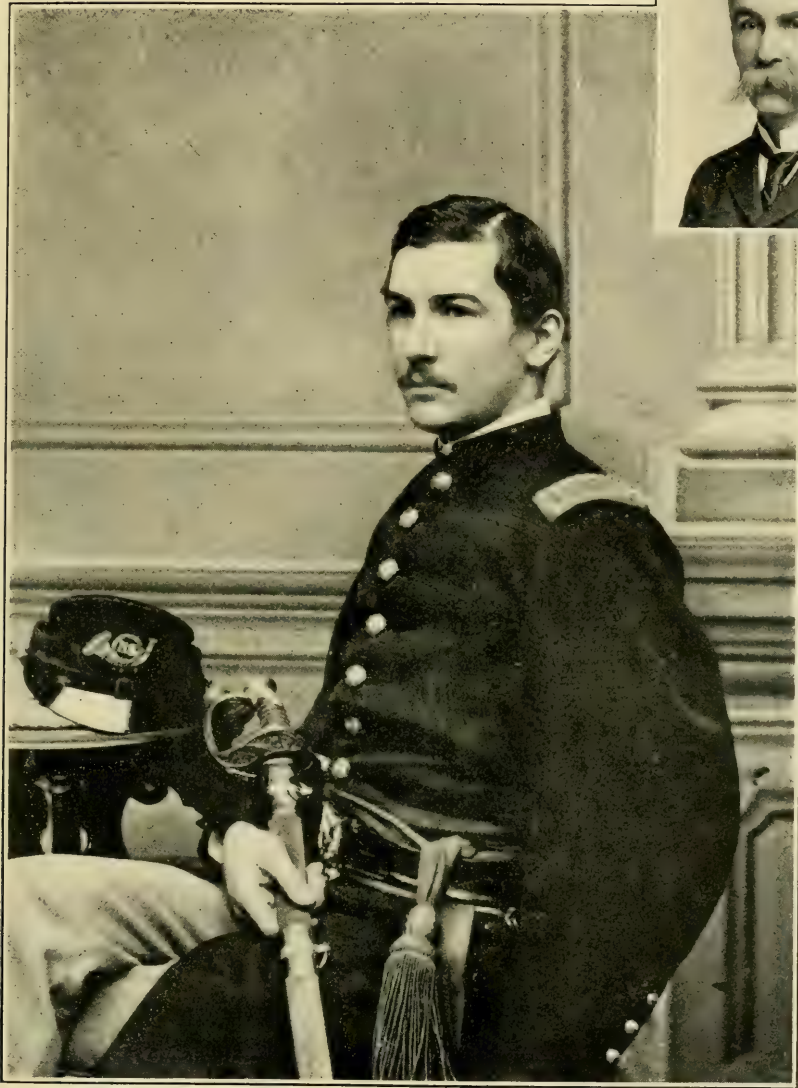
Lieutenant Horace Binney, 3d, who had been some time before detached as an aide on the staff of General Thomas H. Neill, then commanding a brigade in the 6th Corps, paid his

old associates a visit during the afternoon. Binney was a splendid fellow. His elegance of manner, cultured address, gentlemanly carriage, all peculiarly and unostentatiously his own, were the stamps of his high breeding and evidences of his distinguished, intellectual ancestry. He bore himself nobly as a soldier. In action, of unusual nerve and exceptional courage, he preserved that same distinctive individuality which characterized him elsewhere. Always an attractive figure on horseback, the graceful composure with which he rode through the exciting dangers of the battle-field was ever noticeable. He passed through the war unscathed. Young and promising, not long after its close, the alluring prospects of a successful legal professional career were before him, when a rapid and insidious disease carried him speedily to a very early grave. A welcome visitor, he continued his intimate associations with his regiment whenever location afforded him opportunity.

On the 14th it was still raining. At 6.30 A. M. the brigade was ordered under arms in support of a reconnoissance conducted by General Crawford's 3d Division. The brigade did not, however, move until noon, and then, occupying the enemy's breastworks for a short time, continued the march to Williamsport, halting there at two o'clock, bivouacking in a wheat-field for the night. Lee's legions had disappeared during the previous night and by daybreak were across the Potomac. A number of the enemy's stragglers fell into our hands during the march. Captain Sharwood, who had been left behind quite ill on the 30th of June, rejoined the regiment. He was promptly seized for duty and detailed as officer of the day.

On the 15th, clear and warm, the march began at 4.10 in the morning and continued over the South Mountain, through Crampton Gap, on the road to Burketsville, until 5.30 in the afternoon. It was a lengthy, trying march and much straggling followed.

At five o'clock on the 16th, with clear weather, the column was again off, freshened after a night's good rest. At 6.30



LIEUTENANT SAML. N. LEWIS,
Co. F.

A. M. it passed through Burketsville, and by 9.15 A. M. was in camp at Petersville, within a short distance of the Potomac, and there was rest and leisure for the balance of the day. The wagon trains made their appearance for the first time since before Gettysburg. During the night it rained again severely.

On the 17th it was still raining. The bi-monthly muster for pay, forced off by the heavy pressure incident to the Gettysburg preliminaries, was completed. Moving at four in the afternoon to Berlin, and crossing the Potomac on pontoons laid at that point at 5.50, the regiment was again in old Virginia, and at 6.45 in camp at Lovettsville.

Some venomous spirit prompted retaliatory measures for wrongs done in Pennsylvania. Threats were made to destroy the village. General Griffin checked the affair in its incipency, preventing a disgraceful scene of sack and pillage.

Lieutenant Batchelder, who had been ill for some days, here became so seriously sick that it was found necessary to leave him. Comfortable quarters were found for him, where he was well and tenderly cared for. His health completely failed him, and he was honorably discharged in the following November. Subsequent to the war he fully recovered and is now in vigorous health and prosperous business.

Batchelder was of firm determination and high courage; earnest, zealous, patriotic. His record was bright; his prospects promising. Steady, reliable, respected, trusted, the vacancy caused by his loss to the service was not readily supplied.

On the 18th it cleared and at five o'clock the march commenced, terminating as early as 9.30, some three miles from Purcellville.

The irregularities at Lovettsville the chaplain thought demanded clerical condemnation, and he held a special service with that in view, taking for his text, "For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers; and I say unto one, go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh." He dwelt vehemently on vandalism. Some of the facetious

construed his selection as having especial reference to the frustrated intention of "going for the rebel property."

On the 19th, a clear, warm day, the march began, the brigade being the rear brigade of the rear division of the corps, at 8.45, and, passing through Purcellville at 10.45, the regiment bivouacked in the woods a short distance beyond that village a little before noon.

Here an order was received directing the detail of three commissioned officers and a number of enlisted men to proceed to Philadelphia to secure for the regiment its proper quota of drafted men from the conscription then in progress in the North.

On the 20th it was still clear and the day decidedly hot. Reveille sounded at two o'clock and the brigade moved at five, passed through Union and bivouacked shortly after noon between Middleburg and Upperville, where it remained during all of the following day.

On the 22d, at nine o'clock, Colonel Gwyn, Captain O'Neill, Adjutant Hand and six enlisted men, including 1st Sergeant Crossley, of H, left for Philadelphia, in obedience to directions to procure for the regiment its proper quota of conscript assignments. The command of the regiment devolved upon Major Herring.

The forty-eight hours' rest was broken and at noon the march resumed. It terminated at five in the afternoon in the vicinity of Rectortown.

The 23d, a clear, fresh morning, when the march began at seven o'clock, closed in more stirring scenes than had enlivened the few days preceding it. The 3d Corps, pushed close up to the base of the Blue Ridge, near Manassas Gap, had struck the enemy at Wapping Heights. The 5th Corps, ordered to follow in support, reached the vicinity of the action about half-past four in the afternoon. Forming line of masses with battalions doubled on the centre, the brigade experienced the rare opportunity of observing an engagement entirely out of range and without participating.

The country rolled abruptly. Knolls, some more commanding than others, descended suddenly into the swale and then rose again. There was no timber until the westernmost valley terminated finally at the base of the wooded mountain side. From where the brigade took position knoll and swale, green and grassy, were all in complete view to their timber terminal.

The enemy, his line partially concealed, held the first rise on the mountains and our forces occupied a parallel knobby crest. Both skirmish lines were in the valley. Each was firing with marked deliberation, and from the other side the artillery, served with slow regularity, was planting its shots with creditable accuracy. Our lines repeatedly advanced over the skirmishers, under cover of the batteries, and pouring in telling volleys of musketry withdrew again to their position. The enemy had been driven to the defensive position he held on the mountain side, and the tactics of advancing and withdrawing, which continued until nightfall, indicated that there was no determined purpose to force him out, as it was believed that he would retire in the darkness. This he did.

As the regiment was moving towards the scene of the engagement it passed through the Keystone Battery of Philadelphia. The men were standing by their guns ready for action. The battery had enlisted for a year; its term was drawing to a close, and as up to this time it had not been in action, there was a manifest anxiety to engage.

There were many mutual acquaintances in both organizations. An incident was told in the interval of the short halt in their vicinity illustrative of how a little delay changed the whole phase of their service, and of their disappointment at the loss of the opportunity for distinction which resulted. With many other batteries they were in park in the vicinity of Centreville, when the Army of the Potomac reached that point on its march to Pennsylvania. Ordered to join the Reserve Artillery, they were making hurried preparations to do so, when, in deference to the wishes of a general officer of the 2d Corps, they

delayed a short time to accommodate him in the transportation of some of his private stores, he having no means at hand of his own to carry them. The delay was fatal. Their want of promptitude so annoyed the chief of artillery, as his batteries were all on the move, that he substituted Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts Battery in their stead, and they were returned temporarily to the defences of Washington and did not reach the Army of the Potomac until Gettysburg was over. They thus escaped the peril and failed to share in the glories of Bigelow's desperate encounter on the second day at Gettysburg, that has made him and his battery famous for all time.

On the 24th, at seven o'clock, the brigade moved up the ragged mountain side by the "right of divisions to the front," in support of the 2d and 3d Brigades, which were in line in advance. The hill deflected but little from a perpendicular. Overhanging crags, huge boulders, a thick growth of stunted forest trees, dense underbrush, lined the hillside to its summit.

The bloody laurels for which a regiment contends should always be awarded to the one with the longest roll of honor. Scars are the true evidence of wounds, and the regimental scars can be seen only in the record of its casualties. But the identity of the private in the ranks is merged in that of his regiment. To him the regiment and its name is everything. He does not expect to see his name on the page of history, and is content with the proper recognition of the old command in which he fought. He is jealous of the record of his regiment, and demands credit for every shot it faced and every grave it filled.

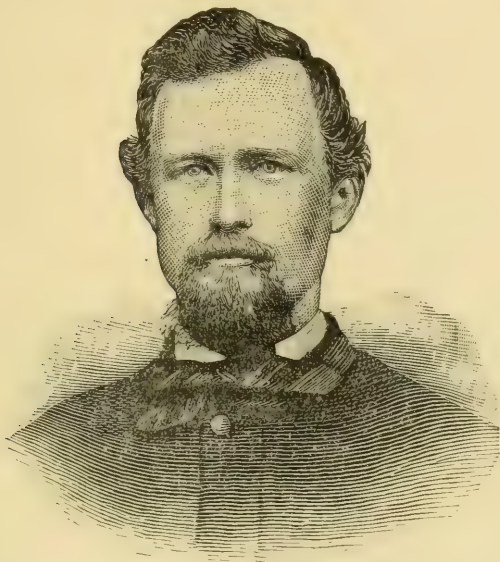
The men were hungry; but the rations were exhausted and the mountain top was rich in an unusual yield of luscious blackberries. The attractive scenery was neglected, and craving appetites appeased from the bountiful supply of fruit, sufficient in quantity to satisfy all existing wants.

At noon the division returned down the mountain and went into bivouac about a mile from its base.

Reveille was sounded at four o'clock on the 25th and the

march began at 7.30, with the 1st Brigade as rear-guard. It terminated at 5.20 in the afternoon at Orleans. Here two days' rations were issued. It was a clear, warm day, but rained hard during the night.

On Sunday, the 26th, it was clear and hot. The division



SERGEANT JAMES H. HAMAN.

culminated in the battle of Gettysburg and which terminated in march and pursuit at Warrenton or in its vicinity, virtually began on the 5th of June and concluded on the 31st of July. In the official itinerary of the Army of the Potomac it is noted that, beside the great battle itself, there were during the marches that preceded and followed it, at separate points, between those dates, 107 different engagements, combats, actions and affairs at arms. Twice in every fifteen hours of the summer daylight throughout that campaign shots by somebody, somewhere between the Rappahannock and the Susquehanna, were exchanged with deadly intent.

CHAPTER XI.

AROUND WARRENTOWN—BEVERLY FORD—EXECUTION OF FIVE DESERTERS.

'Tis a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.

THE termination of the nearly sixty days of arduous duty attending the Gettysburg campaign was followed by a short season of "liberty." There were several days of mirth-provoking hilarity. The best and brightest spirits drifted into the volunteer army, and genial humor and sparkling wit were never wanting. Though liberal potations stimulated the merry-making, good order prevailed and the "liberty" days closed in peace and harmony in due and timely season.

On the 31st of July Captain Sharwood was detailed as acting brigade commissary. Orders were received to move on the following day, but it passed uneventfully with the regiment still occupying the camp-ground described in the last chapter.

Deprived, during the very active season which had just closed, of the observance of many of the requisite military formalities, Sunday morning inspections were at once resumed, and were usually conducted in person by Major Herring. A humorous incident occurred at one of these inspections. Sergeant Andrew Cassidy, of H, had not been over-cautious in examining his cartridge box before coming upon the inspection ground. Some one had, without his knowledge, substituted for the tins and ammunition in it a full deck of cards. The inspection progressed satisfactorily until the command "open boxes" was given. Noticing the absence of the tins, the major looked farther and discovered the cards. "How many have you, Sergeant?" he pertinently inquired. "Sixty, sir," promptly replied the sergeant. "Wrong, sir; I count but fifty-two. Cap-

tain, you will direct the sergeant to report to head-quarters to account for the deficiency." The sergeant, much mystified, remained in ignorance of the situation until he returned to his quarters and had opportunity to examine for himself. When he reported to head-quarters he had recovered his boxes and properly accounted for all the missing cartridges. A word of caution was administered not to permit himself to be again tampered with by a practical joker.

The orders for the movement intended to be executed on the 1st were carried out on the 3d of August. The camp was broken at six o'clock P. M. by the bugle signal from division head-quarters. It so happened the division head-quarters were located in full view from most of the regimental camps. The order to move had been promulgated, and the troops only awaited the sound of the "general" for final preparations. Head-quarter tents were down and everything packed up in the vicinity, but the bugler was disposed to be a trifle humorous. He came out, planted himself conspicuously and mildly blew the few sharp notes of the "division call." Usually another call of some sort followed instantly after the last note had died away. Our facetious trumpeter would not have it so. He stood erect, with shoulders square, heels together, unusual for a mounted man, and with a calm assurance of his immense importance, knowing he was intently observed, deliberately surveyed the anxiously waiting assemblage. Then, as if determined to continue their expectancy, he slowly wiped the mouth-piece, pressed the instrument to his lips, distended his ponderous jowls, and without sounding the faintest note removed it, and doubled himself up with laughter. This he had all to himself; nobody laughed with him; a few did at him. The same operation he again and again repeated, each time his laughter becoming louder and more extravagant. Finally, either concluding his efforts to entertain were not appreciated or wearying of an effort that amused only himself, he straightened himself, and the "general" rang out full, clear, and free. A derisive yell followed the first note, and the disgusted bugler hunted

obscurity amid shouts of "shoot him," "stuff rags in his horn," "put him out," "tramp on him," and many like uncharitable phrases.

After a light evening stroll of a couple of hours, a bivouac was made about nine o'clock near Bealton Station.

Afterwards the regiment moved a short distance and, breaking into column of companies, established a camp with more regularity than usually attends the nightly halts between daily continuous marches. To the southward, artillery firing was heard for several hours. The tardy paymaster appeared, and gladdened the soldiery by a distribution of greenbacks.

Captain O'Neill and Adjutant Hand returned with one hundred and nine drafted men and substitutes. The quota allotted was one hundred and fifty-nine, and with that number they had started from Philadelphia. Fifty, however, had eluded their vigilant attention and disappeared on the route. This was not unusual. Scarcely any detachment of recruits of such a character ever reached the front without seriously suffering from desertion. Occasionally the guard, catching them in the act, upon their refusal to surrender shot them as they attempted escape to friendly timber, or jumped from ferry boats crossing rivers. This latter method of escape, in the darkness of night, was frequently resorted to. It was questionable whether the wholesale desertion of substitutes—the evil was confined almost exclusively to them—did not almost make the conscript system a failure.

A few of these substitutes, stout, well-built fellows, were disposed to be independent and presuming, claiming to have been once captains and lieutenants, and one actually assumed the dignity of an aforetime brigade commander. They presumptuously addressed each other by titles indicating their former rank, and would not be suppressed until severely disciplined. A little training dissipated these extravagant notions, and most of the detachment were ultimately shaped into tolerably good, and some became excellent soldiers.

Among the drafted men, so consistent in their conscientious

convictions against fighting that they would not purchase substitutes to fight for them, were five Pennsylvania Quakers. They were submissive and obedient, ready in the discharge of every duty, but still, consistent in their convictions, positively refused to "bear arms." Lacking nothing in courage or endurance, they expressed entire willingness to march and go into battle, but utterly declined to be instructed in the use of the

musket. Force and persuasion were of no avail, and the reasons for their refusal appearing to be wholly in their consciences, the War Department ultimately ordered their discharge.

O'Neill and Hand were directed to simply deliver the recruits placed in their keeping, and then return to the rendezvous at Philadelphia. They were not slow in responding to the latter part of their



SERGEANT ALFRED MACQUEEN.

instructions, and commenced their return journey on the night of the day of their arrival.

A high wind and heavy rain demolished all the arbors erected to break the intense heat. They were no longer needed, however, as an early daylight move and short march brought the regiment to another camping ground near Beverly Ford, within half a mile of the Rappahannock. Here the regiment remained for a considerable time.

The entire month of August was a season of intense, enervating heat, breeding swarms of pestering insects and con-

ductive, in the lowlands along the river bottom, to frequent malarial disorders. To counteract these unhealthy surroundings there were occasional issues of quinine steeped in liberal allowances of whisky. This medicinal stimulant was a cheering beverage to appetites measurably restrained from the use of liquors for want of means and opportunity to secure a supply. There were those, however, who, stolidly fixed in their principles of total abstinence, would pour their ration upon the ground in the presence of their companions, much to the disgust of many who were convinced it could be devoted to a decidedly better purpose.

A captain of the regiment, in a venturesome mood whilst bathing in the Rappahannock, swam the stream, and without stopping undertook to return. His temerity came near having a tragic ending. When midway back he was seized with violent cramps and lustily called for help. He manifested, though, no such panic or alarm as did his friends who stood upon the bank. They seemed to lose their heads. One frantically seized a fence-rail and pushed it toward him. It failed to reach him. All seemed to fear his grip. In his shouting he had told the cause of his trouble. He was fast becoming exhausted and was about to give up when Lieutenant Arthur Bell, of the 155th Pennsylvania, who was the most self-possessed of all those who watched the scene, hurriedly divesting himself of his outer garments, heroically plunged into the stream and struck out manfully to the discomfited swimmer, all the while calling to him to keep up—that help was at hand. The captain feebly called to him to come close—that he would not grasp him; and, placing his hands upon Bell's shoulder, was safely brought ashore. Bell's heroism was applauded, and his generous gallantry was long the theme of appropriate comment. The captain soon recovered from his exhaustion and, profiting by his experience, was afterwards a more cautious bather.

Five of the men who had eluded O'Neill's vigilance were subsequently apprehended in attempting to recross the Poto-

mac. They had enlisted under the names of Charles Walter, Gion Reanese, Emil Lai, Gion Folaney and George Kuhn. They were all foreigners, unacquainted with the English language except one. Two were Roman Catholics, another a Hebrew, and the others, if of any faith, were Protestants.

Assigned to the regiment, they had never joined it and were wholly unknown to it. Charged with a crime, conviction for which was likely to be followed by capital punishment, they were sent to the regiment only as a forum where judicial cognizance could be taken of their offence. In fact conviction, followed by any of the punishments usually inflicted for desertion, would have connected them with the regiment only as prisoners awaiting trial or as criminals awaiting approval and execution of their sentences. They had, therefore, been thrown into an organization where they were entire strangers and which had with them neither friendship, memories nor associations, and as they had come there as prisoners only for the stern administration of military justice, they could look for little sympathy.

Desertions, bounty-jumping and re-enlistment had followed each other with such alarming frequency that the death penalty became necessary as the surest method to prevent their recurrence. Except for desertion to the enemy, capital punishment was rarely, if ever, inflicted. The authorities, having determined, if possible, to eradicate the shameful practice of bounty-jumping, had instructed courts-martial in all well-established cases, upon conviction, to impose the severest penalty known to the law. This failing to entirely remove the evil, and "to be shot to death by musketry" being deemed too honorable a death for such abandoned characters, the mode of execution was subsequently changed to the rope and the gallows.

Tempted by the very extravagant sums paid for substitutes and the large bounties offered by district organizations to complete their allotted quotas and thus avoid a draft, large numbers from the worst classes of the community entered the service. A large proportion never reached the army.

The court which tried these five offenders was presided over by Colonel Joseph Hayes, 18th Massachusetts Volunteers, and convened, pursuant to General Order No. 35, of August 15, 1863, at head-quarters, 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps. The numbers arraigned, the frequency of the crime, the expected severity of the sentence, attracted the attention of the whole Army of the Potomac. Besides, it was almost the first, if not the first, of this class of cases, and was given unusual publicity, officially and otherwise. The prisoners were all found guilty and sentenced to be shot. The order, fixing the time of the execution as Wednesday, the 26th of August, between the hours of 12 M. and 4 P. M.,* reached the regiment on the 24th, and was at once published to the prisoners by Major Herring, in the presence of the chaplain, through the aid of an interpreter. The difficulty in securing the services of a priest and rabbi, who came specially from their Northern homes, induced a respite until Saturday, the 29th, between the same hours. On the day following the announcement of their sentence they addressed a communication to General Meade, craving a merciful reconsideration of the punishment imposed. It was the composition and in the handwriting of one of them, and read as follows :

“ BEVERLY FORD, VA., *August 25, 1863.*

“ MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE :

“ GENERAL :—We, the prisoners, implore your mercy in our behalf for the extension of our sentence, so that we may have time to make preparations to meet our God; for we, at the present time, are unprepared to die. Our time is very

{ * HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
August 23, 1863.

General Orders No. 84.

. These men evidently belonged to that class who are trading upon the necessities of the country and have embraced enlistment with a view to desertion for the purpose of gain. It is hoped the prompt punishment awarded to their crimes will have the effect to deter others from attempting a like criminal and dishonorable course of conduct, as the commanding general will unhesitatingly punish all such cases with the severest penalties of the law. This order will be published to every company in this army at the first retreat parade after its receipt.

By order of GENERAL MEADE.

short. Two of us are Roman Catholics; we have no priest, and two are Protestants, and one is a Jew and has no rabbi to assist us in preparing to meet our God. And we ask mercy in behalf of our wives and children, and we also desire you to change our sentence to hard labor instead of death, as we think we have been wrongfully sentenced; as we, being foreigners, were led astray by other soldiers, who promised us there would be no harm done.

"Your obedient servants,

"CHARLES WALTER,

"GION REANESE,

"EMIL LAI,

"GION FOLANEY,

"GEORGE KUHN."

The death penalty having been announced, the guard was strengthened, and every movement of the condemned men closely and carefully watched. An exhaustive search was made for everything that might be employed to commit suicide. Captain Crocker was placed in charge of the guard, and Lieutenants Lewis, Bayne and Thomas were assigned to duty with him. Four men inside and four outside the place of confinement were continually on duty.

Lewis conducted the search. He took a pocket-book from the Hebrew, who pleaded earnestly for its return. Lewis, yielding to his entreaties, was about returning it without examination, when Major Herring, who had supervised the operation, promptly directed him not to do so until he had carefully examined its contents. Concealed in its folds was a lancet. The Jew had not observed the examination, and when the pocket-book was handed him his countenance lightened, and, nervously clutching it, he began to search it closely. Discovering that the lancet had been removed, his countenance fell again, and, handing back the book to Lewis, he mournfully remarked through the interpreter, who had repeated all that had been said, that he had no further use for it and any one was free to retain it.

From the time of the publication of the order until the day of the execution not a soldier was permitted to leave the regimental camp limits, nor were visitors allowed to enter them. All military exercises and camp duties were performed decorously and quietly. An order was issued forbidding noise and

levity, but it was needless; the awfulness and solemnity of the coming event pervaded every heart.

It may seem strange to some that men who could shoot at others in battle without compunction should feel so serious about the fate of five deserters. It is one thing when soldiers with heated blood and inflamed passions, face to face and hand to hand in fierce conflict, inflict horrid wounds or death upon others. It is a very different thing to look forward to a scene in which men are to be done quietly to death without any of the circumstances which rob war of half its terrors and hide its real character.

The day of the execution was bright, clear and cool. The site selected was the further end of a plain, in rear of the head-quarters of the 2d Brigade. The plain was sufficient in extent to accommodate the entire corps with each division deployed in line of masses, battalions doubled on the centre, on three sides of a hollow square. From the open front to the rear the ground gradually rose, bringing the final scene of the tragedy in full view of all the soldiery.

The morning was busy with preparation. Twenty men, under Sergeant H. T. Peck, were detailed to bear the coffins, and ten pioneers, with spades and hatchets, under Sergeant Moseland, were charged with filling the graves and closing the coffins. Captain Crocker, to whom was assigned Lieutenant Wilson, commanded the guard of thirty men.

Father S. L. Eagan, the Catholic priest, had arrived from Baltimore the afternoon before, and with Chaplain O'Neill had spent the night ministering religious consolation to those of the prisoners whose faiths they represented. The Jewish rabbi, Dr. Zould, did not arrive until shortly before noon of the day of the execution.

The prisoners, clothed in blue trousers and white flannel shirts, accompanied by the clergymen, the escort guard and detail, were marched a little after twelve o'clock to a house in the vicinity of the 2d Brigade's head-quarters to report to Captain Orne, the division provost-marshal, and there await the formation of the corps.

The troops assembled slowly. The 1st and 2d Divisions were in position, occupying the second and fourth fronts of the square, when at three o'clock, without awaiting the arrival of the 3d, which subsequently hurried into its place, the solemn procession entered the enclosure on the right of the second front. On the right was the band, then followed Captain Orne, the provost-marshal, with fifty men of his guard, ten to each prisoner, as the executioners. Then there were two coffins, borne by four men each, and in their rear the condemned Hebrew with his rabbi. At a suggestion from Major Herring, the one representing the most ancient of religious creeds was assigned the right. Other coffins, each borne by four men and followed by the prisoners and the priest and chaplain, brought up the column of the condemned. The prisoners were all manacled. Four of them bore themselves manfully, moved steadily and stepped firmly. One, with weak and tottering gait, dragged himself along with difficulty, requiring support to maintain his footing. Captain Crocker, with his escort of thirty men, closed up the rear.

The procession moved slowly; the guards, with reversed arms, keeping step to the mournful notes of the dead march. The silence was broken only by the low, doleful music, the whispered words of consolation of the men of God and the deliberate martial tread of the soldiers.

The column, with the same slow, impressive pace, moved around the three fronts of the square and, halting at the first or open front, faced outward. The five coffins were placed opposite the foot of five new-made graves and a prisoner seated upon each. The provost-guard, subdivided into detachments of ten, with loaded pieces, faced their prisoners thirty paces from them.*

The provost-marshal read the orders directing the execution.

*The pieces are not loaded by those who bear them, and one in each of the ten is charged with a blank cartridge. None of the firing party is supposed to know who discharged the musket loaded without ball, and, as a consequence, none know who actually fired the fatal shots.

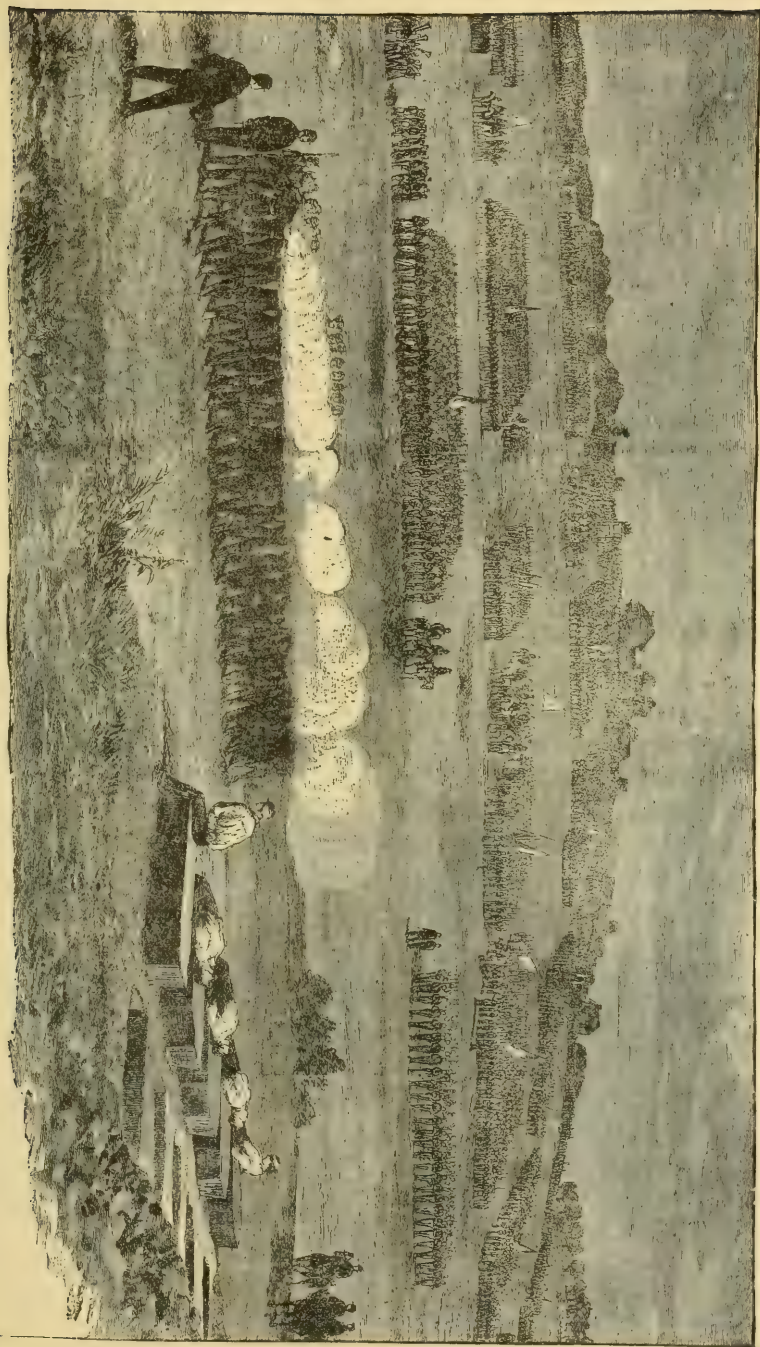
The minister, the priest and the rabbi engaged in earnest, fervent prayer. Time grew apace, and the hour within which this work of death must be consummated was rapidly expiring. General Griffin, who, annoyed from the beginning with unnecessary delays, had anxiously noted the waning hours, observed that but fifteen minutes were left for the completion of what remained to be done. In loud tones, his shrill, penetrating voice breaking the silence, he called to Captain Orne: "Shoot those men, or after ten minutes it will be murder. Shoot them at once!"

To many and many of the thousands of those assembled there, there will but once more come so solemn a moment—the moment when death nears them.

With a few parting words of hope and consolation, the clergy stood aside. Lieutenant Wilson quickly bandaged the eyes of the prisoners, and they—though in the full vigor of life and health—were literally upon the very brink of the grave.

The terrible suspense was but for a moment. "Attention, guard!" resounded the clear, ringing voice of the provost-marshal. "Shoulder arms!" "Forward!" "Guide right!" "March!" Every tread of the guard fell upon the stilled hearts of the motionless army. Twenty-five paces were quickly covered. At six paces from the prisoners with appropriate pause and stern deliberation the command was given: "Halt!" "ready!" "aim!" "fire!" Simultaneously fifty muskets flashed. Military justice was satisfied and the law avenged.

Four bodies fell back heavily with a solid thud; the fifth remained erect. "Inspection arms!" hurriedly ordered Captain Orne, and every ramrod sprang in ringing tones upon the breech. No soldier had failed of his duty, every musket had been discharged. Pistol in hand the provost-marshal moved to the figure which still sat erect upon the coffin (for it was his disagreeable duty to despatch the culprit if the musketry failed); but Surgeon Thomas had pronounced life extinct, and the body was laid upon the ground with the others.



EXECUTION OF THE FIVE DESERTERS.

The masses changed direction by the left flank, and amid the enlivening notes of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" broke into open column of companies, and marching by the bodies to see that the work of the executioner had been effectually done, the troops were soon back to their camps again.*

The bright, generous summer-time, and the unusual leisure at such a season, prompted an indulgence in various sports

* Captain H. K. Kelly furnishes the following amusing incident: Some very curious characters were found among the drafted men and substitutes furnished to the regiment. They presented an element entirely different from the patriotic volunteer, of which the regiment was originally formed. They required a different study of human nature and a very different treatment. This can be understood even by those who have never exercised command in the army. In requiring from the volunteer strict obedience and conformity to all the requirements of the service, it could not be forgotten that he was an American citizen.

Among the drafted men in one of the companies was a very curious specimen. He was a member of a sect that wore long hair, who believed in universal peace and abhorred blood-shedding, and entertained various other mild and gentle dogmas, pretty to contemplate in an Utopia, but utterly unsuited to the suppression of a rebellion organized with English shot and shell. This "soldier against his will" had witnessed the execution of the five deserters, and the sight had doubtless affected his mind unfavorably toward a little scheme of "dropping out," which he probably had in contemplation. At all events, he concluded that it would be safer and more polite, as well as more in accordance with military usage, to tender his resignation. Accordingly, still mindful of etiquette, he addressed the first sergeant of the company a note, of which the following is a copy:

"SERGEANT:—Please report me to the proper authorities that I do lay down my arms, feeling myself entirely unfit for duty on account of my health, and also contentiously pledged to my church not to take up arms to kill.

"I am willing to suffer the penalty that good Old Abe will inflict upon me.

"Yours truly

— — —."

The sergeant, being a military man of decided views, promptly forwarded the paper to the officer in command of the company. The private was sent for, the officer under a grave face which he had some difficulty in maintaining, and was asked a few questions as to whether he acknowledged authorship of the letter; whether he had not been impressed by the tragic scene of execution he had witnessed, and then, with some good advice as to duty, etc., the soldier was sent back to his tent, warned to so watch over his actions that a worse thing than being shot by a rebel did not befall him. His career, however, was short, for on the first day's fight in the Wilderness he was gathered in as a prisoner of war, not before his company commander had seen the man repeatedly violating the pledge to his church so far as shooting often and taking care to fire low could be construed into killing.

and exercises, notably horse-racing. Some valuable, blooded stock had found its way to the front, and when ridden by their owners an exciting race frequently drew together a notable assemblage of officers of high rank. General Griffin had a mare, noted for its speed, of superior build and excellent carriage. There were often appreciative gatherings at his headquarters, when he was tempted by repeated challenges to test the metal of his splendid animal. Other steeds were of equal reputation, however, and, regardless of the distinguished rank of the owner of this noted war-horse, not infrequently outstripped her in the strife.

Captain Crocker, anticipating a lengthy stay, built for himself a house of logs chinked and mortised, with boards for floors and a sash with panes for the window. This structure, pretentious beyond remembrance for a soldier's summer home, must need be dedicated. It had been christened "The Haversack." So Crocker summoned all the congenial spirits around him, and purposed with due decorum and fitting ceremony to open his mansion for the uses, purposes and intents of its construction. He had laid in lavishly of "beer on draft" right from the National capital, and there was abundance of edibles from the small stores of the mess-chest. But his guests had assembled not to satisfy appetites craving to be appeased with substantials, nor were they to be hampered with the stilted ceremonies of a dedication. Beer from the keg was so rare a treat that these men of war, forgetful of the purpose of their coming, crowned Gambrinus king again. They set the mortised joints ajar with merriment, and loosened chinks and ridge pole with their boisterous, unrestrained hilarity. Song, loud and sonorous, rang wild and long.

"In eighteen hundred and sixty-three—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-three—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-three

Abe Lincoln set the niggers free—

And we'll all drink stone blind,

Johnny fill up the bowl."

This was sung in tedious repetition until at last its strains ebbed away in sleepy languor. "Here's to Crocker and his house" was more than twenty times repeated. In imitation of a sitting at home, imaginary waiters were merrily summoned for "four beers," "two here," "zwi," "beers all around," and they apparently promptly filled the order. The festivities continued while the beer lasted, and "The dedication of the Haversack" was long remembered as a day of goodly ceremony. "Quarters" and "light duty" was the record made for some when the morning's duties summoned them, but the stalwart ones responded promptly, undisturbed by bodily or mental ailment.

While in the vicinity of Beverly Ford the picket details were heavy, and the scope of territory covered was considerable. Nor did the brigade details always occupy the same line. At one time they were protecting and observing the river front. At another they were thrown off to the left a mile or two.

Much of the new material sent to us since the campaign of General Grant was worthless as fighting material. "Substitutes," "bounty jumpers" and conscripts replaced the brave men who had fallen in battle and whose terms had expired. Many had enlisted under fictitious names, and during roll-call it was not uncommon to see some of them look in their hats to see the assumed names, that they might correctly answer "Here!"

On one of these three days' tours—the distance from camp necessarily lengthened the term—Captain Donegan and Lieutenant Kelly were on duty together. An odd irregularity befell Donegan, and an amusing incident growing out of it happened to Kelly. Donegan was in command of the entire division picket by virtue of his rank. Assigned to cross-country duty, his left was to be refused, his right was to rest on the river. Establishing his right, by some oversight he threw the 1st Brigade detail so far out of position as to bring it well inside the true line. The other brigade details arriving on the ground and Donegan not having yet had opportunity to post them,

they, discovering a wide gap between their right and the river, extended their intervals and closed it. The captain shortly became acquainted with the situation, but apparently satisfied it would not be detected, and believing it not worth while to disturb the posts, now comfortably fixed for the three days' work, permitted the error to continue, keeping both the outer and interior lines in ignorance of their relative locations. This ignorance continued until after the tour was completed, and no one would ever have known aught of it if Kelly had kept silence concerning his amusing incident. Donegan never intended to disclose the irregularity.

Kelly confined himself closely to his own line and ensconced himself, when at leisure, in the parlor of a vacant mansion hard by his right centre. He quaintly posted on the door his prescribed "office hours," and closely observed them. A number of new men were of the detail. Kelly, unusually busy with instructing these men, having succeeded in making them fairly understand, had just relaxed his vigilance when General Sykes, with his staff, appeared on the line, approaching it from the outside, in front of where it was covered by these recruits. He had finished a tour of inspection of his entire corps pickets, and was returning to his head-quarters when he was suddenly confronted and abruptly halted by this improperly posted and to him wholly unknown interior line.

"Who goes there?" harshly came from the post toward which he was advancing, and the man holding it stood ready to meet the emergency. "I am General Sykes," said he quietly. "I don't care a d—n who you are," was the prompt response; "dismount, every one of you, and be lively about it, too." The general, somewhat incensed, threw open his overcoat and, pointing to his shoulder-straps, said, sharply, "Now do you know me?" "No," again insisted the soldier, "get down off that horse d—n quick, or I'll put a ball through you." Seeing no other way out of the dilemma the general and his staff dismounted. His anger was increasing, he was berating the ignorance of men in their failure to recognize a corps com-

mander who for several months had been among them almost daily, when the adjoining post, concealed by the timber, incensed him beyond endurance by a new line of inquiry: "Hello, Billy," said the other vedette, "what kind of a looking fellow is he? has he got big black whiskers?" "Yes," said Billy. "Then hold the ———: you've got Moseby; call for the corporal of the guard." This Billy did lustily, and he, hurriedly coming upon the scene and recognizing the general, ordered him to be passed immediately. "Who and where is your officer?" demanded Sykes, and he was immediately conducted to Lieutenant Kelly's quarters, who, notwithstanding it was not his "office hours," most graciously received him. "What in the name of — are you doing here?" he asked. The inquiry of course referred to the position of the line. Kelly, wholly innocent that he was heroically maintaining an interior picket, had no other notion than that the general's interrogation was intended to stand him up for examination on his instructions, and in a vain attempt to display his proficiency he fluently replied, "To arrest all persons outside the lines, to be watchful during the day, and extremely vigilant at night; to keep a sharp lookout after Moseby and other guerillas; treat all persons outside the lines as enemies," and so he continued, the general's astonishment increasing as he proceeded. For a moment General Sykes remained speechless, his staff meanwhile indulging in suppressed laughter, and then, too disgusted for other comment than "Great Heavens! what infernal stupidity!" rapidly rode away. Lieutenant Kelly, slightly amazed at the risibility and indifference with which his pretty speech was received, in no way conceived that the lamentable ignorance to which the general so energetically referred was attributed to him, nor did he learn how "infernally stupid" he was until he returned to camp and related his experiences. As no disaster followed Donegan's inadvertence, and as General Sykes upon reflection was probably more amused than annoyed at the incident, the matter was never investigated.

An unjust impression had gone abroad that General Sykes

had no kindly side toward the volunteers. It gained credence from his apparent association with the regulars alone. On the march he was generally seen riding with them, and in camp and bivouac his head-quarters were usually nearest them. By reason of these unfounded prejudices, though he had the merited confidence of the corps, he never secured their affections. He was ever mindful of the needs of his soldiers, and his recognized skill, ability, high attainments, eminent courage and soldierly bearing fitted him for the leadership which he so successfully maintained. Because he seemed to fail to reach the hearts of his people, they would never admit that he was likely to be enrolled among the great men of his day.

The brigade had come to know Colonel Hayes, of the 18th Massachusetts, from the frequency with which at intervals its command fell to his keeping. He was a man of culture and address, a soldier of distinction, well calculated to sustain the splendid reputation of the sturdy men whom the New England States so wisely selected to officer their volunteers.

From the 4th of August to the 16th of September the regiment had remained continuously at the same camp near Beverly Ford. On that day it broke camp, crossed the Rappahannock and bivouacked in the vicinity of Culpepper Court-House. The next day it moved through Culpepper and encamped a short distance beyond it, near the residence of Colonel George Smith Patton, the colonel of the 22d Virginia Infantry. Here it was destined to remain for several weeks. The 1st Michigan and 18th Massachusetts were detached from the brigade for provost duty in the town.

Culpepper was eminently a "deserted village." Its dwellings were all closed and apparently tenantless. No resident, male or female, was seen on the highways, and of the twenty stores and groceries none seemed to be doing business. Two hotels, the Piedmont and Virginia, still pretended to accommodate travellers. There were four churches, a large institute for girls, an academy for boys and several other schools. The buildings

were of brick and frame, the latter largely predominating. Of course, as a shire town, the usual public building was not wanting. The population had numbered about 1500.

On the 28th of September the corps was paraded for review by Major-General Corterge, of the Mexican army.

Another military execution in the division followed close upon the one which has been described. An enlisted man of the 12th New York, convicted of desertion, proven a bounty-jumper, was shot to death by musketry. He refused to be bandaged, and, calmly gazing down the barrels that were to rattle his death-knell, received their volley with Ney-like heroism. His still, cool, impressive courage aroused a thought that he was not of the criminal class with which his crime associated him. An involuntary sigh, audible as the volley rolled away in the distance, swept over the division for the fate of such a stalwart.

The Patton House was a fine old-time massive Virginia mansion. Its wide hallways, commodious chambers, grand old porches, picturesque avenues, were evidences of ancient thrift, indicative of old-time hospitality. Abandoned property is an incentive to pillage, deserted dwellings are prompters to vandalism. Hasty inferences are drawn of the burning, personal hate of their occupants, and the demon of destruction, roused by a spirit of resentment, prompts the best of men to deeds of rapine and plunder. The Patton House was not exempt from the rack and ruin attendant on all such "derelict" property. It was soon a wreck of its former self. Its fine porches were all destroyed, doors, windows and floors were carried away. Everything movable found its way to the flames or was temporarily utilized in the quarters of the neighboring soldiery. The large, old-fashioned brass knocker on the front door, bearing the ancestral arms and the honored aristocratic name of its ancient founder, "Patton," in bold, distinctive lettering, had adorned it for a century. Torn from its place, this venerable ornament was used to adorn a temporary door which a rude Northern mechanic had constructed for an entrance to his

canvas quarters, for no other earthly purpose than to find a place for the accommodation of this insignia of the Patton aristocracy. Brass heads from ancient bed-posts, lambrequins, andirons, fenders, shovels, tongs, spittoons, pitchers, basins, were put to use or ornamentation as the taste or inclination of the despoiler happened to dictate.

A survivor of the Culpepper exodus, probably not from the walks of its most prominent citizens, surrounded by a bevy of shapely daughters, occasionally opened his doors for hospitality and entertainment. Once only an invitation to his receptions, which had grown to be generally appreciated, reached the camp of the 118th, and then but two of its officers were favored with a recognition. Such an opportunity to taste of social sweets amid these rude alarms of war was seized with avidity. Arrayed in the best attire from a sparse and well-worn wardrobe, these officers hastened on the given night to the scene of the festivities, cautiously concealing their absence and its purpose. It was a goodly company, and the ladies, attractive and fairly well clad in such garb as the limited Southern market afforded, were unusually gay and entertaining. Officers of the staff, cavalry, and artillery predominated. In boiled shirts and white collars they outshone the plain service garb of the practical infantryman. A little envious, our representatives subdued their tender sensibilities and permitted in the early evening their more gorgeously robed fellows to absorb the attentions of the fair ones. Merrily the dance went on, and the bottle, which had frequent calls from the male portion of the assemblage, began to enthuse its votaries with a strengthening and boisterous merriment. The delicate appetites of the ladies were appeased by frequent and light potations of sherry. One of the infantrymen—the only two representatives of that branch of the service were the officers of the 118th—apt of tongue and glib of speech, had nursed his early envious promptings for a fitting and favorable opportunity to overcome the all-absorbing domination of his rivals. The fairest of all these attractive maidens, the special friend and pride of a dapper little

fellow of the staff, had caught his cheery, penetrating laugh, been entranced by his captivating gaze and at last yielded to his winning ways. She let go the little fellow of the staff and surrendered to the big, burly, generous infantryman. This drew the lines tightly, and all these mounted heroes only awaited slight provocation to satisfy their jealous ire against these two lonely representatives of the foot service.

Alcohol and jealousy had done their work. Slanderous stories were carried to the father that the doughty soldier who had so successfully captured the "belle of the ball" was excessively familiar. The intimation was sufficient for the old gentleman. He, too, had not failed to linger long over the frequent passages of the bottle. Without investigation or inquiry, he planted himself in an attitude of attack immediately in front of the offending officer. The lady pled with the angered parent to contain himself, that nothing had been said to disturb even her most delicate sensibilities, that her friend had conducted himself most decorously. He would not be appeased, and, attempting to plant an illy-aimed blow at his stout, well-proportioned adversary, was himself caught before it landed and planted with his lower extremities in advance on a bed of hot coals in the large old-fashioned fire-place. This was a signal for a general assault. Begrimed with ashes and cinders, the old man rallied for another attack, and to his aid came those of the boiled shirts and white collars. The odds were against the two infantrymen, but strong arms, quick blows and some science laid one after another of their assailants aside. Their assailants worsted, with no disposition to renew the fight, the two soldiers escaped to the road and hurriedly made their way to camp, not, however, without fair trophies of the fray. One had a handful of boiled shirt and the other had seized a well-filled brandy-bottle from the table as he dashed through the hallway.

The two participants in this escapade had so well concealed their movements and identity that their participation in it was never discovered. Failing to announce their intended absence

from camp, inquiries at the head-quarters of the 118th brought the response that it was none of their officers, as on the night in question they were all at home. Personally, they were unknown to all the officers at the ball save one. He, a cavalryman, disgusted with the discomfiture of his fellows, refused to disclose his acquaintanceship. The provost-guard of the 1st Michigan and 18th Massachusetts, who had made but a half-hearted attempt at arrest at the time of the disturbance, glorying in anything that added to the prowess of the brigade, if they had any suspicions, never announced them.

Cool, clear, bracing autumn weather prevailed. Routine camp duties and heavy picket details monopolized the time until Lee began his celebrated movement around the right, with Warrenton, Centreville or Washington for its objective, which hurried the Army of the Potomac off on its mad race to intercept him.



C. I. COLE. W. L. GABE. SAM. I. LUDY. DANIEL STOCKTON.
PHILIP PARTENHEIMER. WM. B. MABERRY. THEO. B. FRYER. ANTHONY HUVER.

ALL OF CO. K. TAKEN AT BEVERLY FORD, VA., 1863.

CHAPTER XII.

LEE'S MOVEMENT AROUND OUR RIGHT FLANK.

THE Rebel vales, the Rebel dales
With Rebel trees surrounded;
The distant woods, the hills and floods
With Rebel echoes sounded.



WHILE the army remained in the vicinity of Culpepper and the Rapidan, the signal officers, who had caught the key of the Confederate code, were in the habit of intercepting messages from the enemy's signal station on Clark's Mountain.

These despatches, however interesting or amusing, had never proved especially instructive until, on the

afternoon of the 7th of October, a despatch to General Fitz Hugh Lee from General J. E. B. Stuart, directing him to draw three days' bacon and hard bread, was caught on the wing, and on being sent forward to head-quarters of the army aroused General Meade's attention to the coming movement.*

The impending movement referred to at the conclusion of the last chapter culminated in hostilities at Bristoe, and terminated when Lee found his way back to the Rappahannock again,

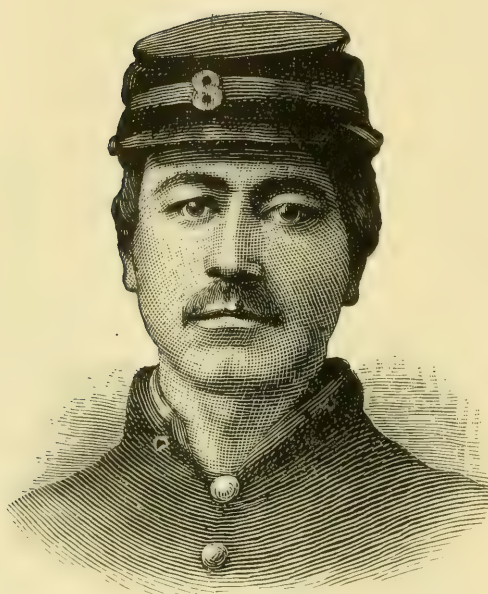
* Walker's "History of the Second Army Corps," p. 321.

tired from a wearisome march, disappointed with his fruitless errand.

The intentions of General Meade did not seem to actively manifest themselves within 5th Corps limits until the 10th. Then the tendency of the movement indicated an expected cavalry demonstration as the objective. Camp was broken at 3.45 in the morning and the march directed to the vicinity of Raccoon Ford, on the Rapidan. Here the column arrived at 8.30, after a short march of some four or five miles. It passed through a recently abandoned picket line, well back from the Ford, which evidently had been occupied for some time. Beyond it the brigade halted, nearer the river. The skirmishers were deployed, with instructions to advance as near as possible to the Ford without attracting the enemy's attention.



HARRY LEES, CO. C.



CORPORAL BENJ. E. FLETCHER,
Buried in West Laurel Hill Cemetery.

The skirmishers, advancing to a house, learned that felling trees would not impede.

She stated that Lee's movements would not be delayed by blocking or obstructing the Federal rear, as Lee's plan was to move completely around, and, if possible, envelop the Federal right, and she felt that the movement had probably now so far developed itself as to show to the Federals something, at least, of the intent of the operations. The captain, without waiting to exchange a courteous farewell or even inquire the family name, hurried to his horse, and leaving directions to assemble his skirmishers and stop work, dashed off rapidly to place his information where it would be transmitted to head-quarters.

Whether it was this information thus unexpectedly acquired that first developed to General Meade General Lee's purpose was not known to the regiment then. It is probably too late to assume it now, but certain it is that Meade did not become aware of Lee's movement with any certainty until late in the day on the 10th. The interview at the mansion was before two o'clock; several hours necessarily elapsed ere the knowledge gleaned from it ultimately reached army head-quarters. No general movement, guided by an understanding of Lee's intended operations, took place until evening. The conclusion that at least some of the credit of securing this important intelligence should enure to the enterprise of an officer of the 118th is rendered not improbable by General Walker's statement on p. 322 of his "History of the Second Army Corps," in which, in the course of his narration of these same events, he says: "At last, on the evening of the 10th, it was deemed sufficiently manifest that General Lee was in fact moving on Warrenton, to require the Union army to fall back behind the Rappahannock, which was accomplished during the 11th."

To resume the direct narrative. The skirmishers and pioneers having rejoined the brigade at 2.30, it moved back again over the four or five miles it marched in the morning, and halted at its old camp. There, under orders to move at a moment's notice, with trains hitched ready for immediate start, the troops

secured that indefinite and uncertain rest that follows an attempt at repose while under orders to march.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 11th there was a hurried departure. The column passed through Culpepper. The gait maintained was more than usually rapid, and after a continued stretch of ten miles, made without a rest, the column reached the neighborhood of Brandy Station. Here the troops deployed and faced to the rear, remaining in line of battle to support the retiring cavalry and protect the withdrawing trains.



TRAINS TO THE REAR.

Down through the ranks by this time it came to be pretty well understood that this movement comprehended an avoidance of something initiated by the enemy, and visions of Bull Run, Manassas, Thoroughfare Gap, Pope's retreat, and other names and localities suggestive of disaster were so rife in the imagination as to eventually culminate in audible and ominous expression.

The country about Brandy Station is well suited for observation. There was considerable artillery practice at long range,

principally from the enemy, who were closely pressing our retreating squadrons. The infantry remained in support, occupying rifle-pits that had been constructed before. Over the plain in front there were repeated charges and countercharges, with varied success as the one or the other side was in heaviest numbers. Presently the enemy appeared in considerable strength, bearing down hard upon our severely pressed horse. General Griffin, standing beside an idle battery unlimbered and "in action front," evidently concluded that the best way to relieve this pressure on the discomfited horse was to try some effective work with the guns. He stood in their midst and personally directed the fire. The first shot was too high, knocking off the branches of timber in the woods in front of which stood a large body of the enemy's cavalry. This practice did not suit him, and he directed the artillerymen to depress their pieces, remarking with considerable emphasis, as he had done once before, "You are firing too high; just roll the shot along the ground like a ten-pin ball and knock their d—n trotters from under them," practically illustrating his instructions by stooping and trundling his hand and running smartly as if in the act of bowling. Better work followed, and after several discharges the enemy disappeared entirely and the cavalry, infantry, artillery and trains continued the march without further interruption to the Rappahannock. The brigade crossed at Rappahannock Station about four o'clock, and marching well into the evening "went tenting to-night on the old campground" near Beverly Ford, where it had spent so many pleasant weeks in the late summer and early fall. There was no disposition to "give us a song to cheer." It had been a weary, tiresome day, with a prospect of a heavy tug on the morrow, and the soldiers sought a much-needed rest.

On the 12th the brigade was back again to the Rappahannock, and about noon the corps recrossed at Beverly Ford. An unusual and impressive martial display followed. The sky was cloudless. The sun shone in all its autumn splendor. Beyond a timber belt, at intervals lining the right bank of the stream,

the country for almost the entire distance to Brandy Station is an open, level plain, broad enough to accommodate almost the entire Army of the Potomac deployed in line of masses, and wide enough to permit its march in that formation for a considerable distance. Three great army corps, the 2d, 5th and 6th, arrayed in serried lines of masses, with battalions doubled on the centre, concealed by bluffs or timber, burst suddenly, as if by word of command, out upon this wide expansive plain. It was as gorgeous a pageant of real war as the Army of the Potomac ever saw, and it was the firm belief of all that the occasion was one of business, not of show.

For the first time the soldiers realized the sensation of entering battle with the grandeur attending a full view of masses of men prepared for action. There were no inquiries for the supports, no thoughts of exposed flanks, no anxieties for a sufficient reserve. The scene aroused an assurance of strength, stirred a commendable spirit of competition, and was such an incentive to valor and determination that the actual combat was earnestly looked for with no doubtful convictions of its results.

The artillery accompanied the movement, and at proper intervals, reserved for their accommodation, the batteries moved parallel with the advanced lines. The division moved in echelon by brigades. The breeze from the front was just stiff enough to flutter the colors at right angles with the staff. At no time during the entire advance did the troops seem to vary from an almost perfect alignment along the whole of this extended front. The short autumn daylight faded out and the splendid pageant was lost in the early darkness. The anticipated fight was not at hand, there was no enemy to bar the progress of this mighty host, and the prospective glories of the rout and ruin of the foe were lost in the fading shadows of a brilliant October twilight.

When it was discovered that the operation had failed to bring on an engagement, it was the conviction of those who did not know its purpose that this splendid show of force, threatening Lee's communications, was meant to tempt him back again,



HENRY MYERS. THOS. J. HYATT. HIRAM C. TOLAND. ARTHUR PAUL.
FRANCIS MULLEN. HIRAM LAKE. GEO. W. STOTENBURG. SAMUEL NUGENT.



JOHN STONE. J. L. SMITH. GEO. I. LEFSER. JAMES HUNTER.
THOS. I. MARTIN. HENRY MATHEWS. GEO. W. LENORD. JAMES P. HOLT.

16 MEN OF CO. K.

Taken at Beverly Ford, Va., in 1863.

and, failing of its purpose before night came on, the intention was abandoned. Such conjectures were wrong, however; a fight was really expected. Generals Sykes and Pleasanton had both reported that a heavy infantry force had been uncovered near Brandy Station, and Meade turned his legions back again to meet it. Sykes and Pleasanton were mistaken. A small body of cavalry had deceived them. It vanished on the appearance of this huge array, and the whole affair materially aided Lee in the better accomplishment of his intended operations.

It was well into the night before the troops made a stop indicative of rest, and at midnight, their appetites satisfied with a very rough meal, they were ready for slumber. The men had scarcely passed into forgetfulness when shrill bugle notes broke the still midnight air, and the "general" brought them all to their feet again. One broad-chested fellow, of stentorian voice, violently shook his sleepy companion who had lost himself for just ten minutes, yelling vociferously, "Get up, you lazy lubber, you; do you want to sleep all the time?" Shouts of laughter greeted this absurd speech, and made the men more cheerful. At one o'clock in the morning of the 13th the column turned upon itself, marched back and again crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly Ford, resting for the second time at the old camp ground. There hurriedly breakfasting at six, starting on again at seven, trending eastward and striking the Orange and Alexandria Railway at Warrenton Junction at noon, a halt was made for the night's bivouac at Walnut Branch near Catlett Station at 5.30 in the afternoon. This concluded what was really the continuous work of one entire night and two consecutive days.

It was a busy day for the flankers. In more than usual strength, extended well to the left, they continued on the alert, anxiously apprehensive of an attack from Lee's columns moving by parallel roads only a mile or so to the northward. At intervals during the day the enemy's trains, where the distance between the two armies narrowed and where prominent ridges

afforded opportunity for observation, appeared in full view. In the early morning it was known at army head-quarters that Ewell's corps was moving by the Warrenton turnpike, and Hill's by Salem and Thoroughfare Gap. In a "confidential circular," published at half-past ten o'clock, corps commanders were advised to this effect, and those in the rear, the 5th and 2d, were instructed to spare no precaution against attack, as the enemy's intention, whether to make a desperate lunge at the left flank and rear, or throw himself on Centreville Heights before the Union army reached there, had not yet been fully developed.

General Griffin evidently anticipated battle, as he directed the release of private Thomas Sands, of Company F, who was under arrest awaiting execution, and ordered him to be equipped and returned to the ranks ready for the coming engagement.

The 14th, with a four o'clock reveille and a nine o'clock start, was to be a busy day for the 5th Corps, and a memorable and anxious one for the 2d, the rear guard of the army. In the ranks it was mistakenly believed that the 5th was bringing up the rear. The 3d, 5th and 2d Corps, the three rear corps of the army, had been directed not to move from the points they might from time to time respectively occupy on the 14th until the corps following had come up. These directions should have held Sykes at Bristoe, which his rear division, Griffin's, reached at about one o'clock, until Warren had undoubtedly appeared or he had actually got into communication with him. But Sykes, bent only upon reaching Centreville, anxious concerning the long interval between him and the 3d Corps, and more than impatient at what he considered Warren's unnecessary delay, was ready to receive any information that brought the 2d Corps in sight. Receiving such a report, made by an officer of his staff in undoubted good faith, without waiting to communicate with Warren or to verify the report, Sykes put his own troops in motion for Centreville. As a fact, the 5th Corps had had time to stretch itself out, except its rear division, before A. P. Hill's corps, which had been directed on Broad

Run at the railway crossing and not on Centreville, appeared in sight.

But Warren had had a day of incident and anxiety. He awoke to find Stuart between two of his divisions, a position of which Stuart was as ignorant as Warren. Caldwell's division, preparing its morning meal, was startled by vigorous shelling from the very direction in which it was about to move. What force or who it was was not apparent. It was sufficiently ominous to place the division of the corps in battle array to meet an attack. Stuart, willing "to be let alone," after a few shots, disappeared. This unavoidable detention, with other stoppages, Ewell's skirmishers thickening about the rear and flanks, with occasional shelling of the timber on the left, necessarily delayed Warren until about three, when, at the rear of his columns, he was startled by firing two miles or more to his front. It was the enemy's artillery on the west of Broad Run firing on Griffin's division lying in innocent repose on the east bank. This digression is introduced, as the movements of the 5th and 2d Corps were, or should have been, during the day, intimately connected.

Griffin's division crossed Broad Run near Bristoe, a village, big or little, but of which but a "few lonely chimneys remained to show where it once stood," about one o'clock, apparently secure from pursuit. With no evidence of the likelihood of disturbance, the men betook themselves to the preparation of a noonday meal, and little individual fires soon began to show themselves along the high bluff lands lining the stream.

The impression that the corps was the rear of the army had been strengthened by the cutting of trees along the line of march so that they could be readily pushed over when the last of the troops had passed, and by the urgency of General Patrick, the provost-marshal-general, who was directing the operations, that the work be expedited.

Crocker, Thomas and a number of other officers were seated upon the bluff enjoying their coffee, and overlooking and discussing the features of the country over which the column had

just passed. From the west bank of the run the ground rose gradually and the country was open and unobstructed to a belt of timber some distance off. The soil was pretty well used up, and the early frosts having blighted every vestige of verdure, the grass was the color of the earth. Crocker suddenly jumped to his feet and startled his associates with the decidedly penetrating interrogation of: "What is that coming across the fields? look!" and then in answer to his own interrogation continued, "a reb skirmish line, by heaven!" The close resemblance of their uniforms to the color of the ground was confirmatory that they were the enemy, and still more convincing evidence of the character of the advancing body was the appearance of several guns (Poague's) which, rapidly emerging from the timber, unlimbered and went into battery. Shot after shot, well directed, was sent in quick succession into the confused mass so illy prepared for such a demonstration.

The division was hurriedly withdrawn. A mounted officer dashing through the troops had his arm torn off by a shell. The men moved in good order, but it was manifest that there was a general feeling that the appearance of the enemy was wholly unexpected and unprepared for. As an illustration of the great confidence that the men had in the courage and generalship of General Griffin, who had recently returned to the division after a short absence, it may be mentioned that the officers could do nothing better to reassure the troops than to say: "Men, General Griffin is in command." The movement continued until the division reached Manassas Junction. Here, after a few moments' halt, the division, with a good gait and in excellent order, started back whence it came, to the sound of firing that by that time indicated a heavy engagement. It reached the field about four o'clock and went into position on the east side of Broad Run, where the batteries shelled the enemy on the other side. The infantry did not attempt to cross and was not engaged. The loss in the brigade was slight.

While the pace of the rear division of the 5th was quickened

from the place which it had so quickly abandoned, the 2d Corps was hurrying to what was to be its glorious field of Bristoe. Before the first of its men had come upon the field, the last of the 5th Corps had passed out of sight. It seemed strange that the rear division, instead of being permitted to hurry along to Manassas, had not been retained in the position in which it was first attacked. When the affair was over and the officers and men understood it, such was their conclusion. But soldiers never care to investigate such matters and let them remain for their superiors to settle, or history to discuss. General Sykes asserted, and his assertion must be accepted without challenge, that he never heard the sounds of battle at Bristoe; did not know his rear division was attacked, and supposed General Warren was moving on Centreville, until he received the intelligence of the engagement with Hill. General Walker, "History 2d Army Corps," who would naturally be Sykes's severest critic, attributes his conduct to the fact that he had wrought himself up to the single conception of reaching Centreville; that he believes warning of the danger of a flanking column had fallen "idly upon his ears"—so idly that when he first heard Warren had been engaged and captured guns, he insisted it could not have been with anything but a very small force.

One of the head-quarter clerks tells the story of the day: "Not being obliged to carry a gun or keep in the ranks, I took to the railroad tracks, running parallel to the road on which the troops were marching. There were a good many stragglers on the track, and, with a view to opening conversation for sociability, I asked one of them, who had no letter, figures or badge on his cap, to what regiment he belonged. His answer was prompt: 'We belong to the Royal Standbacks, last in and first out.' I took the hint, and for the rest of the day minded my own business.

"At the big water-tank at Bristoe's I sat down on the track and ate my grub, and while sitting there the column opened on the rebels in lively style. I was just far enough away to

be out of range, and yet near enough to be included in the racket if there was change of position; and so after watching the fight for awhile, I started on towards Centreville, where I had orders to report that night. It was a beautiful day, and to be able to travel unencumbered as I was it was very pleasant, but for the troops in the dusty road it was hard enough. I crossed Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford, and as I waded through the shallow water I trudged on to the heights, and there beheld a glorious spectacle. There seemed to be five roads leading through the woods below us. At the left the smoke and noise of the battle at Bristoe was seen and heard, the contending parties apparently occupying two roads. On the right two lines of wagons, on roads perhaps half a mile apart; and on a third road, about the same distance away, a rebel column. The wagoners were making all haste to bring up their trains safely. The rebels were straining every nerve to reach the junction of the roads and cut off the trains.

"General Meade was on the hill, observing and directing the fight, sending off and receiving messages in rapid succession. One staff-officer after another was dispatched, and then his orderlies, and at one time he was reduced to the company of the signal-officer, who was kept hard at work waving his mysterious messages to some distant point."

Warren's day of anxiety and vicissitude closed in a bitter punishment to his adversary. Ewell's activity, the distance from supports, turned his consideration solely to the suggested precaution for the safety of the rear division of the army and when Poague's guns summoned him to the right of his corps his quick intelligence caught the railroad cut as the only point from which to throw off the attack, now imminent from rapidly gathering forces. The movement was executed none too soon; Hayes's division reached it, Owens's brigade coming up amid a shower of balls, just in time to repel a determined onslaught of Heth's division. Again it was renewed, but, better prepared and with a more extended front, Warren's men again threw it off. Several hours of daylight yet remained and the

2d Corps might yet be crushed amid the gathering masses of Ewell and Hill, assembling, it was believed, to avenge the repulse of Heth. But night came and there was no renewal of the assault from either side.

The troops of the 5th Corps that returned and took position on the bluff were on the flank of the enemy, with only the run, fordable at all points in column, between them. It was their conviction that an opportunity was lost in not utilizing them for a flank movement. Their presence doubtless served to hold back the forces of Ewell and Hill. Meade's policy seemed to have been one of resistance only. Some critics have referred to the situation at Broad Run and Bristoe as a lost opportunity for an open field fight that had been so long sought for. Pretty much all the enemy had gathered there, and by the next morning the whole Army of the Potomac might have been. Quiet criticism among the thinking ones at the time was to a like effect. Correspondence is yet extant where this view was maintained in a respectful soldierly tone, by line officers disposed at times to think out the situation with the limited opportunities then at their command.

Warren gathered trophies of guns and colors and prisoners and added to his accumulating laurels. Such success as a temporary corps commander could not make it long doubtful that he must soon find a place among those who should be permanently assigned to high command. Before many months rolled by he succeeded Sykes in command of the 5th Corps.

Monaghan, of I, was a recruit of '63. He was a constitutional growler at everything and against everybody, yet withal a good-natured, open-hearted, witty fellow, always ready for duty when he was up. His besetting sin was straggling. He had been a sailor in the merchant service, beyond the age when the habits of life can be conveniently changed. Tempted by the large bounties offered at the time he forsook his calling and entered the infantry. Of all the arms of the service his early training least fitted him for, was that of the foot soldier. To lug his pack was a harder job than to march. He fell out on every occasion

and was never up until everybody else had comfortably disposed of themselves. Twitted with his delinquencies, he styled his associates a lot of land-lubbers, pack-mules, fit only to tramp and no use to furl sail or climb the ratlines. He would show them how to march if they'd give him the deck of a gunboat in a heavy sea for his parade-ground. The movement from the Rapidan had taxed his greatest energies. Aware of the proximity of the enemy, he had strained himself beyond his ordinary capacity and crossed Broad Run with the usual column of stragglers some time after the main body had been upon the other side. He had been up so little during this march, and his associates having seen nothing of him, they had given him up as "missing." He managed, however, to work himself along with the "stragglers' brigade," a body which had learned from long experience how to care for itself.

This body, true, tried and brave, reaching the grounds later, had not progressed so far with their meal as had the "regular" troops, when they were startled by the appalling sounds of cannonading behind them. The rear, the place of their choice, the spot of their own selection, selected from its more than usual safety, had at last been assailed. Nearest the bank they caught the heaviest punishment, and some were killed. This so increased their gait that Monaghan shortly afterwards, going at a pretty active pace, found himself near the limits of his own command. His companions first recognized him, the new part he was playing bringing him into more than usual prominence. With a number of his newly made acquaintances of the "stragglers' brigade," he had secured the services of an enervated and abandoned cavalry steed, improvised a bridle, and three of them had mounted the animal and were making reasonably fair progress in their flight. Just as Monaghan was recognized they were approaching a ditch which in the days of his youth, when the hinges of his knee-joints were supple, the poor war-worn steed would have cleared with a slight effort. The three sons of war who bestrode him urged him forward, first with oaths and then with kicks, but he did not understand their bad

English, and paid no attention to their other hints. Then, in the compassion of their hearts and their desire to get him across the ditch, they dismounted. But the horse had arrived at an age when he knew his own mind, and cared not for the views of others. The three valorous knights, by dint of pulling and pushing, got him to the middle of the ditch, and there they were obliged to leave him. Monaghan, who had been shouted at and geyed by his comrades during the performance, joined his company and poured forth such a stream of sea-phrases that the air around seemed to grow salt. He got on as far as the Junction, but disappeared on the return to Bristoe. He evidently quickly comprehended this deflection as a temporary affair and concluded to await the return of the regiment before he should attach himself to it permanently.

The 2d Corps, with but the three hundred yards between it and the enemy, silently, without an audible word of command, with no hum of voices or buzz of conversation, began its withdrawal in the very early evening. Stretching out its columns over the broad plains of Manassas, after sixty-nine hours in which it had been continuously in column on the road, or fighting and skirmishing with the enemy, it found rest from its toil between three and four o'clock in the morning near Blackburn's Ford, on the left bank of Bull Run. General Morgan, Inspector-General of that corps, says of that campaign: "Short as it was, it was more fatiguing than that of the seven days on the Peninsula, since the marches were much longer."

The Confederate army was still arriving long after dark. The arrival of each new brigade was indicated by the bursting out of fresh camp-fires from the locality of its bivouac. The enemy's fires covered the entire slope of country within the vision in front of the 2d and 5th Corps. The lines of the 2d Corps were so close to the enemy that conversation was audible and the words of command could be distinctly heard. Its withdrawal was therefore a delicate manœuvre. The enemy were evidently concentrating for a purpose, and upon discovery of our attempt to elude them could have subjected us to a ter-

rible artillery punishment. Hill's and Ewell's batteries controlled both the ford and the railway bridge, and the light from the bursting of the shells would have revealed the line of march for some distance beyond.

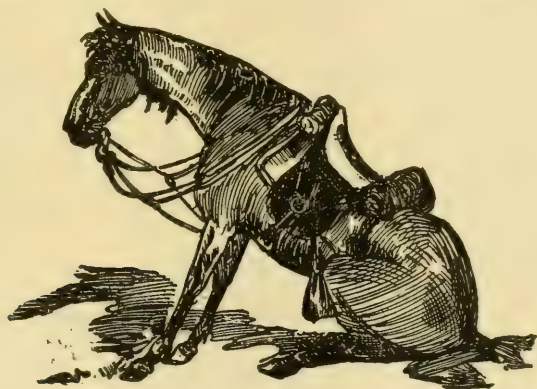
That the weary, jaded troops of the 2d Corps might have some relief if such contingency had happened, the 5th Corps was left in position until ten o'clock, that its batteries might divert the attention of the enemy's artillerists should they attempt an interference with the withdrawal of the 2d Corps. Then, at that hour, it quietly stole away. In the matter of actual rest, the 5th had had but little advantage over their comrades of the 2d. They were in no sense prepared for strong, orderly exertion, when the nervous strain attending the presence of an active, watchful enemy had ceased, so when the column had stretched out to the Junction, and the men knew they need no longer be wary of the foe, with the broad, familiar plains of Manassas before them and Centreville Heights their known destination, they betook themselves to the gait that best suited their temperament, the strong and energetic to hurry through and complete the journey, to secure the most they could of rest out of what would be left of the night; and the weary and weak to move by slow and easy stages, snatching here and there a moment of repose by the wayside.

It was three o'clock when division head-quarters went into bivouac in the locality of Centreville. That the scattered commands and straggling soldiers might be directed to their proper bivouacs, division and brigade head-quarters at intervals well on until daylight sounded their respective bugle calls. A tedious search was thus avoided and the sleeping soldier saved the use of profane imprecations in response to inquiries from his roving companions, and the latter were not misled by the sulphurous directions usually given them under such circumstances.

It was rest the soldier needed, not subsistence, and as soon as he found the place indicated for it, he dropped down to sleep satisfied the morrow would afford ample opportunity to answer all consistent demands of the most exacting stomach.

October 15, 1863, we started for Fairfax Court-House. On the 16th and 17th we made two short marches for position. Marched on the 18th to Fox's Mill.

On the 19th we crossed Bull Run and went to Groveton, camping on Benjamin Chinn's farm. A detail was sent out to cover the ghastly reminders of the Second Bull Run. On the 20th we marched to Gainesville. The year before two valuable horses belonging to Captain Davis, of General Tilton's staff, disappeared at the same time. Captain Davis had a bridle and breastplate made for him by the brigade saddler different from anything in the army. When we arrived at Gainesville, some troops were halted there, and among the horses was one seated on his haunches like a dog. On the



horse was the identical bridle and breastplate belonging to Captain Davis. At once our boys exclaimed: "Captain Davis, there's your horse and bridle." This sitting down was a trick of the horse that was lost by Captain Davis, and the writer has never seen any other horse do it of his own motion; but this horse would always rest that way. The officer who claimed the horse told a plausible story of how he acquired the animal; but Captain Davis appealed to the officer's division commander, and in the course of a few days his property was restored to him.

Such is the picture of the rear guard. If you were ever on the rear guard of a retreating army you know how tedious it is. You do not move more than ten feet at farthest before you have to halt, and then ten feet again a few moments afterwards, and so on all day. You have not time to sit down a moment before you are ordered to move on again, and the rebs dash up every now and then and fire a volley in your rear.

This practically closed the marches and manœuvres incident to Lee's flanking operations. The frequent shifting between the 15th and 19th was due to "indications" that failed to indicate. The enemy, mistakenly reported to be advancing first from here and then from there, in fact never crossed Broad Run in any numbers. Lee, disappointed of his purpose to absorb a few of the nearest divisions of the Union army, returned and occupied the country between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, leaving a strong advance party well fortified on the left bank of the former river near the railway crossing. This force and the well-appointed work it occupied subsequently fell into the Union hands in one of the most spirited and brilliant affairs of the war.

On the 24th of October the brigade moved up to Auburn, and on the 30th to "Three Mile Station," near Warrenton Junction, on the Orange and Alexandria Railway, a section of country with which the troops had long before become quite familiar. Here it remained until the morning of the 7th of November, when it moved out to take its part in the memorable assault on the works at Rappahannock railway station.

Illustrative of the general worthlessness of the substitute class, a necessarily severe case of discipline administered to break one of the most notorious and disorderly among them occurred about this time. Shields, of H, inflamed with liquor, was a fiend. Sober, he was quiet, inoffensive, tractable. He was a soldierly appearing, muscular, brawny fellow, of a height to entitle him to the right of his company. Liquor he would have if within reach, no matter the cost or consequences. At Cen-

trevelle the sutlers had found opportunity for a thriving business. Shields, refused permission to leave camp, eluded the guard, and returned in a state of roaring, disgraceful drunkenness. His loud, abusive profanity promptly brought the guard down upon him. On his way to his place of confinement he broke from them, seized a musket from a neighboring stack, and, thus armed, defied his captors to retake him. His strength had doubled with the stimulants he had poured into him, and for a moment the detail hesitated to approach him. Finally he was dealt a blow that levelled him to unconsciousness and was eventually removed to the hospital, for his injuries for a time seemed likely to prove fatal. He ultimately recovered, was tried by court-martial, and, suffering an ignominious punishment, subsequently returned to the ranks. But his punishment was of no avail; all his confinement to no purpose. Time and again he returned to his cups; again and again he repeated his offences. Believing that the discipline of the regular army was best suited to his composition, an application to transfer him was favorably considered and he was assigned to the 4th Artillery. Some months afterwards on the march the regiment passed his battery in park. Shields had not yet been conquered; spread out, with a quarter turn, on the fifth wheel he was undergoing that severe and trying ordeal that should have broken the rebellious spirits of the most hardened offenders.

The Bull Run battle-field, where the short afternoon halt was made, near the Henry House, on the march to New Baltimore, still bore striking evidence of the fierce work of death that twice waged so severely about that dwelling. The exposed remains of an officer of the 1st Michigan, who fell there, recognized by his teeth, were given more decent sepulture and the grave properly marked for subsequent identification. Near it the rain had uncovered the body of a cavalryman. He had been buried, booted and spurred, with belt and sabre. His uniform and accoutrements were in an excellent state of preservation. The flesh had slipped from the bones, and in at-

tempting to lift the body by the belt, the skeleton fell in a confused mass of bones and clothing. The grave was dug deeper and sufficient earth thrown over it to construct a mound, and, with that alone as a mark of recognition, it was left as another one of the still unnumbered and forever unknown dead. Numbers of unburied Confederates still lay about, notably, as recognized by the insignia on their uniforms, of the 11th North Carolina and 18th Georgia.

The grave of Colonel Fletcher Webster, son of the distinguished Massachusetts statesman, killed whilst gallantly leading his regiment in the second battle, had received more considerate attention. Identified by a suitable head and foot board, the withered grass upon the mound was ready to bloom again when the season should come.

Captain John P. Bankson, acting as Brigade Inspector, whilst on the march to Gettysburg, had lost a pocket album, containing a few mementos and photographs of his family, somewhere in this vicinity. With no thought really of its recovery, he rode over the locality where the brigade had bivouacked on that occasion, and, much to his surprise and satisfaction, found it. The contents, sadly injured by the exposure, were still recognizable and worth preserving.

On the line of the same march, occupied by a few old men and women, lay a hamlet of twelve unpretending dwellings, known to the neighborhood—it was unknown elsewhere—as Buckton. A haggard and worn specimen of the men stood by the roadside with a cynical and contemptuous expression of countenance, indicative of a wholesale condemnation of the entire Union army and its cause. An officer of the regiment, seeking information as to his likely destination, respectfully interrogated him as to the direction of the road. He framed his interrogatory to afford opportunity for a sharp and curt reply, of which the old fellow was prompt to take advantage. "Where does this road go to, my good man?" said the officer. Promptly came the facetious response: "It stays right here where it is and don't go anywhere." But the old man quaked

somewhat under the stern chorus, for all who heard the inquiry and answer seemed to be of like thinking: they responded in unison—"Beware, old fellow, beware, there are Massachusetts men behind us; an answer such as that to them will bring down upon your hoary head and shrunken shoulders the dire vengeance of all New England."

Major Herring received his just and well-deserved promotion to lieutenant-colonel whilst in camp near Auburn, and shortly after, forced by severe illness, and at the urgent insistence of the surgeon, left for

a few weeks on sick leave. At the same time Lieutenant Kelly was promoted to the captaincy of G, 2d Lieutenant Bayne to the 1st lieutenancy of A, and Sergeant Joseph Ashbrook to the 2d lieutenancy of K.

Captain Dendy Sharwood was relieved from his detail as acting brigade commissary, and, as the ranking officer present, the command of the regiment devolved upon him.

Late October and early November were cold, chilly times and frequent and drenching rains added to the discomforts. In a region so prolific in timber, huge fires blazed continually and their cheering warmth was a fair substitute for the more desirable and attractive winter-quarters fire-place. There was but little opportunity for visiting, the prevailing inclemency making camp-life at home a necessity. Road-building and picket-duty,



COLOR-SERGEANT SAMUEL F. DELANEY.

outside of the usual routine of drill, parade and instruction, occupied the time, and enjoyments and amusements were not wanting within regimental limits to fill up the leisure. The "Joe Hooker retreat" was not forgotten. Antidotal against dampness, moisture, depression and despondency, an exhilarating excitant for fun, merriment, wit and wisdom, it was in unusually active demand.



GEORGE J. LEESER, CO. K.

CHAPTER XIII.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.

IF Southern steel be sharp and keen,
Is not ours strong and true?
There may be danger in the deed,
But there is honor, too.

EVENTIDE on the 6th blazed in the golden glory of a November Virginian twilight, and the setting sun "by the bright tracks of its fiery chariot gave promise of a goodly day the morrow."

The unsuspecting soldiers had no knowledge of the presence of the enemy; no intimation of the work cut out for them to do on the following day. It was the general conviction that after a few more days of inaction they would build winter-quarters and rest on their laurels until spring. They turned in that night happy in the thought and slept the sleep of the lazy. They turned out the next morning at half-past four to the sharp, clear sound of the division bugle-call, hastily followed by the reveille and "general." Amazed, disappointed, drowsy, life seemed to them, for the time being, a failure.

The brilliant sunset of the 6th kept its promise, and the morning of the 7th broke sharp, clear and cloudless. No rations had been ordered to be cooked, nor extra ones given out; no ammunition had been issued beyond the usual sixty rounds; no enemy was lurking near. From these facts the men concluded that, notwithstanding the early start and the apparent haste of the movement, it could have no other object than a change of ground, to the vicinity of the river, where wood and water were more plentiful and available.

The regiment led the brigade and the brigade the corps, and at six o'clock was out on the well-trodden road that ran beside the railway, forging ahead, amid clouds of dust, directly towards the river.

General Griffin, temporarily absent, had been succeeded for

the time by General Joseph J. Bartlett, an officer distinguished for his splendid fighting qualities, a former brigade and division commander of the 6th Corps. Rumor had the 6th Corps also on the move on a road well to the right and far in advance.

Invigorated by the cool, bracing autumn morning, alert and active, the men stepped out smartly and willingly, yet wholly unsuspecting that the day would close in the glories of a successful and well-fought fight.

The route, familiar from repeated marches, had no new or fresh attractions. Bealton Station had entirely disappeared. Its buildings burned, railroad track, ties and telegraph-poles destroyed, it was a wreck of its former self. Destruction and ruin of all telegraph and railroad facilities had, as far as possible, followed the track of the Potomac army when Lee so recently hustled it back unceremoniously from its late advanced position on the Rapidan.

About noon the right of the column ascended a wooded ridge which rose abruptly from and terminated the level plain, over which the march of the morning had been conducted. On the left of the railway the ridge descended again to another plain, which extended to the river. Here the column halted with the right (118th Pennsylvania) resting on the railroad, the division deploying in line of battle to the left, the other divisions of the corps as they arrived extending the line in that direction.

The 6th Corps was already on the ground, in position to the right of the railroad, which here for some distance passed through a deep cut. In front of the 6th Corps there was a slight ascent, the base lightly timbered. It rose gradually until it terminated at the river in quite an eminence. On this eminence, out of sight of our line of battle, was a lunette work manned by a strong force of infantry supporting a battery of brass twelve pounders. The garrison were not aware of our approach. The work covered the high trestle railroad bridge spanning the river at Rappahannock Station and a pontoon laid above it. This was apparently the enemy's extreme left, his right extending

by a heavy skirmish line on the left bank of the river in the direction of Kelly's Ford.

The sun glistened on the long line of stacks to the left, and the men lay behind them in blissful ignorance of the near approach of battle. Prompted by the cravings of an appetite but poorly appeased with an unsatisfactory and hurried breakfast, the soldiers betook themselves to the preparation of a little coffee. Soon the smoke of individual fires curled upwards, and as they were observed from the different head-quarters, staff officers dashed off rapidly in every direction and ordered their immediate extinction. Disappointed, the men yielded complacently to the inevitable and, quieting their hunger with hard bread, reflected that if a fire could not be built at high noon there must be somebody pretty close whose purposes were unfriendly.

A sergeant whose inquisitiveness was only equalled by his bravery—and he was very brave—slipped out of the lines and ascended the hill in front, cautiously. He soon returned, and told those nearest to him that the enemy were in force and fortified some distance beyond. While he was yet speaking, the stretcher-bearers and ambulances passed through the line from the rear to the front, and the presence of these forerunners of suffering made it plain to all that a fight was imminent.

Soon the order to "fall in" brought the men to attention, and the officers were ordered to the front and centre for special instructions from the commandant. Captain Sharwood informed them that the enemy was strongly intrenched just beyond the ridge on the left bank of the river, and that General Sedgwick, who had been assigned to the command of the 5th and 6th Corps, had already given directions to carry the works. The officers rejoined their companies, adjusted the alignment, and after a further delay to permit the left of the corps to swing around and if possible envelop the enemy's right, at about three o'clock the order was given to "load," followed immediately by an advance.

Descending the further slope of the ridge, the line halted. A

wide, extended plain, without tree, bush or knoll, was in view in every direction, terminating on the right in the slope and eminence on the other side of the railway. The extensive and formidable works, a mile to the front, were plainly observable. The guns in the work that crowned the crest to the right commanded the entire plain. A line of rifle-pits extended from it towards Kelly's Ford. The plain was covered with a heavy growth of dry, thick grass, above which, as they knelt or lay prone at their posts, the heads and pieces of the skirmish line could be distinctly seen. It was the intention to carry the works with the skirmishers if possible, and with that in view the line had been doubled. Beyond, some five hundred yards, were the enemy's skirmishers. The lines lay watching each other without exchanging shots. It was not intended ours should open, unless forced to, until the general advance began. The guns, too, remained silent, apparently awaiting opportunity for a better range.

It was a stirring sight. The sun, slowly sinking, glistened on the bright barrels of the muskets far away to the left as the line swept around in graceful curve almost to the river. Both regimental standards were unfurled, and there was wind enough to float them even when the line was not in motion. With all this taunt the enemy still maintained silence.

The right of the regiment, which was still the right of the corps, rested on the railway, without crossing it. General Sykes now rode to the front of the regiment and, inquiring for the commanding officer, gave Captain Sharwood, in a tone to be heard through the command, specific directions that under no circumstances was he to cross the railroad; that the other side was reserved exclusively for the troops of the 6th Corps who, charged with some specially delicate duty, must under no consideration be interfered with, and with some severity concluded with an intimation that the consequences of any failure to fully comply with these instructions would personally fall upon the captain. He pluckily accepted the responsibility—it was his first essay with a regimental command in action—and

expressed his willingness to bear the brunt, should he fail to discharge it. The color sergeant was charged not to swerve from his point of direction, and it was no fault of the sergeant that the instructions subsequently failed somewhat of complete fulfilment.

The left brigade of the 6th Corps, on the other side of the railway, in which was our sister regiment, the 119th Pennsylvania, and upon which subsequently fell the heaviest work of the day, was commanded by Colonel P. C. Ellmaker. As General Sykes rode away for better opportunity for observation, he took his position for a time immediately in front of it.

"Forward, guide centre, march!" now rang out simultaneously along the entire line. The skirmishers, the 20th Maine, rising from the tall grass, began their advance with a vigorous volley, to which the enemy lost no time in replying. It was a glorious pageant of real war. Rarely is the sight seen of an advancing line so extended, all in view, and under fire at the same time.

Upon the other side of the railroad were the heavy masses concealed from the enemy's view, arrayed in charging columns, while upon ours was the single line of battle stretched out for a mile or more in full sight, evidently intended to draw the fire while the charging columns concealed by the timber assaulted the earthwork. The setting sun flung a mellow glow over the landscape, and the mica dust covering the uniforms sparkled in its golden hues, and the gentle beauty of the scene made it impossible, for the moment, to believe that a battle was beginning.

A puff of smoke appeared from a single gun on the crest, and a well-directed shell, striking some twenty paces in front of the regiment, ricocheted, passed over head and burst well to the rear. Another and another quickly followed, all aimed well and bursting in such uncomfortable proximity that dust and gravel stung the faces and sprinkled the clothing of the men. Steadily, and with as perfect an alignment as if on parade, the regiment moved forward towards the forts. The brightly

gleaming musket barrels, the men with their bronzed, determined faces, shoulder to shoulder, the firm step of the moving line, the visible defiance of danger, formed a part of the grand picture not to be forgotten. The colors seemed the point on which the gunners drew their sights. They were repeatedly struck, but stanchly the bearer bore his standard nobly onward. Both solid shot and shell hurtled, whistled and flew about in a reckless way. The fragments of exploded shells brought to mind the bitter experiences of other fields.

McCandless, of K, was the first man struck. A piece of shell took off his foot at the ankle-joint. McCandless meant to do well, but he was getting old, and his years and ailments would not allow his body to respond to his will. He had lost so many muskets, when missing from the ranks, that Crocker, his company commander, to teach him a gun had value, ultimately charged one against him on the pay-roll. As the stretcher bearers bore the poor old fellow to the rear, he still clung vigorously to his piece and seemed content to lose his leg if he could keep his musket.

The firing was now telling disastrously on the left, and the pressure from that direction was so great that Davis, a corporal of the color guard, severely wounded, was carried along for some distance before the ranks could be made to yield sufficiently to let him drop out.

It was clear that unless relieved from this continued pressure the right must lose its line of direction on the railway and be forced across it, which presently occurred. Sharwood was vexed. With earnest gestures, in a loud voice he called out again and again, "The guide is left! The guide is left!" Finally some one in the ranks, who could not restrain his propensity even at such a time, replied, "No, he isn't; he's being pushed right along with the rest of us." It was neither the fault of Sharwood nor of the regiment. The pressure began from a point beyond their control, and when it reached them was irresistible. But unchecked, the advance continued in the face of a still more rapid fire of both large and small arms.

The colors never left the plain, never swerved from the point of true direction.

A ditch hidden by the tall, rank grass lay directly in the path of the advance and, without a warning of its presence, the line was floundering knee-deep in its green and slimy water. The disappearance of the skirmish line, as it passed through it, had not been noticed. The men were soon upon the thither side and the obstruction forgotten.

But the enemy's gunners were not to have it all to themselves. They had had time enough to severely punish the infantry. From the rear, at a rushing gallop, with drivers lashing their steeds at every jump and gunners mounted on the limbers, came a battery of brass twelves. Unlimbering in an instant, its rapid, well-directed fire threw up the dust on the earthworks at every discharge, and for the moment the enemy's gunners fell back. When they resumed firing, their fire was directed not toward the line of infantry, but upon the offending battery; but the fire soon subsided. The line of battle of the 5th Corps halted, and now the attention of the enemy was wholly directed to an effort to repel one of the most brilliant, sweeping, spirited and successful assaults of the war.

Covered by the timber, the assaulting column had been formed of the 5th Wisconsin and 6th Maine as a double skirmish line, supported by the 49th and 119th Pennsylvania in line of battle. These regiments composed Russell's 3d Brigade, 1st Division, of the 6th Corps, temporarily commanded by Colonel Ellmaker, of the 119th Pennsylvania. General Sedgwick's assignment to the two corps had advanced General Wright to the command of the 6th and General Russell to the division.

The skirmishers, who had been concealed by the same ditch which had astonished the men of the 5th Corps, now deployed. From the ditch the bald slope rose rather boldly until it terminated in the eminence on which were the guns which had so severely pounded us.

To the scolding skirmish fire was now added desperate vol-

leys from the infantry garrison ; canister and grape were sub-



“GOING INTO ACTION.”

stituted for shot and shell, and guns and musketry poured their

deadly charges into the advancing line. It was the work of a moment, but the line suffered severely. The deadly effect of the fire materially thinned the ranks of the heroic men who bore the brunt of the assault. Closing the intervals in the skirmish line and the gaps in the line of battle, the advance swept forward until the abandoned works and the deserted guns were in their possession. But the works were not wholly deserted. An officer of the 6th Maine despatched a little Louisiana artillery lieutenant, who was lingering after the others had gone, and was just about to pull the lanyard of a shotted howitzer.

"Drop that lanyard!" shouted the 6th Maine officer. The Louisianian refused, and his life paid the forfeit. Many brave fellows into whose faces the muzzle of the gun was pointed were saved from wounds and death.

This was probably the bright, smooth-faced youth, with skin as clear and blood as pure as one in early infancy, who lay dead beside a gun trail. Some rude creature had promptly removed his boots. His foot wasn't the size of a fourteen-year-old boy's, and what practical purpose those boots would serve was certainly doubtful.

The 20th Maine, still flushed with the memories of its gallant deed at Round Top, not to be outdone by the better opportunity for distinction offered its brethren, were by the side of the others the instant the works were taken.

The garrison, driven from their works and cut off from their pontoon, retreated, still in goodly numbers, to a thick copse of timber to their left and our right. From there a persistent and destructive fire told severely on the flank of the troops, who, yet unsupported, held the captured works. But Upton's brigade was speedily upon them, and men and guns and standards were all yielded as the trophies of the fight just as the evening twilight shimmered into the shadowy darkness.

General Russell and Colonel Allen, of the 5th Wisconsin, were both wounded. Line officers and enlisted men were killed and disabled in numbers largely disproportionate to the force engaged and time employed in the operation.

The results of the affair were 1,500 prisoners, four guns and seven battle-flags. Congratulatory orders from army and corps head-quarters suitably recognized the gallantry and efficiency of the storming party. General Russell was specially assigned to deliver the captured colors to the War Department. With his usual modesty and indisposition for display, it was currently reported that, finding the secretary employed, he bundled up his sacred treasure and, noting its contents upon the outside, hurried to the front again in spite of his wound, and left without even presenting himself in person to the head of the war office.

It was quite manifest after the struggle had closed that the martial line and fluttering, defiant standards of the 5th Corps, so prominently displayed upon the plain, were intended to attract the enemy's attention while the columns meant for the deadly work of the assault were massing concealed by the hill-side. It was rough handling for a parade occasion, but the honors achieved by the daring and determined action of our brother soldiers compensated for the inconvenience.

The prisoners were of Early's division, Ewell's corps, the famous Louisiana Tigers and Hoke's brigade of North Carolina troops, all commanded by a Colonel Godwin.

The Louisianians, consulting largely a prospective improvement of diet, did not seem to be seriously discomfited. "Boys," shouted one, "we are all going to Washington to live on soft bread and fresh beef," and thereupon, with happy unanimity, the rest chorused his sentiment with approving cheers.

General Sykes, after the fight, took Captain Sharwood to task roundly for permitting himself to be forced across the railway. The captain, greatly elated over the result of the fight, responded: "General, if the devil himself had been in command he could not have prevented the men yielding to the overwhelming pressure from the left that forced them from their position."

"Well," said the general, smiling at the odd way in which the captain relieved himself from his responsibility, "if that

powerful personage could have done no better, it certainly exonerates you from censure or reproof."

Captain Sharwood had conducted himself heroically. He managed his trust with a skill and sagacity that fully compensated for his lack of experience as a regimental commander. He had secured the unbounded confidence of his soldiers and won a respect and esteem that would have followed him through what promised to be a most successful military career; but his race was nearly run. Shortly after the fight, typhoid fever seized him in its most virulent form. Hurried expeditiously from the front,

he died as he was being borne unconscious into his residence, on the 21st of November, 1863. Captain Sharwood entered the service prompted solely by a pure spirit of patriotism and had endeared himself to a large circle of military friends. His superiors trusted him; his soldiers admired him. He was a man of culture and refinement, and with his bright intelligence he had promptly grasped and discharged the new and trying duties of his soldier's life.



CAPTAIN DENDY SHARWOOD.

It was indistinguishable darkness when everything was over. Too late or tired for supper, moved to a patch of adjacent timber, the weary soldiers promptly sought in sleep the rest they so much needed.

A visit to the captured entrenchments when the morning

dawned showed the usual *débris* found on all battle-fields. Canteens, haversacks, muskets, harness, cannon, limbers, and other articles not military, such as trinkets, mementos and diaries, lost by the wounded or abandoned in the hurry of a sudden and forced departure, were the silent witnesses of quick work and unexpected retreat. The earthwork itself gave evidence of a severe pounding. The view from the parapet was complete over the entire plain. The most indifferent artilleryman could not have failed of effective practice.

An adjutant of one of the regiments in the assaulting column had his horse killed in this action. The ball had entered the stomach and bowels. The adjutant had heard the thud, but as the animal did not stagger, he could not conceive that it was his horse that had been hit, and rode him through the rest of the engagement and well into the darkness. In the act of dismounting, in the rear of his regiment, the horse rolled over and kicked out as if suffering from some internal disorder. It so happened that this occurred in rear of a company composed entirely of Pennsylvania Dutch, all of them farmers and well acquainted with horses. Summoning one of them to his aid, the adjutant gave instructions to bleed the horse for the colic. The Dutchman, more skilful than his officer, before executing the directions, began a diagnosis. Feeling around the body of the horse in the darkness, he came across the wound, and inserting his finger its full length, announced the result of his investigation by remarking: "Adjutant, dot horse no colic got; vot ails him is he is dead; dere vos a ball gone clean through." The trusty brute had kept his feet to the last, and then rolled over and expired.

A general officer of division of the 5th Corps, with whose habits in battle his staff had not yet become fully acquainted, was out upon the skirmish line, while the skirmishers were actively engaged, closely observing the enemy through his field-glasses. The group receiving more than their fair share of attention, one of the staff ventured to remark: "General, are you aware you are on the skirmish line?"

"Fully, sir, fully," was the general's quick response. "Gentlemen, you have my permission to retire and seek whatever cover or protection your tastes or inclinations dictate. Come, orderly, you and I will attend to the rest of this business."

The cut was keen; of course they did not retire, but stuck it out manfully, each one vying with the other as to which could expose himself the most recklessly.

The next day after Rappahannock Station General Bartlett brought the entire brigade under discipline. Rations had become lamentably short. It was not unusual on such occasions when any mounted officer appeared to set up a universal shout of "hard tack." General Bartlett happened in the vicinity of the brigade. He was mistaken for the commissary, and piercing yells of "hard tack, fresh beef, coffee," followed him out of hearing. He remembered it though, and for this little innocent amusement the punishment was that each regiment should be drilled in battalion manœuvres until the division commander ordered a cessation. A "hard tack" and not a "Hardie" drill the men styled it. The general was in such a mood that he would have continued the exercises into the darkness if a sudden order to move had not prevented. By the time another opportunity was at hand for resumption full rations had arrived, well-lined stomachs created a better feeling, and the old offence passed into forgetfulness.

The effect of this Rappahannock Station success seemed to have worked some little enthusiasm into the now non-demonstrative army. Within a few days General Meade, or "Old Four-eyes," as he was still familiarly called in his absence, appearing in the vicinity of one of the divisions of the 5th Corps, was received with rousing, approving and appreciative cheers.

On the 8th the brigade moved to Kelly's Ford, crossed the river there and bivouacked some five miles beyond. On the afternoon of the 9th it returned to Kelly's Ford, recrossed the river during the evening and went into bivouac in the vicinity of the wagon-train park. On the 10th position was shifted to a more favorable site in a neighboring belt of timber. It had

snowed on the 8th, and cold, bitter winds followed the storm. This camp was not distant from that spot of pleasant memories and associations, in the vicinity of Gold Farm, where the regiment had remained for a week or so just preceding the Gettysburg campaign. On the 19th the camp near Kelly's Ford was broken, the river again crossed and a camp established at Paoli Mills, on the banks of a stream which appeared to bear the neighborhood designation of Mountain Run. It empties into the Rappahannock just below Kelly's Ford, and the mill is situated a few miles from its mouth.



MAJOR AND BREVET LIEUTENANT-
COLONEL HENRY O'NEILL.

ture, which had been removed, they were as complete as when occupied.

At this camp Captain Charles H. Fernald met with an accident which resulted in a broken leg. It necessitated his withdrawal from the front temporarily, and he was sent home for treatment.

And here Major Henry O'Neill, returning from his detail to

Here the Confederates had been for some time encamped, with the evident expectation of a winter occupancy. Their quarters had been substantially constructed. The workmanship was good; shingles covered the roof instead of canvas. Hinged doors and window sashes, with glass, were decided improvements on the winter homes of the Union soldiers. It was rather surprising that when the enemy abandoned these homes they had not destroyed them, but with the exception of what had been probably a very scant supply of furniture,

the Philadelphia draft rendezvous, with his commission in that rank, assumed, in the absence of the other field-officers, command of the regiment.

The major was somewhat elated with this new and prominent rank. With a courage that never flinched, and distinguished for bravery, he lacked some of the requirements indispensable to the proper discharge of the high responsibilities of his new station. He had been advanced by virtue of his seniority. His promotion received no distinctive announcement of approval. There was no outspoken complaint, but many serious mutterings of apprehension. His known inaptitude for command, except in courage and willingness, was a source of much anxiety. His readiness to accept suggestions, his profound respect for his superiors, it was conceived would carry him with reasonable success through the campaign which it was then pretty well understood would shortly open. Nor was the major disposed to be rigorous, overbearing, offensive or dogmatic. He felt that he was in some measure lacking in military qualifications, and except where his personal prejudices carried him beyond propriety was ready to receive advice and counsel. He had not forgotten the quaint pronunciation of the land of his nativity. His Celtic speech was quite apparent, and his mode of expression, whether meant to be humorous or intended to be serious, was always provocative of laughter.

The major was the feature of the Mine Run campaign. The many mistakes he made, the narrow margin he at one time left for his entire command between freedom and captivity, and his ultimate displacement with his full acquiescence by the lieutenant-colonel of another regiment, make it essential that he should be fully and fairly understood as a man and an officer.

O'Neill has long since been gathered to his fathers. He served his country faithfully. Absolutely without fear, he was a striking figure in every engagement, from none of which save two was he absent. He remained with his colors to the very end, and, upon his return to civil life, was appointed to positions of trust and confidence. He died with the esteem and respect

of those whom he served, and with the affection and regard of his surviving military associates. He had only failed as a regimental commander. This place he never sought, and when it was thrust upon him at a trying moment, he gracefully conceded his inefficiency and cordially yielded to the necessity for his withdrawal, but insisted upon his right to still measure swords with the foe. "Do with me," said he, "what best suits your judgment. You may deprive me of any command, but not of my right to fight, and that I will do wherever you may place me."

The major's first public appearance in the garb of his increased rank attracted considerable attention. It was flashy and gaudy, of a style apparently his own, and new and bright, strangely in contrast with the rough, well-worn garments and insignia of his brother officers. His cap, on the top and around the brim, was braided with rows of gold tinsel, and broad gold stripes adorned his trousers. A tight double-breasted jacket, mounted with most gorgeous shoulderstraps, with the sleeves braided to the elbow, fitted his body jauntily. The enormous legs of his boots extended almost to his hips, a bright scabbard, fine Damascus blade, and shining spurs completed his appointments. The officers gathered about him in amazement at such magnificence, and mildly suggested that he had violently abused the "bill of dress" in arraying himself in such unusual raiment. He insisted that it was "rigulation," and defended his taste for display by reference to his early training whilst on duty with the British Indian contingent.

"This was the way we used to dress in Injee," said he, humorously, with quaint Celtic accent, "and it was a beautiful sight entirely to see the 'callants'"—a term of his own for the British officers—"paraded on occasion of state. I disremember just when it was, but it was when the governor-general made a Mason of the rajee. The lieutenant-general in command was kivered with his medals and his medallions and his sash and his plumes, and the foot and the horse and the artillery were out in full rigimentals. The rajee came down with his camels

and his aliphants and his whole ratinew, and there was bowing and scraping and damn humbugging over the owld divil, until our regiment was reached, and then at command they let out of them such a screech that it made the aliphants cock up their trunks and trumpet like the divil, and made the camels and the whole ratinew fooster and fumble and tremble at Her Majestie's Foot. Och! there was a divil of a time," and so he dismissed all the adverse comments, seemingly conscious that his happy illustration had conquered the prejudices of his American associates. The ridicule which for a while everywhere greeted his appearance sorely taxed the patience of his brother officers, but in their attempts to criticise him they were likely to wind up with explosions of laughter.

About this time a review of the battalion was ordered, at which the major constituted himself both commandant and reviewing officer. He appeared mounted, his trousers hidden almost completely by his "seven-league boots" and with his sword at a right-shoulder-shift, his favorite way of carrying that weapon, he dashed madly to the right of the regiment. All the earlier ceremonies of present arms, opening ranks, stirring music, the personal observation of front and rear rank, were omitted. The major's habit was to run his commands together with such rapidity that the words were scarce distinguishable, concluding with the command of execution—that he always had right—in a high and piercing key. Better probably that he did, for that alone indicated the movement. The cautionary directions were altogether of his own manufacture. He disdained to be cramped by adherence to the tactics. Familiarity with his methods, and general knowledge of what he proposed to accomplish, extricated the battalion from staggering difficulties. On this occasion he had announced the review, but continued himself in command. From the right he began the ceremony with: "Break into open column of companies right in front the kivering sergeants will be responsible for the distance—'march,'" and then seeing the column properly in motion, hurried off to take his place as the reviewing officer. Having passed in

creditable shape, the leading captain was conducting the column to its place preparatory to the formation of line for the concluding “present,” when, tired of the operation, or believing that it had really ended, O'Neill suddenly broke up the affair with the startling and unheard-of command in stentorian tones: “Halt! disperse, and be d——d to you! Every man to his quarters at once.”



OFTEN SEEN AFTER A
HARD MARCH.

CHAPTER XIV.

MINE RUN.

THE best laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft agley.



MINE RUN is an inconsiderable stream flowing northward and emptying into the Rapidan at Mitchell's Ford. Its precipitous, rocky, wooded banks are themselves formidable, and strengthened, as its left bank

was, by strong earth-works, the dislodgement of the enemy by direct assault from that position, in a season of biting cold, long nights and short days, was soon determined to be wholly impracticable except at a loss disproportionate to the results expected.

The enemy's works faced east and extended to the southward. His left rested near the Rapidan; his right in the vicinity of Hope Church. It was designed to draw him into action before he was secure in the occupancy of this position. With this in view, the army was divided into three columns, the first or right column, consisting of the 3d (French) and 6th Corps (Sedgwick), the former leading, was to cross the Rapidan at Jacob's Mill Ford; the second or centre column, consisting of the 2d Corps (Warren), was to cross at Germanna Ford, and the third or left column, composed of the 1st (Newton) and 5th Corps (Sykes), at Culpepper Mine Ford. The march of this left column, directed towards Parker's Store, a name which

grew to greater familiarity in the next campaign, was necessarily the most extended. The right and centre columns were to rendezvous in the vicinity of Robertson's Tavern.

The 2d Corps was at the rendezvous at the appointed time, but French, who was leading the two right corps, stumbled on the wrong road, struck the enemy in some force in the vicinity of Locust Grove, and after something of a tussle, in which both sides suffered considerable loss, finally straightened himself out and reached his rendezvous twenty-four hours too late.

Foiled by French's blunder in what bid fair to be a real surprise, a change of plan was necessitated and Warren was sent to strike beyond the enemy's extreme right near the head of the run. Too little of daylight was left to attempt the assault after the columns were disposed for it, and the operation was suspended till the dawn. Meantime the enemy had not been idle. During the night he so strengthened and extended his fortifications that when daylight revealed their increased and formidable proportions General Warren deemed the enterprise too hazardous an undertaking to warrant his attempting it. The nipping cold had become intense. Every soldier hit would have probably died on the field, and Warren, believing that his commanding officer would sustain his action, heroically declined to fire the guns which were to announce the general assault, and so with a few indifferent skirmishes, and the affair at the Grove and Robinson's Tavern, and an occasional artillery duel, the Mine Run lines were abandoned, and what promised to be a fairly successful campaign passed into history without a battle.

And now for the narrative as it chiefly bears upon the performances of the 118th Pennsylvania in this the last of its field operations in the waning days of the stirring and eventful year 1863.

The camp at Paoli Mills was broken at seven o'clock on the morning of the 26th of November, and rationed for ten days, and with ammunition trains only, the column commenced its march towards the Rapidan, crossing it at Culpepper

Mine Ford. It was a lonesome, dreary tramp. Save where the route lay along the Stevensburg Plank Road, it was by narrow roadways through dark, dense forests so thick with undergrowth as to be impenetrable to the eye beyond a few yards from the roadside. It was a tedious and wearisome day, and its work was not completed until ten at night, when the tired troops were halted, as far as their limited geographical advantages permitted them to judge, somewhere in the vicinity of the Wilderness Tavern.

On the 27th the regiment was detailed as flankers, a duty which threw it well to the left of the column, and devolved upon its commanding officer a delicate, important and critical responsibility. This the major sufficiently realized to administer to his officers before the movement began a few words of caution, advice, and instruction. "This," said he, "is an important 'juty:' the enemy may be upon us at any moment. We are far out in his country, and there are no troops to the left of us; it behooves you, gentlemen, therefore to 'look sharp' and not be 'marking time;'" and turning to Captain Kelly, which intelligent officer had unhappily fallen under his dire displeasure, he continued: "Kelly, you'll just be after keeping on the line, and not be prancing about picking out dry places—but mind and look sharp, Kelly." Captain Kelly, neat and dapper in his appearance, had been in the habit on the march of avoiding, if there was opportunity, pools of mud and water that interfered with his notions of personal cleanliness. It was a knowledge of this, probably, that induced the major, who was of opinion that a soldier should shun nothing, to be unduly severe on him.

To Donaldson was specially assigned the centre, to Donegan the left, while the major assumed the control and supervision of the right. The deployment was effected with some irregularity, and the march began at seven o'clock. Slow progress was made through the dense and thick underbrush and timber until the road on which the main column was moving intersected the Fredericksburg and Orange Plank Road. Here the

column turned abruptly to the right into the Plank Road, the flankers conforming their movements to the new direction.

The centre of the flankers was well around in the change of direction, when loud noise and apparent confusion in the marching column attracted such general attention as to instinctively cause a halt. The column itself was not in sight, but the commands "halt," "front," "steady there," "load at will," "load," came from it in loud and distinct tones, and then away off to the right a single cannon shot boomed sullenly; then there was rapid musketry firing for a moment and all was quiet again.

The disturbance arose from a daring and partially successful attempt to steal the wagon train. The train was moving parallel with the troops. When the leading wagon reached the Plank Road, where it should have turned to the right, two expert fellows, who had adroitly concealed themselves, sprang from the timber and, mounting beside the driver, with levelled pistols compelled him to continue in the same direction. The others, who had not seen what had taken place, naturally followed. No one in the vicinity had any other instructions except to follow, and no one knew that the train was not pursuing the course marked out for it until Captain Bankson, the brigade inspector, observing it winding over the hills away outside of the lines, set himself about to inquire the cause, and return the straggling trains if possible to their place. Meanwhile the enemy, who lay concealed in small force awaiting the result of the ruse they had practiced, becoming alarmed at their own temerity, opened fire on the mules, killing them promiscuously, and then made their escape. This was the musketry that had attracted attention when the column and the flankers halted. There were no animals to bring the wagons back again. The delay in procuring others to replace those shot, and detaching troops to protect the wagons in the interval, was not deemed to be warranted by the small loss attending their destruction, and besides, as the enemy was believed to be near in considerable strength, Captain Bankson

assumed the responsibility, and by his direction some fifteen or twenty wagons were destroyed.

The enemy singly and in small detachments seemed to have worked his way close up to and occasionally inside our lines. He was evidently, at great personal risk, in search of information as to the purpose and direction of a campaign which had apparently so far baffled him.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sherwin, 22d Massachusetts, noticing a cavalryman closely buttoned in a Union great coat intently observing the column, rode to him and, not receiving satisfactory responses to his interrogations, demanded he should open his coat and expose the uniform underneath. His hesitancy confirmed the colonel's suspicions. He instantly drew his revolver, and with his other hand tore open the coat. Beneath was a Confederate uniform. Further parley was unnecessary; a well-directed shot brought the career of the spy to a sudden termination. His body lay where it fell, and many, as the column passed, to confirm the story which was soon abroad, dropped out to view it. This man had evidently been instructed among other things to count the numbers moving to the Union left. Unable to secure a satisfactory point of observation from a distance, and deeming the duty of sufficient importance to warrant the risk, he took his life in his hands, and ventured once too often within the Union lines. Scouts and spies on both sides had always at hand sufficient clothing to elude investigation, except when too closely pressed.

These affairs reflected materially upon the vigilance and sagacity of the flankers, but the major could not conceive that he was in any way responsible. Referring during the day, while the march still continued, to the capture of the wagon train, he said: "Where's that old woman Donegan, and what in the devil did he let the wagon train be captured for?—the ould pirate." An officer ventured the reply that the blame could not be attached to Donegan, but the entire line was more or less directly involved in the blunder. This aroused the major. He considered that personally he had

been charged with delinquency and, turning abruptly on the officer who had ventured this wholesale condemnation of the management of the morning, said: "On me, is it? to the divil with them; do they think I was bothering about a lot of bush-wackers?" and then subsiding a little and drifting off to his ever-paramount animosity to Kelly, continued: "And when did you see Kelly larst? Och! that Kelly is an ould divil; tell him I want him; I want to keep my eye upon him." And so, with an apparent complacent conviction that wherever blame might subsequently fall it must be upon Donegan and not upon himself, he dismissed the subject entirely.

Quiet restored, the march was resumed, the column still moving on the Plank Road. The flankers preserved the requisite distance, more alert from the events of the morning, until they were suddenly plunged into the bed of an unfinished railway which ran parallel with the road. The cuts were in many places of a continuing depth of six feet and upwards, and along the entire route the banks rose high enough to practically cut off all opportunity for observation. What purpose flankers would serve, instructed to be vigilant, in such a place of concealment, was beyond the ken of those who had a reasonable comprehension of the duties of troops who were to be, for the time, the "eyes and ears of the army."

When this had continued long enough to satisfy those in the rear that this path had not been taken to avoid obstacles and obstructions, several of the officers essayed to push forward and find the major. To move afoot along a column of flankers in motion requires many long and rapid strides. Eventually the major was reached, and when it was respectfully intimated that he was pursuing a most unusual course in conducting his troops by a route where they were wholly useless for the duties allotted them, he seemed to be decidedly of the opinion that it was the enemy's business to find him and not his to find the enemy. Remonstrated with seriously and besought to move his flankers to the rising ground upon his left, he persisted in continuing them where they were and could not be moved from his deter-

mination. It was while moving in this same cut, two days afterwards, a short distance beyond Hope Church, that Miles's division of the 2d Corps stirred up quite a skirmish.

Darkness was now fast approaching and the column had not been seen or communicated with for some hours. O'Neill had failed to keep up his communications, but had been permitted, nevertheless, to wander along without being looked after, notwithstanding the direction had been changed to a point not intended when the march began in the morning. During the afternoon of the 27th the 1st and 5th Corps were withdrawn from Hope Church, on the Plank Road, the point to which the march had been directed, to Robertson's Tavern, on the Turnpike, some miles to the north of it. Of this O'Neill was not advised, and it was a long time before he discovered that the column had left him, to make the Tavern, at some of the by-roads which connected the Turnpike with the Plank Road.

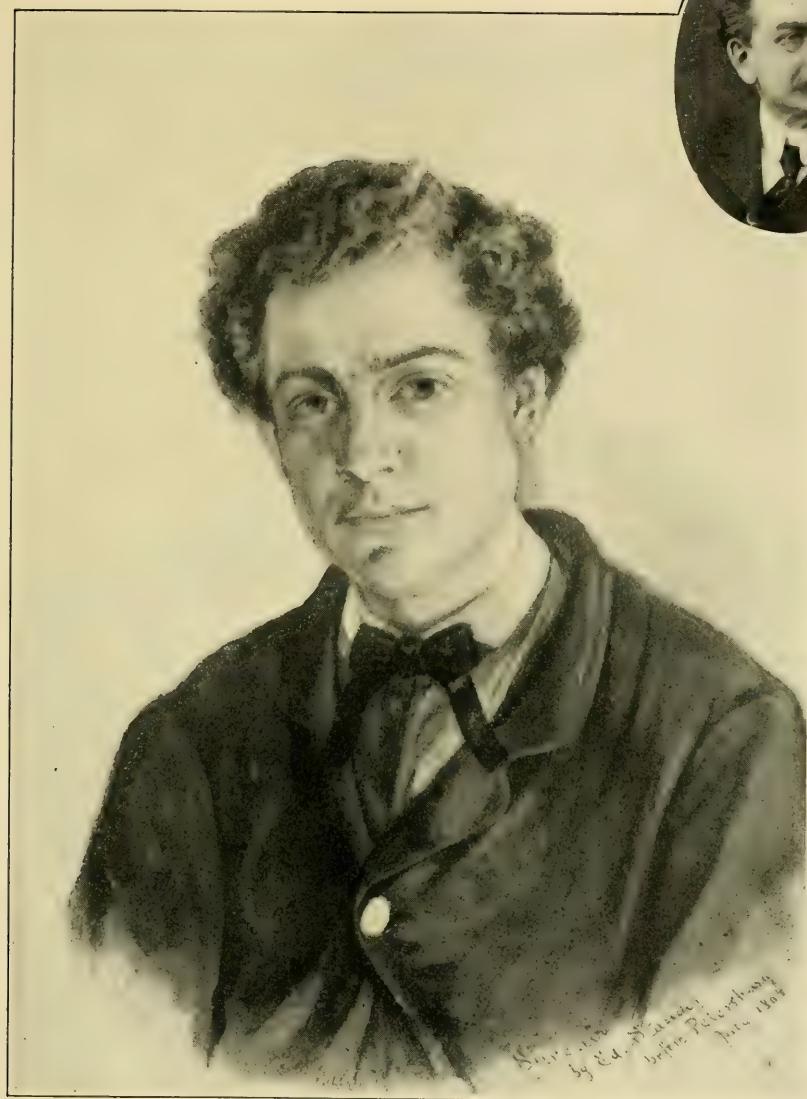
Still in the cut, the flankers were halted and Thomas sent to communicate with the column. He travelled in the direction he supposed the right one, a mile or more, but his search was ineffectual. He saw nothing of the troops, heard nothing to indicate their whereabouts; saw, in fact, nobody. Receiving the report of Thomas and his failure to discover either the troops or whither they had gone, the major immediately faced his flankers to the left and moved them as a skirmish line to a rising knoll about a mile distant. The location was near Hope Church, as was subsequently ascertained, and not far from the point where Warren two days afterwards formed his columns for the intended assault on the enemy's right. It was by no means a comfortable position; a single regiment exposed without support, with no communication with other troops, nor a knowledge even of where they were, with a long winter's night before them.

A prospect of a hard fight or wholesale capture in the morning was certainly not conducive to the quiet repose to which a weary march had entitled the soldiers. Most commanders so situated would have utilized the hours of darkness for a means

of extrication before the break of dawn should reveal their weak and exposed position. Instead, O'Neill was determined to rest where he was and take his chances for withdrawal in the broad light of day. His better judgment may have been swerved by the very comfortable quarters which presented themselves in the shape of a cosy old house located on the top of the knoll and near which the right of his skirmish line rested. This he promptly announced, for that night at least, should be devoted to the uses and purposes of a regimental head-quarters. Taking no thought of the gravity of the situation, with apparently no anxiety at the dangers attending his exposure, leaving direction to have the line remain as it was, and to be wakened in case of alarm, and remarking that he was very weary, after a light bite, booted and spurred, he rolled himself into the best bed in the house and never awoke till the dawn of day aroused him.

The house, locked, bolted and barred, had been apparently but recently abandoned. This conjecture, from these superficial indications, was subsequently confirmed by actual investigation. Kelly and Walters proceeded to a closer examination. With a bayonet they pried open the shutter and Walters, raised on the shoulders of a couple of strong men, hoisted the sash and jumped into the total darkness that prevailed within. A sudden crash followed. Feeling his way cautiously to the front door he succeeded in unbolting it, and with the aid of the little daylight still left and a bit of candle fortunately at hand, Walters discovered the obstruction that impeded his progress from the window-sill to the floor. An old-fashioned spinning-wheel was just beneath it, and his heavy jump had smashed it to a useless mass of rubbish.

The house had indeed been but recently vacated. Upon the sideboard was a chicken, freshly cleaned, picked and ready for the fire. The table was set with bread newly cut, cups filled with coffee, or what had the appearance of it, and the family were evidently just about to sit down to their evening meal when the coming of this small body of troops, which they



CHARLES F. DARE,
Hospital Steward.

doubtless mistook for the advance of the army, abruptly terminated their preparations. It was from what was spread upon the board O'Neill took his little bite. The presence of the fowl was concealed from him, and the dainty morsel cooked and disposed of later on, when he had wrapped himself in slumbers. All present promptly applied themselves to the bread and coffee, heedless of the remark that insidious poison might lurk within, promising, however, an investigation and analysis when there was more leisure and less hunger. The kitchen ceiling was hung with strings of dried fruit. The floor of the loft was covered with walnuts, chestnuts, shellbarks and hickory nuts. The beds were neat and clean, well covered with quilts, upon which lay quite tasty blue and white counterpanes. Glowing embers still flickered in the old-fashioned fireplace; fed with fresh logs and stirred with expert hands, they soon lightened into a ruddy, cheerful blaze.

Relieving each other occasionally from their duties on the line, the officers utilized the opportunity the house afforded for enjoying its fire and partaking of its supplies. The situation seemed too perilous to warrant repose, and the night was spent about the roaring, blazing fire, cracking jokes and nuts and lunching at intervals on stewed fruit, chicken and the balance of the soft bread. Serious thoughts occasionally found utterance as to the careless content of the commanding officer, who snored away lustily, totally oblivious of his grave responsibilities.

And so the night passed, followed by a dark and gloomy morning. Threatening clouds hung low, promising a heavy and early rainfall.

It was not yet daylight when a good-sized pig came wandering along. He was sat upon instantly by one man, who held his feet as well. Another put both his hands firmly around his snout, that he might neither enter a protest nor make an appeal to the officers. Still another vainly endeavored to cut his throat with a jackknife that had been dulled by long use upon salted portions of the porker's relations. Captain Wilson made his

appearance. The trio suddenly remembered that the eating of pork was forbidden in the Scriptures. They rose quickly to their feet, and, kicking the pig, to signify their intense loathing, sent him off as a scapegoat into the wilderness.

Off on the edge of a piece of timber, along a ridge of high ground in front, daylight revealed the enemy's cavalry deployed on a fairly strong skirmish line. Each side watched the other intently, neither seemingly disposed to press their investigations beyond what might be gleaned from distant and close observation. A line of infantry skirmishers evidently deceived the enemy into the belief that it must, as it should, have had strong and available supports behind it. It was this belief that ultimately permitted us to move off unmolested. The men were anxiously watchful; to their minds a determined dash of the enemy, although met by a volley that would empty a few saddles, must eventually result in our rout and capture.

"I'll be blamed if Owld Teddy hasn't been attempting to effect a connection with the enemy's line," said one of the men, and so it did appear, for if any connections were to be made at all that was the only one in the neighborhood with which to connect. The officers, however, did not fear the dash so much as they did the probable discovery of the airy condition of the two flanks. It was quite evident from O'Neill's disposition he would have fought it out to a bitter end if he had been assaulted.

"Major," respectfully observed a captain, "what do you propose to do?"

"Observe the divils till further orders," was the very pertinent reply.

He would neither be cajoled, tricked or persuaded into doing anything, and there the line remained, anxious, watchful, impatient until towards noon, when, evidently concluding that something must be attempted to relieve the perplexities of the situation, he gave the order to retire as skirmishers, shaking his fist towards the enemy as he did so and styling them a set of "dirty blackguards." Rain now began to fall heavily.

The movement had scarce commenced when the major came dashing from the house in some excitement and commanded a halt. Some one had purloined a counterpane. He did not stop to inquire who, but, guided by his old antipathies, settled promptly on Kelly. "Bring it back, Kelly," said he, "and put it where you got it; do you want them to think us a set of thieves and devils? Put it back at once." It so happened he was not mistaken. Kelly had taken it. Prompted by the threatening weather or with the prospect of adorning his winter-quarters with more than usual splendor, he thought it very proper to levy a small contribution on the enemies of his country.

"But, major," expostulated Kelly, "it is not wantonness, it's not thievery; I am not marauding or pilfering; I really need the thing."

But the major would not be appeased.

"Put it back, Kelly; do you mind? Put it back, sir;" and then aside: "that Kelly is a devil; I would not be surprised if he had a flat-iron in each pocket, the thief of the world."

Nor was the major disposed to favor Kelly by remaining long enough to give him opportunity to execute his directions. He started the line in one direction just as Kelly went off in the other, and by the time he had deposited his bundle and commenced his return he was forced to a decidedly rapid gait that he might not be left alone in very uncomfortably close relations to the enemy, now astir at the withdrawal.

The storm, the good luck usually attending an Irishman's blunders, ultimately removed all the difficulties which for the time surrounded him, and, stumbling upon the right road, by three o'clock the major found himself safe within the limits of the brigade lines near Robertson's Tavern.

The experiences of the past twenty-four hours, the gravity of the crisis in the affairs of the regiment, the eve of an impending battle, had turned all thoughts to a serious comprehension of the situation, and there was a manifest desire to seek in consultation some way to meet the difficulties. With one accord,

without any preconcerted movement, the officers gathered about the bivouac fire for advice and counsel. There seemed but a single solution—O'Neill must be superseded. Respected for his courage, admired for his daring, the lingering hope that he might be guided safely through a crisis had wholly disappeared with the experiences of the previous night. They recognized the official peril in which they placed their commissions by harboring such mutinous suggestions, but they resolved to face the responsibilities and assume the attendant risk by boldly and freely presenting the case for the earnest consideration of the brigade commander.

At their solicitation Colonel Tilton, who had been partially advised of the pending difficulties, consented to hear the story of their grievances at their own bivouac fires, that nothing might be done or said in the absence of the major. He rode to where the group was in consultation and in encouraging, kindly tones inquired the cause of the disturbances. Crocker took up the story and fully and fairly told of the recent occurrences. He was unstinting in his commendation of the major's courage, energies and endurance, but with all that there was such an inaptitude for intelligent direction as to essentially unfit him for the high responsibilities of his office. Speaking for his fellows, Crocker earnestly urged that a field officer from the brigade be assigned temporarily to the command of the regiment until the one or the other of the major's superiors should return. O'Neill was present and received what had been said in meditative silence.

"Well, gentlemen," said Colonel Tilton, who had listened patiently and attentively, "I recognize your difficulties, but I cannot refrain from an allusion to the very delicate and dangerous ground upon which you are treading. Of this you were no doubt aware when you assumed to go so far as you have. I am satisfied the only motive that prompts the action you have taken is the maintenance of the excellent reputation your regiment has hitherto borne. Upon the eve of an impending battle the situation is certainly a critical one. I am therefore disposed

not to view the matter in the strict military sense in which it might deserve to be construed, and as I recognize the efficiency and excellence of the 118th, I am willing to lend my authority to relieve you from your embarrassments. Whom have you in mind as your choice for a commanding officer?"

A unanimous response pronounced the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Throop, of the 1st Michigan.

Colonel Tilton then withdrew and shortly returned accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Throop. It was with great reluctance Colonel Throop left his own command. He could only be induced to do so in obedience to positive orders that he recognized were promulgated to meet a grave crisis in the affairs of a sister regiment, which did not seem to be otherwise controllable. Colonel Tilton permitted a condition to be attached to the acceptance of his detail, that Colonel Throop's assignment must be accompanied by unanimous acquiescence on the part of the entire body of officers of the 118th, and when Colonel Throop was presented his first inquiry was to that effect. To the united, hearty, affirmative response of all the rest, Major O'Neill added: "Certainly, sir, certainly; I don't care under whom I serve so that he gives us a chance to fight. Certainly I will serve under you, and with pleasure, too, sir."

This happy relief from anxiety, this satisfactory solution of difficulties which had reached such serious proportions, though the night was well on and the enemy quite close, was suitably recognized in exhilarating stimulants which a provident officer had fortunately at hand. Colonel Throop declining to participate retired to his own bivouac, and those whose deft hands were apt with the "Joe Hooker" formula were soon engaged in the concoction of its stimulating ingredients. Limited supplies forbade a free indulgence, and by midnight all fatigues and anxieties were forgotten in restful slumber.

The morning broke clear and cold; everything seemed quiet. One of the men, whose eyes were wandering around in search of anything that might appear, detected a persimmon tree

loaded with the frosted fruit some distance in front, between the Union and Confederate lines. To see was to desire. To desire was to attempt to obtain. Sneaking along under shelter of the bushes, the discoverer and another adventurer quietly and stealthily approached the tree. A careful scrutiny from its foot assured the pair that the Confederate pickets were quite a distance away. The discoverer silently climbed the tree and shook down a quantity of the fruit, which his companion hastily stowed in a haversack provided for that purpose. Another shake was given to the tree. It attracted attention. A single report rang out on the crisp air, a single zip flew past the occupant of the tree; he dropped on the ground like a flash. None too soon, for a volley crashed through and sent twigs and persimmons scattering down upon two prostrate figures who seemed to be not more than a couple of inches thick as they flattened themselves out on the ground. After a while the firing ceased. Then while one, on hands and knees, peered through a bush ready to give the alarm in case of further danger, the other gathered the persimmons, that had been shaken down and shot down, into the haversack, and then, in the language of that old chestnut of a quotation,

“ They folded their tents like the Arabs,
And silently stole away.”

Doubtless they would have stolen away as soon as the balls began to fly, but it was a question of discipline. The soldier without discipline is like a musket without a barrel, a pail without a bottom, a fish without fins, and a great number of worthless things. Now it was a serious breach of discipline to go beyond the lines without orders, and rendered the offender liable to a severe reprimand, or even a trial by court-martial for desertion. When the firing commenced, the enterprising pair were in a fix. They had hardly secured persimmons enough for their own consumption. There would be inquiries as to what had caused the firing. Under these circumstances their affection for their officers would not permit the men to return until they had obtained a fair share for them.

On reaching the lines safely, they offered up a couple of quarts of persimmons to discipline; that is, the captain. He wisely asked no questions. His thoughts probably ran somewhat in this fashion: "Those fellows have been outside of the lines again. They give me no end of trouble. I'll send the persimmons back and make an example of those two men. I might as well eat one or two, just to see how they taste. By George! They're good! A handful of them wont be missed. It was thoughtful of them to bring me these, and generous, too, to give me so many. Poor fellows! they don't often get a chance to get anything like this. Oh, pshaw! (or something stronger) I'll eat the persimmons up, and let the men go this time, but the very next act of disobedience must be punished." Discipline is a wonderful thing.

The bullets from the volley caused by the persimmon hunters caused the regiment to scatter in every direction for shelter, but in a few moments they reformed in the railroad cut. De Ville, a member of Company K, who had been adjutant of a French regiment, remarked: "Ow queekly you make one, ven you ave broke all to pieces. If ze regiment vas French, one week would not zem togetter bring again."

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 29th the brigade was advanced some two miles across country, until it reached the easterly ridge of the swale or valley through which flowed the run from which the campaign derived its name. Upon the thither ridge, distant some fifteen hundred yards, nearest to which was the stream, was the enemy, already strongly intrenched upon the series of slopes of which it was formed. His work was not yet complete, and uninterrupted by the presence of the Union troops he continued with axe and spade, dirt and timber, until what were first most formidable field fortifications were made almost impregnable. He also demolished a few small houses which apparently interfered with the range of his guns. The enemy's ridge had a better elevation and commanded ours. Both were wooded; the ground upon the other side of the run at the base of the western ridge was open, and

appeared at a distance to be soft and marshy. When the task was finished, the soldiers on the other side, on the parapet and the ground in front of the works, played at ball with a sportive vivacity that equalled boyhood energies.

Again within the year since Fredericksburg, the Potomac army faced its whilom foe behind intrenchments dark, gloomy, formidable. The recollections of that field, its fatalities and sad disaster would not down. Though with serious convictions that the task was hopeless, there was still a high resolve to do and dare for the best.*



Contrary to precedent the skirmishers were decidedly less active than was usual at the opening of an engagement. The early nightfall closed upon the scene, each side confident the business that brought them there would be settled on the morrow.

With the darkness, there was a decided fall in the temperature. It was a bitter, nipping cold, so intense that upon portions of the line, more exposed than others, the pickets were

relieved every thirty minutes, and instances were reported of men being frozen to death.

*General Morgan, Inspector-General of the 2d Corps, relates the following incident: "While on the picket line reconnoitring, my uniform concealed by a soldier's overcoat, I asked an old veteran of the noble 1st Minnesota, on picket, what he thought of the prospect. Not recognizing me as an officer, he expressed himself very freely, declaring it 'a d—d sight worse than Fredericksburg,' and adding, 'I am going as far as I can travel, but we can't get more than two-thirds of the way up the hill.'"—Walker's "History of Second Army Corps," p. 383.

The combinations for the assault had been perfected during the afternoon. Warren, with his own corps and Terry's division of the 6th, had been moved to the vicinity of Hope Church, near the head-waters of the run. Here the enemy, though securely posted, was in inconsiderable strength, and a little more of daylight would have permitted the formation of assaulting columns with which his right might have been effectually turned. Night setting in before the arrangements were consummated, the attack was necessarily postponed until dawn.

In the meantime, during the night there were numerous changes on our right for co-operation with Warren's morning assault, and two of French's 3d Corps divisions were sent to aid him. Bartlett's (our) division was withdrawn from its position about 2 A. M. on the 30th, and moved some distance towards the right, forming on the left of the 6th Corps, in column doubled on the centre. The men were stripped for action, and the knapsacks, piled upon each other arranged in the shape of a horse-shoe, were left in our former position in charge of Sergeant Stone with a detail. Some of the men, heedless of the bitter cold, also left their great coats. No fires were permitted and, with no means to raise the temperature, the men painfully awaited the break of day in that zero atmosphere anxious to accord a generous welcome to the genial rays of the morning sun. It was clear, and every star shone in all its winter brilliancy against a sky deep in its cold, cerulean blue.

Chaplain O'Neill remained with Sergeant Stone and the knapsacks. The Confederates, probably to keep the watches awake, sent a shell in their direction. The chaplain had made a pot of coffee. He was sipping it from a tincup, when the shell skimmed through the air, burst against a tree near him, and a fragment of it knocked the cup out of his hand.

The troops were on the edge of a thick growth of pine. Dawn revealed a position more formidable than the one from the front of which the division had just been withdrawn. The distance between the two lines now was not over five hundred

yards. All through the hours of darkness the sound of falling timber gave evidence of increasing strength to the enemy's works. The run had been dammed towards its mouth and its banks were flooded to river-like proportions. The ground upon the summit of which was the line to be assaulted, with the water extending to its base, ran at an angle of some thirty degrees, rough and bare and entirely barren of tree or timber of any sort.

As yet there had been no specific directions for the advance, no formal announcement of the hour for the charge. To fix a time alone was needed. That the works were to be charged, and who were to do it, had long before dawned upon soldier intelligence, previously whetted by other calamitous military experiences.

The plans perfected and the troops at their stations, the moment was at hand to give the signal for beginning. Colonel Throop assembled the officers in front of the centre division, and with convincing earnestness thus announced the work before them: "Gentlemen," said he, "the orders are that at the sound of two signal guns from Warren's position on the left, we are to move forward and charge the enemy there"—pointing to his intrenchments. "Do you see those works? we either sleep to-night on the other side of them"—and then, with a significant pause—"or else on the slopes leading to them."

In adding his own words to the directions for the assault there was no semblance of an attempt at ostentation. Colonel Throop's fine soldierly abilities were a sufficient earnest that what he said was prompted by his conceptions of the stern requirements of duty.

Then came one of those times when the hearts of the bravest men stand still. The frowning heights, with lines of breast-works on its slope and strong earthworks on its crest; the flooded, icy creek, between our men and the height, which must be crossed under fierce fire; the steep ascent up which they would have to toil, while shot and shell and grape and canister and bullet were doing their deadly work—the sight of these were enough to chill the heart of the most reckless.

We could see the Rebs. If they had not been so busy building fortifications, they could have turned us into confusion with shot and shell, we were huddled so close together. We were not allowed to build any fires during the day or night. Some of our pickets were frozen, and had to be brought in on stretchers. The rebel position in our front was worse than at Fredericksburg. We were told that we were to attack those works in the morning at 8 o'clock. That night there was fought in men's hearts the hardest battle of the whole war. The next morning our artillery was in position. There was but little said. There was not a man who felt that he had any business to find himself alive next day. Rumor soon spread that the plan of attacking had been abandoned. Many a man pinned his name on his coat, "Mustered out at Mine Run this day." Some gave their home address. Warren had declined, without he should be directly ordered, to inaugurate a movement so doubtful of success and which would certainly be attended by great fatality. This indeed was the situation. The general assault, as the country subsequently accepted it, was wisely and judiciously abandoned.

Meanwhile General Meade, yet unacquainted with the cause and impatient at the delay, ordered the great guns—a battery of 20-pounders—about the centre to open. A prompt reply stirred up a pretty active cannonading from the centre to the right, which continued until Meade, apprised of Warren's action, ordered the gunnery to cease. The enemy, courteously accepting the invitation, soon stopped firing, and the hostilities for the rest of the day were left to the bickerings of the skirmishers.

Two English officers, guests at army head-quarters, stood in rear of the big guns when their fire provoked the enemy's reply. Behind the ridge a sharp Yankee was preparing a hot morning bite for some head-quarter mess. The Englishmen, not disposed to take the risk of exposure attending their observations, sought cover below the knoll, near where the Yankee was cooking. He had watched the close interest with which

the Englishmen had for some time noted the enemy's position, and rather astonished at their hurried withdrawal at a time when their observation would have produced more practical results, unconsciously or purposely remarked: "That's the way you Englishmen come to see an American fight, ha! run away when the guns begin to fire." Not overly respectful, but as the cook-house was not much of a school for the study of diplomatic courtesies, our foreign visitors, accepting the source from whence the reflection came, doubtless concluded it was not a sufficient cause for the disturbance of existing friendly relations.

James W. Hyatt, a private of H, not disposed to trust his knapsack to the custody of others, had taken it with him to the new position. It was not discovered in the darkness that he was still carrying it. Whilst the men were crouching low to avoid the heavy shelling the opening of our batteries had provoked, Hyatt rose from his position and, with his knees planted firmly on the knapsack, proceeded to tighten the blanket straps. No other reason was apparent for this action at this inopportune time, save that Hyatt was inclined to deliver himself of a boastful address of his desire to be valorous, and assumed this partially upright posture that he might be better heard. As he worked at his straps and proceeded with his little speech, a solid shot dashed into the ground some distance in front of him, passed underneath him and the knapsack and striking the root of a tree splintered it and sent up to the surface a piece which took the heel off his right shoe. He was raised a foot or more; his glowing address was interrupted as if a lightning stroke had paralyzed his organs of speech, and limp and senseless he fell to the ground. Stretcher-bearers straightened him out and bore him to the rear. He gradually recovered himself, survived the shock—for that was all it really was—to be afterwards made prisoner in the Wilderness, and subsequently died at Andersonville, Georgia, on the 3d of December, 1864.

Walters, who had been acting adjutant since Hand's absence, was of a venturesome, inquiring turn, and was disposed to in-

investigate the enemy beyond the opportunities afforded within timber, invited a captain of the regiment to accompany him upon a little personal reconnoissance. Walters, mounted on Hand's fretful steed, rode out to a position well down the slope towards the run, while the captain stepped out smartly afoot by his side. With the aid of field-glasses the enemy were distinctly seen moving about the works, and a group of them had evidently been attracted by the prominent exposure of these observers. The evidence was convincing when bullets began to throw up the earth in very close proximity. But Walters did not move; still undaunted, he held the glass intently on the foe, his companion, not so stolid as he, still remaining at his side. Again and again the bullets struck; now under, now alongside the horse, now singing and whizzing as they passed overhead and beyond; still Walters steadfastly gazed. The captain was becoming annoyed at the persistency with which Walters maintained this uselessly exposed position, when a voice from the line, calling loudly, "Come in here; don't you know you are making a target of yourselves?"

You see, the private had no right to know anything, and that is why generals did all the fighting, and that is to-day why generals and colonels are great men. They fought the battles of our country; the privates did not. The generals risked their reputation; the private soldier his life. No one ever saw a private in battle. It was the general that everybody saw charge such and such with drawn sabre, his eyes flashing fire, his nostrils dilating and his clarion voice ringing above the din of battle. So we read in some of the histories.

I know to-day many a private who would have made a good general. I know of some generals who would have made poor privates. A private had no such way to distinguish himself. He had to keep in ranks either in a charge or a retreat.

Sergeant Stone's position with the knapsacks grew decidedly uncomfortable. He naturally sought cover and kept shifting

from one position to another in the hope of securing better protection. Not so with Dennis, a prisoner whom Stone had in charge, under an arrest for some trivial delinquency. Dennis stood erect with his hands crossed behind him, his head thrown back as far as his neck would reach, his eyes cast aloft towards the sky watching complacently the play of the fiery missiles as they passed furiously overhead. "Sergeant," said he, addressing him in an assuring, encouraging tone, "don't be alarmed; don't be disturbed; stand up and take it; they are perfectly harmless; they wouldn't break a glass."

But the sergeant declined to act upon the suggestion and answered: "I tell you, Dennis, they are dangerous; they should be avoided; such wicked creatures are not to be sneezed at."

Dennis, of course, spread the story abroad, and for weeks afterwards, "everywhere the sergeant went, a sneeze was sure to go."

About five o'clock, the darkness settling in the sombre pines, the division was retired from the point fixed for its intended assault and returned to the position from whence it had started to make it. Chilled to the marrow by the piercing cold, and the most cruel prohibition against fires, sluggish animation was soon returned by the generous warmth distributed in the glow of blazing timber.

The cold did not relax and December opened with every promise of a sturdy winter. The 1st passed in idleness, with the fixed conviction that under cover of night the troops would be relieved from the pressure attending the immediate presence of the enemy, and withdrawn to a location convenient and accessible to a base of supplies for a season of prolonged rest.

During the day the artillery was secretly removed from its place, and for the real guns batteries of logs were substituted.

With the earliest darkness the fires were increased in volume and piled so high with logs that their flames would skip aloft, until well on towards the break of day. The march towards the Rapidan was slow and tedious. Jams and halts incident to

an overcrowded roadway lengthened the march through most of the night, and it was after four o'clock before the column crossed the river at Germanna Ford. Lurid flames lit up the sky along the entire route. Sparsely settled as the country was, many deserted houses with their barns and out-buildings fell victims to the incendiary torch. What prompted such a spirit of vandalism was inexplicable, unless in the frequent and annoying delays the soldiers were determined to warm themselves heedless of the character or cost of the fuel.

At five o'clock, on the 2d of December, the brigade bivouacked near Coney Mountain, and at eight o'clock moved on again, halting about noon in the vicinity of Stevensburg. On the 3d the regiment moved at eight o'clock, crossing the Rappahannock at the railway station, which bears the river's name at two, and by four in the afternoon it was back to its old quarters at Beverly Ford.

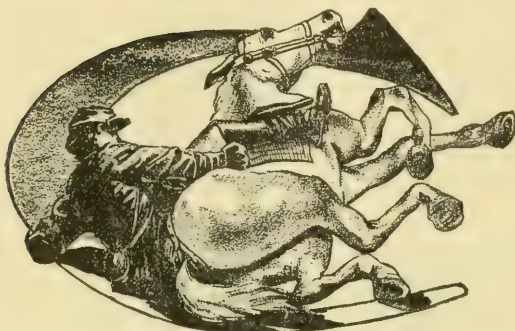


LIEUTENANT HENRY T. PECK.

CHAPTER XV.

CAMP BARNES—THE WINTER AT BEVERLY FORD.

SERENELY full, the epicure would say:
"Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day."



ULPEPPER, Fairfax, Farquier, and Stafford had become old abiding places. The belt of country between the Potomac and Rapidan was a familiar region. The essential element

of intention alone was wanting to assure to the soldier of the Potomac army all the rights of a Virginian citizenship.

The third of the four winters of the war had opened auspiciously. The advantages of the situation selected for the permanent encampment had been tested through all the seasons, and if the privilege of choosing their own abode had been awarded the regiment, they would have looked no farther in search of a better place. The upper side of the Rappahannock, in the vicinity of Beverly Ford, was convenient and accessible to the depots of issue and supply, in easy reach of all desirable neighbors, just far enough from the front to be beyond the annoyances of disturbing reconnoissances, and not so far to the rear as to be within the scope of the ubiquitous raider. The soldiers were anxious to unload on their susceptible and inexperienced friends their thrilling and embellished stories of field and fight, and the approaching days of inactivity gave ample promise of a fitting opportunity, when the leaves and fur-

loughs, in keeping with the season, should be again dispensed with abundant liberality.

To designate encampments by a name specially selected had long fallen into disuse. Location, fixed by some geographical spot of town, ford, mountain, river, or whatever else in the near vicinity was available, had been adopted as a designation sufficiently significant.

For once the way of the earlier days was resumed. The old brigade commander was not to be forgotten. In recognition of the worth of their former chief, the encampment at Beverly Ford was officially directed to be known as "Camp Barnes."

The camp did not differ essentially in its construction from that of the previous winter. The logs were more securely mortised, the chinks more tightly closed, larger fireplaces made a cheerier blaze, and more lofty chimneys a better draft. The men, with their experience, had come to know how to apply and appreciate little desirable appointments of room and table furniture. They had not forgotten their homes, but as their "quarters" were all the homes they had known intimately for some time back, or expected to know for some time to come, they had learned to fit them up with many substantial comforts and available conveniences which they had not before thought of.

Nor were the bodily needs exclusively cared for. An edifice of quite churchly pretensions was reared and designated as "the chapel." Rough boards, without backs, took the place of the more commodious pews in the shapely structures at home, and the rude logs of the vicinity were hewn and fashioned into a durable, if not a handsome, pulpit. The seating capacity equalled the strength of the regiment, and with the discourses from their own chaplain, and from those with whom he occasionally exchanged pulpits, the command was at no time in want of proper spiritual guidance. The chapel was not devoted solely to religious services. It had never been formally dedicated as a house of worship, nor was it recognized by any organized sect, so during the week such available amateur the-

atrical and musical talent as was at hand frequently used it for secular performances. Prominent among those who afforded instruction and entertainment by well-selected recitations was Sergeant Thos. J. Hyatt.

The performers in the dramas, etc., were of course costumed in their uniforms. As a consequence, it was impossible to play "Romeo and Juliet" or "Claude Melnotte." Imagine Juliet, for instance, with a sun-browned face, fierce mustache, and close-cropped hair, in a blue dress-coat, baggy blue pantaloons, and heavy brogans, wailing out her grief at the death of Romeo! Or Claude Melnotte saying to a fellow dressed in the same fashion, except a pair of cavalry boots in the place of the brogans—

"We'll read no books that are not tales of love;
We'll have no friends that are not lovers."

This camp was noted for its exceptional cleanliness. No wood was allowed to be chopped within its limits, the streets were battened down hard every day, the gutters around the tents were neatly trimmed out daily, and it was continually the subject of close inspection.

A subterfuge of rather happy conception was a failure. The quarters and everything in the vicinity where the enlisted men were located were to be in darkness at taps, and the officer of the day was especially enjoined to see that all lights were extinguished at that hour. By an oversight some one charged with this responsibility had used the word candles instead of lights. The quickly perceptive soldier promptly "caught on" to an opportunity for an evasion. There was a plethora of pork fat on hand. This was rendered out in tin cans, such as contained the canned goods sold by the sutlers, and flannel torn into strips inserted for a wick. It made a famous light, and for a few nights "pinochle" and "seven up" flourished under its rays, but lights out, not candles out, was the requirement, and the pork grease and flannel soon yielded to the inevitable.

The food problem, now so widely the subject of scientific consideration, has ever been of paramount importance under all

civilization, whether Christian, Jewish, polytheistic or philosophic. Of importance, not for determination by analysis of what man should eat and drink to best contribute to the strength of his body, the improvement of his mind, and the prolongation of his life, but of importance rather in determining how the palate shall be best pleased, the stomach best satisfied, and the mind and body be left free and at ease to the huge enjoyment that follows skilfully managed and well-served catering.

The soldier's tastes had kept abreast with his civilization. His dietary tables were not as formidable in variety as they were mighty in quantity. Tact was, however, a fitting substitute for variety, and by judicious manipulation he had learned many successful combinations of his quantities for the satisfaction of appetites more ravenous than delicate. The nomenclature of his cuisine was in harmony with his dishes and the harshest phrases of the purest originality were applied to a *menu* more nourishing than appetizing.

"Lobskous" had already received its fair share of attention. Another formula of a kindred sort had now found its way to the kitchen. Its name was in no way significant of its ingredients, and its arbitrary designation as unpalatable to polite ears as was the dish itself to refined palates. The recollection of its euphonious title will probably follow a description of its composition and preparation.

The canvas bag of the haversack was filled with hard-tack, and, with one stone for an anvil and another for a hammer, the crackers were reduced to a coarse powder. This usually fell to the lot of a volunteer assistant, tempted by the opportunity to share such strong and nourishing diet. Meanwhile the regular cook had chopped up fresh meat, cut up onions and potatoes and stewed them well together. When the stew was thoroughly done it was taken from the fire and while yet warm the ground grist of hard-tack was poured into it and the whole thoroughly mixed. The mixture was then shaped into cakes after the manner of the "codfish ball" and nicely browned on

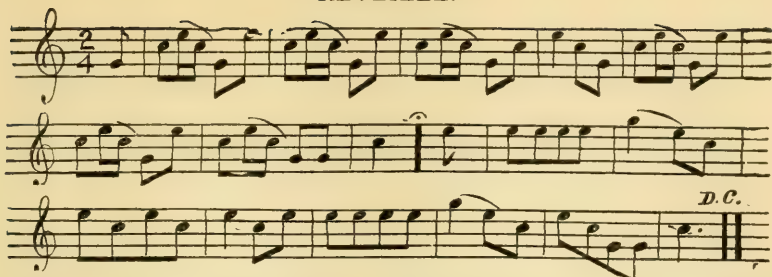
all sides in sizzling pork grease, and the dish was ready to be served. The name it bore would have shocked Marion Harland or any other well-accredited cook-book authoress equally as violently as would the suggestion to give such a rude formula a place in her next edition.

This was treated as quite a dainty morsel and much sought after. When the season was at hand that the meal could include some of the common field parsley, boiled with the proper quantity of old salt horse, the mess fortunate enough to revel in such a diet was the envy of its fellows. If the sutler was up with supplies of canned goods, fried oysters and clams frequently garnished the table, and occasionally a dessert of rennet custard concluded the rather luxurious allowances. Such fare only found a place on the dietary lists during the days of the permanent winter camps. With the march and bivouac the old schedule of coffee, hard-tack and salt pork was promptly resumed and rigorously continued.

One mess, composed of five non-commissioned officers, had a friend among the brigade butchers—the men who killed and dressed the cattle that served for fresh beef for the different regiments. Every fresh-beef day one of their number would go to the slaughtering ground and bring back a couple of heads. These were skinned, cracked in pieces with an axe, thrown into a camp kettle and boiled until the meat became loose on the bones. The meat and bones were then removed and beans thrown into the rich liquor and boiled until they began to go to pieces. The five would then sit down to a meal so square that it resembled a cube. The camp-kettle held about eight gallons. Five sat down to dinner. Frequently when they rose from the meal, which included bread and meat as well as bean porridge, the camp-kettle was empty.

A soldier's capacity was something marvellous. It is related of one mess of but three that, not satisfied with the issue of soft bread—twenty-one loaves in a week—they took advantage of their officers' privilege to purchase from the commissariat, and on their orders bought in addition twenty-one loaves

REVEILLE.



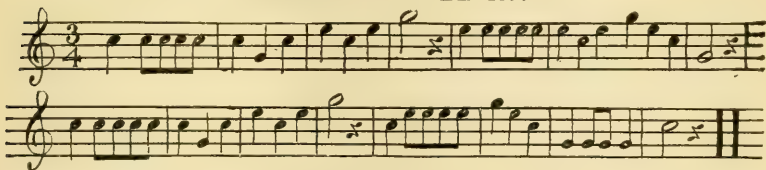
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up, I tell you;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all.

The Lieutenant's worse than the Sergeant,
But the Captain's worst of all.

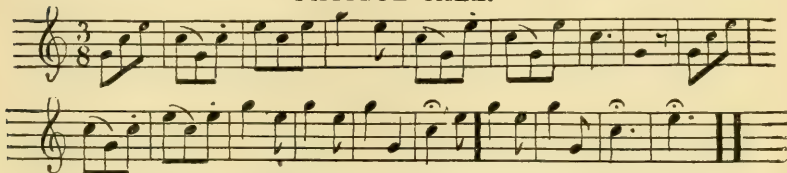
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up this morning;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up to-day.

The Corporal's worse than the Private,
The Sergeant's worse than the Corporal,

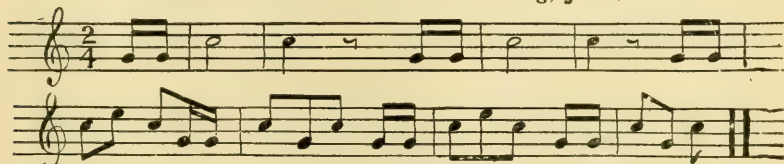
ASSEMBLY—"FALL IN!"



FATIGUE CALL.

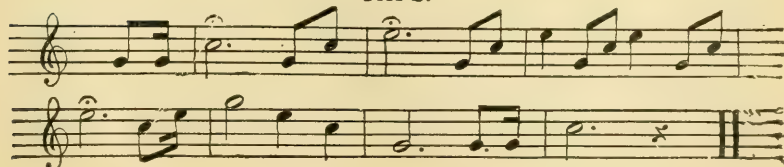


SICK CALL—Tune of "Come along, Josie."



Dr. Thomas says, Dr. Thomas says,
Come and get your Quine—Quine—Quine—Quinine,
Come and get your Quinine,
Q—u—i—n—i—n—e !!!

TAPS.



more, thus increasing their weekly quota to forty-two. Each man is said to have devoured a loaf at least at each meal, and one, more voracious than his fellows, frequently nearly two. When to this was added the other regular daily issues, the supplies purchased of the sutler, of sheepskin pies, cakes flinty hard, lobsters, clams and oysters, first canned and then churned by rough transportation by rail and wagon—if this mess be taken, as it fairly may, as typical of the others, it is just to assume that with good digestion responsive to such exorbitant requirements, the American volunteer was building up a constitution firm and strong as that of his country.

The cooks to whose lot fell the preparation of all the food consumed were not all so closely wedded to their calling as to be incapacitated for the dangers and exposures of battle. Their assignment as cooks very properly exempted them from all details of picket, guard, police and fatigue duty. On one occasion during this encampment a demand was made on Company D for four men for picket duty. Exclusive of Guilleman, the company cook, but three were available. This fact was made known to the lieutenant-colonel commanding, accompanied by the request that the number be reduced that the cook might be permitted the usual exemption. The duty was important; numbers were essential and, for this time at least, regulation must yield to necessity. Such was the purport of the commandant's response. There was no help: Guilly must go. His indignation knew no bounds. He raged and raved in broken English about broken faith and violated promises, and, as if determined to be revenged by breaking his promise to serve as cook, grabbed his gun, exclaiming: "Got's in Himmel, me cook no more; me carries the gun and fights forever." And he did to the very end. No persuasion could induce him to resume his abandoned occupation. He adhered faithfully to his pledge and fought manfully in the ranks for the rest of his enlistment.

Before the winter was over the services of the Pied Piper of Hamelin could have been put into active requisition. Not so

much as a thousand guilders awaited him, but he could have been handsomely compensated. The chapel and the tents in the vicinity of it were overrun with rats. The soldier's ingenuity equalled the magic of the piper's pipes. The scheme for their extermination originated with Sergeant Nugent, of Company K. The homes of the rats were first to be flooded and then, as they sought safety in flight, they were to be clubbed or stoned to death. Under the supervision of the originator some fifteen or twenty volunteered to carry water in kettles from the river to the holes, anticipating huge sport in this proposed rat-killing harvest. It was a weary job. The river was some two hundred yards distant, and gallon after gallon was emptied into the holes and all to no purpose. Finally, as these water-bearers were losing heart and roughly berating their comrade for his failure to realize on his well-conceived project of destruction, a single rat presented himself and quickly fell before the unerring club of the man who stood nearest. The spirits of the exterminators revived. "More water, more water," was the cry. More rats, more rats, was the response. They came thick and fast; some were escaping; they were increasing beyond the control of those who were managing the enterprise. Reinforcements were called for, and before the affray was over the services of the entire regiment, officers and all, were in requisition. The large quantity of water used and the number tramping about the vicinity made considerable mud. Regardless of the condition of the ground, as the rats plunged through it the blows were laid on hard, and every one engaged was thoroughly splashed. Mud instead of blood was the evidence of conflict. The affair was completely successful. The annoying pests, wholly exterminated, never reappeared, and those who had nearly lost faith in the originator of the plan accorded him his just deserts, and all who had suffered by the annoyance were duly grateful to their deliverers.

Volunteer officers, as a rule, were not apt in the sword exercise. Ambitious to excel in this soldierly acquirement, the officers of one of the regiments imported from Massachusetts an

instructor, who came not only with high endorsements as a master of his calling, but with much repute for his ability to meet and successfully resist all comers. His career was a short one. Whatever may have been his abilities as a teacher, he soon proved his utter incapacity as a practical combatant.

A little Frenchman, Albert De Ville, of K, exceptionally expert with sword and foil, had heard much talk of the proposed Yankee importation, and, prompted probably as much by a spirit of revenge at the failure to recognize his capacity as a desire to meet a foeman whom he supposed worthy of his blade, determined to seek an early opportunity for a pass with the gentleman from Massachusetts. He was not long in waiting. The instructor was informed that a soldier in the ranks claimed to be his equal as a swordsman, and for his own sake he must quickly secure the supremacy.

A Sibley tent was selected and an audience, necessarily limited, witnessed the exhibition. For fifteen minutes the blades flew about with some adroit and skilful manœuvring, when suddenly the instructor's sword lay at his feet. He very unjustly claimed a foul, raving about it with much passion. Such a demonstration of anger was just what the Frenchman wanted, and, concluding to settle him forever, he promptly conceded the claim, and at it they went again, the Frenchman with much deliberation, the instructor badly broken up. The contest was of short duration, and soon up went the instructor's sword high into the air. This time, disarmed effectually beyond the hope of cavil, he yielded, and shortly afterwards disappeared entirely, a sadly discomfited and, as he thought, much-abused man.

De Ville was a man of no physical strength. His arm, by those who had seen it, was described as no thicker than an axe-handle. He was very ready to explain his art, which he had most thoroughly acquired in his native country, but others seemed to be in no way at all able to reach him. One of his favorite modes of expression was that a sword should be handled just as you would a writing-pen. He claimed that in

the sword strength must subordinate itself to skill, and illustrated it by a story of his having in a very close combat once disarmed a general officer, a West Point graduate, a man six feet in height and of magnificent frame. He was equally proficient in the bayonet exercise, was ready and did often meet with the sword an antagonist of no mean skill, armed with musket and bayonet, and the antagonist always gave it up. De Ville remained through the war and contributed materially to the instruction of the officers and men in the art he knew so well.

On one occasion, on a bleak, cold night, intensely dark, William T. Godwin, of Company F, on his way with the relief to a picket outpost, slipped from a log that spanned a narrow creek in the route to his destination and fell headlong into the stream. He was the last man in the detail and his splash bringing the advance to a halt, they returned and by the light of a torch fished him out. His musket, which was loaded, filled with water that immediately froze hard, and, as he would be useless at the front, he was sent back to the reserve. This happened on a Friday night. Saturday the pickets were relieved and through the day, the weather continuing freezing cold, he worked manfully with his piece, but to no avail; there was the load and there was the ice nearly to the muzzle. The next day, Sunday, an inspection was announced by Colonel Herring. In the vain hope to divert attention from the inside of his gun, Godwin devoted special attention to the outside, until the barrel shone with unusual brightness. In the morning the temperature rose materially and the sun developed an exceptional winter warmth. The sad effects of a thaw inside his piece had not dawned upon Godwin. The colonel was especially complimentary. The rammers had not been sprung, when, unfortunately, the colonel raised the hammer. A long, black stream spouting from the nipple disfigured his clothing and entirely changed the color of his clean white gloves. The particular cleanliness outside doubtless aroused a suspicion of design. The colonel was demonstratively angry,

would listen to no explanation at the time and gave instructions for a positive punishment. Subsequently the misfortune of the previous Friday night and the intervening cold and sudden warm weather satisfactorily accounted for the condition of Godwin's piece, and the affair was not permitted to disturb his otherwise excellent record.

The Fance mansion was located just outside the picket line. The family, a mother and two promising daughters of education and refinement, claimed the usual rating common to Virginians of the higher class. Safeguards from the regiment relieved each other at the house at regular intervals, and those disposed to cultivate an acquaintance were permitted as reasonable an intimacy as the strained relations of armed antagonism would sanction. Occasionally when the soldiers' entertaining powers were irresistible, notably as in the case with Smith, of K, the ladies responded with music, song* and gossip, and all

* These are lines, set to appropriate music, often repeated by the Fance ladies to entertain their soldier guests :

THE HOMESPUN DRESS.

Oh, yes ! I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.

CHORUS :

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for the Sunny South so dear ;
Three cheers for the homespun dress the Southern ladies wear !

I envy not the Northern girl
Her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck,
And pearls bedeck her hair.

The homespun dress is plain, I know,
My hat's palmetto, too ;
But then it shows what Southern girls
For Southern rights will do.

We've sent the bravest from our land
To battle with the foe,

felt that a cruel service should so relax rigid rules that the best society men might be alone assigned to duty when the charge

And we would lend a helping hand—
We love the South, you know.

Now Northern goods are out of date,
And since Old Abe's blockade,
We Southern girls can live content
With goods that's Southern-made.

We'd scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up
And wear them with much grace.

This Southern land's a glorious land,
And hers a glorious cause;
So here's three cheers to Southern Rights
And for the Southern Boys.

We've sent our sweethearts to the war,
But, dear girls, never mind;
The soldier lad will not forget
The girl he left behind.

A soldier is the lad for me,
A brave heart I adore,
And when this sunny South is free,
And fighting is no more,

I'll choose me then a lover brave
From out that gallant band;
The soldier lad that I love most
Shall have my heart and hand.

And now, young man, a word to you—
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls
And win your lady there.

Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears fall for the one
That fills a soldier's grave.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the homespun dress the Southern ladies wear.

they had to keep were the stately matrons and comely maidens of Virginia's aristocracy.

Smith had very justly already earned an excellent reputation for courage and determination among those with whom he had been closely associated, but to others his extremely youthful appearance sometimes suggested a doubt whether he was fitted for a sudden emergency. On one occasion, at this encampment, a detachment of the 4th Virginia Cavalry had made a daring dash through the pickets, shaken up Sweitzer's headquarters pretty well, and returned with a number of captured horses. Shortly afterwards, when it fell to the lot of the 118th's detail to be assigned to the spot where the lines had been successfully penetrated, the officer in charge, advised of the incident, was instructed to more than usual caution, and particularly to look well after Post 7.

This post could be approached under cover to within but a short distance, and no man was to be assigned there except one who could receive and return an unexpected shot. Sergeant Daly, of E, inspecting the line with a view to determine whether this post had fallen to the lot of one calculated to hold it, came across a smooth-faced, seventeen-year-old boy. He knew him only by sight as a member of the regiment—nothing of his name or reputation. Engaging him in general conversation, he finally disclosed the purpose of his investigation, and concluded by inquiring of the youth, who was no other than Smith, of K, whether he thought he could sustain himself in case the circumstances likely to occur should happen. "Tell the lieutenant," said Smith, "that I can stay here as long as any one, and hope he won't relieve me just because I happen to be a boy." The reply was sufficiently assuring and Smith was not disturbed.

It was not an every-day opportunity the enlisted man had to secure his share of spirits. On a cold, bleak, stormy morning a knot of officers conceived the notion the day would pass more cheerily with a reasonable supply of the ardent. They selected a trusty soldier and, supplying him with nine canteens

and nine orders on which, only, whisky was allowed to be sold, despatched him in all haste to the commissary.

The soldier, thoughtful as well as *trusty*, concealed his own empty canteen underneath his great coat. Arriving at the depot, he found it in charge of an old acquaintance to whom he delivered the nine orders and the nine canteens. Two barrels, with the heads out but full, stood close to each other. From one Billy, the acquaintance, proceeded to fill the canteens. Leaning by the other was the soldier. As Billy filled, the sol-



THE "TRUSTY" SOLDIER FILLING HIS OWN CANTEEN.

dier dropped his own canteen into the other barrel, withdrawing it when the sound indicated the liquor had reached the mouth, meanwhile engaging Billy in loud and amusing conversation to drown the gurgling sound. Billy meanwhile was so intent on his own duties and interested in the task, that what had been done wholly escaped his observation. Settling his score, the soldier earnestly appealed to Billy for a drink, but Billy consistently resisted his appeals, predicting that with such a load and such temptation he would be drunk enough before night

anyhow, and that his friends would do him service by not expediting him to the unseemly condition he was bound to reach.

Billy's predictions were fulfilled. Nine drinks, one out of each canteen, on his way back set the man up pretty well before he reached camp. The officers, at first disposed to parsimony, were not inclined to reward him for his work ; but the mellowing influence of the rum lubricated their generosity, and they plied their willing messenger so repeatedly with the beverage that long before "retreat" he had landed in the guard-house. The night's confinement sobered him, and then he had the better of the officers. He had not so far forgotten himself as not to successfully conceal his own canteen, and immediately upon his release he and his companions had another bout of it, the officers meanwhile languishing morosely with canteens empty and stimulants gone.

Larry Mullen, of Company A, was a new recruit, a great raw-boned Irishman, afterwards a good soldier, but at first green as his native isle. Picket duty soon fell to Larry's lot. Captain Walters was the officer in command of the line, and Larry stood upon the outpost in all his primitive, ungainly awkwardness. Captain Walters, accompanied by Larry's lieutenant, visiting the outposts about dark, approaching Larry's post, slackened his pace, waiting for Larry to satisfy himself, according to instructions, that they were entitled to be where they were.

But Larry had no such intention. Throwing his piece to his left shoulder, he advanced with his right hand extended towards his own officer, in friendly recognition of his presence. Upbraided by Walters and reminded of his instructions, and asked why he had not followed them, he replied innocently, in his broadest tongue, "I would, sure, only I know'd the other fellow." Walters's gravity yielded for the moment, and both officers gave way to the merriment the situation naturally produced.

There had been considerable firing on the picket line for sport. Game and domestic animals shot there had often sub-

stantially improved the diet. Stringent orders had been issued prohibiting it. Two fat opossums on one occasion ventured within range of Godwin's musket. Though aware of the consequences, he fired and brought them both to earth. The fear of detection so disturbed him that he sought to dispose of his game where he thought it would most likely palliate his offence. One he sent to the commandant, Colonel Gwyn, and the other to Quartermaster Gardner. He was right in his conjecture, for he shortly found himself a guest at the quartermaster's table, where the leading dish was the "other opossum," cleverly baked and well stuffed with potato filling.

A detail at work widening the railway cut at Rappahannock Station met with ocular proofs that frogs are hibernating animals. They were "drifting" through soft porous rock that yielded readily to the blows of the pick, when they struck upon what was apparently the winter-quarters of all the frogs in the neighborhood. The gathering was as large, populous, and closely settled as a prairie-dog village. Their state of torpidity soon yielded to the genial rays of the bright sunlight, and they all hopped off with the evident conviction that the springtime had really come to stay.

This encampment, so prolific of anecdote, was rapidly approaching its end. In its solid details it did not differ essentially from others that have been treated of elaborately.

Some important changes occurred towards its conclusion. Captain Crocker, who has frequently appeared throughout these pages with such merited prominence, found it necessary to withdraw from the army. On the 27th of January, 1864, his resignation was accepted, and the regiment and the service lost an officer worthy of honorable mention among the gallant men whose names enrich the country's history with heroic deeds and patriotic sacrifice. Returning to civil life, Captain Crocker engaged extensively in business pursuits, and a few years since, in the prime of successful and enterprising manhood, died, after a short illness, at his home in Buffalo.

Captain Donegan about this time also resigned. After the

war his fellow-citizens, recognizing his services to his country, selected him for an honorable and lucrative office. He died shortly after the expiration of its term, well advanced in years.

Signs were indicative of active operations if the season was not. Boisterous March had not yet disappeared when the orders were issued that consolidated the Army of the Potomac into three efficient corps, with which, and the subsequent addition of the 9th Corps, it fought the struggle out to the end. The 1st and 3d lost their identity; the 2d, 5th and 6th retained theirs.

Sykes was sent to other fields of honorable service, and the scholarly, intrepid Warren took his place. The old 1st Brigade was broken up and the 18th Massachusetts, 20th Maine, 44th New York, 83d Pennsylvania, 118th Pennsylvania, 1st Michigan and 16th Michigan were organized as the 3d Brigade of the 1st Division, 5th Corps. The 3d Brigade retained its well-known bugle call. General Dan Butterfield, its earliest commander, shaped its notes to lingeringly pronounce his name, and "Dan! Dan! Butterfield! Butterfield!" at times rang out in chorus when the men were in the humor down to the very end.



The brigade was formed specially to secure in numbers and efficiency an organization suited to the high military attainments so prominently developed in all the many battles of General Joseph J. Bartlett. It was his right in the reorganization to be assigned to a division. Not strictly speaking his right, for of right that command belonged only to a major-general. But some of the major-generals about that time, for sufficiently cogent reasons, had been relegated to duties as near akin to quiet, peaceful pursuits as could be suggested, when grim-visaged war needed the services of all the valiant sons of

Mars. They had been tried but were not to be trusted. Political considerations forbade their actual retirement, and so the command of divisions fell to brigadiers whose work had proved them worthy of their trust. Of these it was conceded Bartlett was one. He had indeed had a division, but there were not enough for all, and he was forced to bide his time for a better opportunity. General Griffin was continued as the division commander.

This reference to these retired general officers recalls an incident of some historic moment which may not inappropriately be mentioned here.

While the army lay around Petersburg an eminent corps commander visited the President to urge upon him the justice of promoting, to the rank to which their commands entitled them, the gallant division commanders who had so valiantly fought their divisions through the severe campaign of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor. The President, struck with the force of the appeal and conceding the justice of the demand, feared only that the list of major-generals was already full to its legal maximum, and that right and justice must tarry until vacancies should make places for deserving men. The adjutant-general was summoned and reported. The President was right in his conjecture; the list was in fact full, and, under the law, there was no room for other appointments. "But," considerably added General Townsend, "some of these are at their homes awaiting orders, or on some light or trifling duty that can easily be discharged by officers of much less rank; their services might readily be dispensed with and places made for other men."

Mr. Lincoln saw the force of the adjutant-general's suggestion, but as war demands a strength and support at home as well as in the field, and as all these gentlemen had a warm following among some very influential men, he did not just see his way clear to summarily dispose of them by a wholesale muster out. "But," said the President, always ready for an emergency, "I tell you what we can do: as the rank for these

brigadiers does not fit their commands, we can send them all home and put the major-generals, who have rank without command, in their places."

This startled the corps commander. He knew well the utter unfitness of most, if not all, of them; and, besides, that nobody at the front wanted them; and believing the President sincere, earnestly urged him, if he desired to preserve the integrity of his armies, to make no such fatal blunder. But the way in which he managed this part of his case—which really needed no such urgency, for the President had no serious purpose of carrying out his suggestion—and the way he continued to press the righteous claims of those for whom he pled, ultimately convinced the President that justice must be done, and enough of the major-generals not with the army at the front should be mustered out to make room for those deserving promotions.



CAPTAIN JOHN R. WHITE.

Elated with his success, the corps commander hurried to General Halleck and rapidly repeated the result of his interview. General Halleck was not slow to act. Within an hour he was with the President with a list of generals whose services could be summarily dispensed with. The hour's delay was fatal; the success of the corps commander with the President had promptly spread abroad. Political influence dominated the situation. The strong men these distinguished heroes kept at the capital to watch their shadowy hold on military life

were quickly with the President. All the good the corps commander had done was speedily dissipated; the major-generals held on, and the hope of promotion that had dawned on the brigadiers disappeared for a long time to come.

The signs of a movement increased; the season when it would become practicable drew nearer. April was well on the wane. The surest of all indications that battles must be looked for was at hand. The field-hospitals were abandoned and the sick ordered to the rear. Afterwards but a single day elapsed, and then from the smoke and flame that arose, as the torch destroyed all that remained of its old abandoned dwelling-place, the regiment plunged into the fierce fires that followed the gory track of battles from the Rapidan to the James.

At the Wilderness General Grant's army included 316 pieces of artillery, comprising 236 regiments and three battalions of infantry, thirty-five regiments of cavalry and sixty-four batteries of light artillery. Many were veteran regiments whose banners had waved on many hard-fought fields. The Army of the Potomac, according to the morning report of April 30, 1864, had an aggregate present of 127,471, including the 9th Corps.

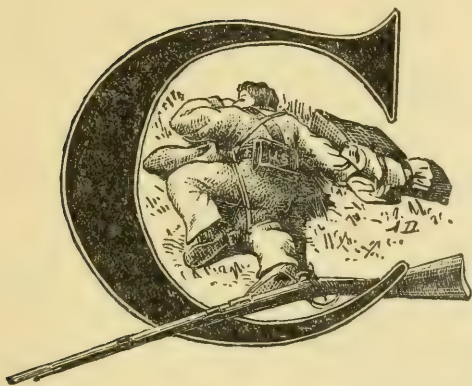
Many changes took place in the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac for this campaign.

5th Corps commanded by Maj.-Genl. G. K. Warren.
1st Division commanded by Brig.-Gen. Chas. Griffin.
3d Brigade commanded by Brig.-Gen. Jos. J. Bartlett.
20th Maine, Maj. Ellis Spear.
18th Massachusetts, Col. Jos. Hayes,
1st Michigan, Lieut.-Col. William A. Throop.
16th Michigan, Maj. Robert T. Elliott.
44th New York, Lieut.-Col. Freeman Connor.
83d Pennsylvania, Col. Orpheus S. Woodward.
118th Pennsylvania, Col. James Gwyn.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WILDERNESS—LAUREL HILL—SPOTSYLVANIA.

Oh, what is Death but parting breath
On many a bloody plain,
I've dared his face,
And in this place
I'll meet him yet again.



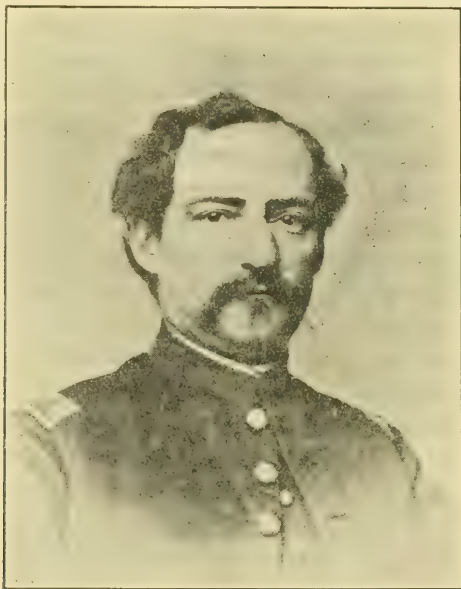
LARK'S MOUNTAIN, the bold promontory on the south side of the Rapidan, the silent sentinel that had kept its ever-wakeful watch on the old Potomac Army through all the months that it lay at rest in its quiet winter home, had not been over

vigilant on the morning of the 1st of May. The 5th Corps had two rivers instead of one between it and the enemy, and to be up with the rest of the army it moved two days earlier that all might make that memorable midnight start on the 3d. Yet the more than usual smoke that filled the air from the abandoned 5th Corps camps failed to arouse the vigilance of the Confederate signal officer on the mountain top, and Lee knew nought of the majestic sweep prepared for him until daylight of the 4th revealed the heads of all the columns at the very Rapidan itself. Whether it was Lee's purpose to embarrass the crossing or not, if he had been advised in time, is not known, but certain it is that scarce had his adversary's foot been planted on the other side of the river than he was promptly in motion against him.

The order to move on the 30th of April was followed by its execution the next day with a march as far as Brandy Station,

where, remaining in bivouac until noon of the 3d of May, it was continued to the vicinity of Culpepper. From there, shortly before midnight, began the actual offensive movement, which in march, siege, skirmish, or battle, continued incessantly until Appomattox terminated it within three weeks of a year from the day of its commencement.

It was the generous blooming spring-time, but there was no indication of its presence. The weather was hot, somewhat in advance of the season. But no flowering vine climbed the



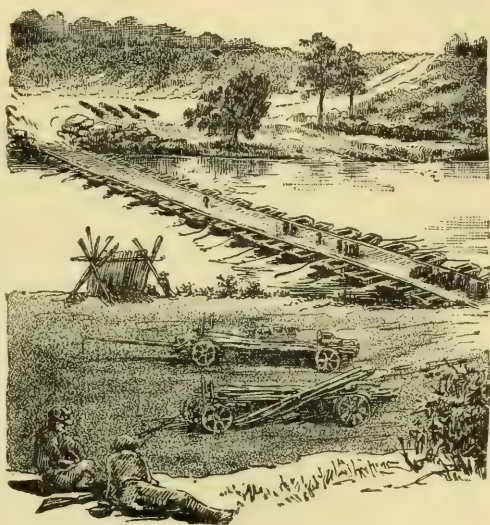
GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, FIRST LIEUT. CO. I, BVT. CAPT. U. S. VOLS.
lattice, no flowers bloomed, no fruits blossomed. The trees of the forest and of the orchard had fallen before the axe of the soldier, and vines and flowers had been obliterated by the gory, grimy track of war. The landscape for several years had failed to welcome the approach of spring.

The brigade crossed the Rapidan at Germanna Ford by a pontoon bridge, and halting some three hours for breakfast, continued the march until about 3 p. m., when Griffin's division

formed line of battle along the pike at a point about a mile beyond where the Germanna plank road crossed the Orange and Fredericksburg turnpike and a little farther from the old Wilderness Tavern. The 1st Michigan, from Bartlett's brigade, were thrown out as the brigade skirmishers, and in this formation the troops bivouacked for the night.

It was a wild, weird region. Everywhere was dense and trackless forest. The piercing cry of the whip-poor-will rang through the sombre pines and the screech of the owl echoed from the tree-tops. A

wary foe was concentrating for a mighty stroke, and the weary soldiers rested, for the last time for many months, without the sound of musketry to break their repose. The Wilderness, for such the region was justly named, suddenly peopled by two great warring hosts, was about to make a battle-history unparalleled for slaughter, to be



PONTOON BRIDGE ACROSS THE RAPPAHAN-
NOCK RIVER.

read with interest, deep, intense and abiding so long as the English language shall be spoken.

No other idea of the country can be given save that it was a forest apparently without limit, with clearings so few and their space so contracted as scarcely to be considered as breaking the solemn monotony of tree, chaparral and undergrowth. Here and there a swale and ridge broke the level, but the rise and dip were so inappreciable that they would scarcely have been noticed save when men were seeking cover from the bitter pun-

ishment of battle. East and west two main highways, the Orange and Fredericksburg plank and turnpike roads, running parallel with each other, and crossing near Chancellorsville, pass through the entire wilderness. The Brock Road begins on the pike and runs southeast to Spottsylvania Court-House. The Germanna plank road, after crossing the turnpike, terminates on the plank road some three miles northeast of Parker's Store. Other plantation roads connected the few settled patches.

On the morning of the 5th Crawford's division led the 5th



GENERAL JOS. J. BARTLETT.

Corps, moving off in the direction of Chewning's and the Widow Tapp's, towards Parker's Store, on the Orange and Fredericksburg plank road. Chewning's is about two miles southwest of the Lacy House, where Grant and Meade remained during most of the action. Except the occasional cleared fields of these three and a few other farms, the forest was unbroken. Wadsworth and Robinson followed Craw-

ford in the order named, and Griffin remained across the turnpike, throwing up breastworks about eight o'clock in the morning.

To Griffin's division belongs the distinction of having opened the battle of the Wilderness, which will be ever memorable, not only for its magnitude, the fierceness with which it was contested and the appalling loss of life on both sides, but as being the commencement of the greatest campaign of the war. About noon Griffin advanced with great difficulty through the woods, with Ayres's brigade on the right of the pike and Sweitzer's and Bartlett's on the left. The second line of Bartlett's brigade was composed of the 20th Maine and the 118th Pennsylvania, the latter led by Lieutenant-Colonel Herring. Colonel Gwyn commanded the line. The movement was very vigorous and spirited. It broke up Jones's Confederate brigade completely, killing its commanding officer, driving it through the supporting line, disordering Batte's brigade and pressing hard the brigade of Doles.

In spite of the obstructions and in the absence of that encouragement which is afforded by the sight, on the eve of an engagement, of strong lines of battle to the right and to the left, the advance was made with zeal and resolution. The snapping of boughs and branches, the tramp over the cracking, tangled underbrush, piercingly distinct in the otherwise noiseless forest, alone indicated that a considerable force was in motion, until a wild, wicked roar of musketry, reverberating through the forests with a deep and hollow sound, opened the appalling carnage of the Wilderness. The enemy broke under the withering fire. The lines had broadened their spaces, and the 20th Maine and 118th Pennsylvania rushed to the front line. The pursuit continued through the dense woods until a small clearing was reached. The enemy retreated across this clearing, and, upon reaching the other side, made a stand, and in an instant the timber blazed with the fire of musketry. Our men paused for an instant, but only for an instant, when, with ringing cheers, they charged across the clearing, driving the

enemy from their position. This and the advance through the woods was not accomplished without serious loss. Many a brave fellow bit the dust as the charge was made across the open ground. The pursuit was continued but a short distance, when it became known that the troops on the right and left had not maintained connection and that both flanks of the advanced line were exposed. In a few minutes it was discovered that the enemy were intent upon flanking. Firing upon the flanks soon compelled the line to fall back. At first this was accomplished in good order. The command was given to "about face," and for some distance a good line was preserved. But the impression soon gained ground that they were hopelessly flanked and liable to be surrounded and captured, and then the line broke up into little knots which, falling back some distance, would turn and face the enemy, and then again fall back. In this way the position from which they had started, where the breastworks had been built, was at length reached.

The difficulty in forcing its way through the scrubby pine and tangled undergrowth had so hindered Wright's division of the 6th Corps, advancing to cover Ayres's flank, that this brigade was forced back, which eventually exposed the flanks of the others on the left of the pike, and they in succession followed.

There was but little opportunity for supports to promptly find their way to where they were most needed. "Where shall I go?" shouted a gallant brigade commander, anxious to throw himself where the pressure was the strongest. "Push, sir," replies his chief, "as rapidly as you can to where you hear the sounds of the heaviest fighting." The instructions were just as definite as if he had been told to take a given direction, for the sounds of the heaviest fighting were everywhere, and a given direction in this impenetrable maize was nowhere.

General Bartlett was as conspicuous in this engagement as he always was in every battle. From what they had seen of him, from the reputation he had acquired elsewhere, his soldiers looked for nothing else. He was always distinctively dressed.

In the thickest of a fight his men could not mistake him, and the enemy could not complain that they had not in him a shining mark whenever there was opportunity to make a selection. During this engagement he made a very narrow escape. He had ridden in to the thickest and suddenly found himself in close proximity to a considerable body of the enemy, who made him a target for their rifles. His horse was killed, part of his clothing was shot away, but he fortunately escaped with a few bruises.

A section of a battery on the turnpike—there was little place for artillery, except on the roadways—did excellent execution in covering the withdrawal, while the infantry in their retreat would stop to serve as a support. As “K,” of the 118th, was in its vicinity, doing its best to fight off the enemy as they were pressing the retiring troops, the batterymen showed, and very properly too, a decided disposition to leave. Every indication pointed to a sacrifice of their pieces if they held on much longer. But as Fryer, a very gallant soldier of that company, quaintly expressed it, he, Nugent, Stotsenberg and a few other associates who were with him, organized themselves into a self-constituted committee to wait upon the men of the battery and urge them to stay a while; that they and hosts of friends they had in the neighborhood would soon gather about them. Whether the committee’s persuasion had the effect or not was never known. But these men of “K” and other companies of the regiment, with soldiers of other commands of the brigade, rallied about the battery, which opened on the approaching Confederates with grape and canister and checked their advance, and the rest of the movement was conducted in more creditable order.

There were a goodly number of prisoners taken during the forward movement. They were disarmed, their accoutrements taken from them, and directed to find their way to the rear, as there was no time then to give them other attention.

Colonel Gwyn was severely wounded; all the other regimental commanders in the brigade were either killed or

wounded. The loss of the 118th—two enlisted men killed, one commissioned officer and twenty-six enlisted men wounded, and twenty-seven enlisted men missing, was not so heavy as in the other regiments. The command of the regiment had now devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Charles P. Herring, and so continued almost uninterruptedly until the loss of a leg at Dabney's Mill, in February, 1865, deprived the regiment of his services.

Crawford's division, now somewhat isolated, was drawn in and posted about a mile southwest of the Lacy House, facing towards Chewning's, with Wadsworth on his right, and Robinson



RESCUING THE WOUNDED.

on the right of Wadsworth filled the space between Crawford and Griffin. The right of the 5th Corps, Griffin's division, rested on the turnpike, about three hundred yards from the enemy. The assault that promised such an advantage was over. By two o'clock the troops were all back in the breastworks. No other demonstration was made by the division until towards nightfall, when an advance disclosing the enemy in strength in the same position where he repelled the assault of the morning, the soldiers in the intrenchments rested for the night.*

* The following particulars respecting private Cunningham Johnston, of Company E, who was taken prisoner at the first day's fight in the Wilderness, are furnished by his son, Mr. C. B. Johnston:

Private Johnston had been in every battle in which the regiment was engaged,

It was a woeful night, and yet the soldiers in the trenches did not seem to have such conception of its horrors as they had upon reflection in after years, or as will those who read this story. War does blunt the sensibilities, but the wounded or disabled are never sacrificed if it be within the pale of human possibilities to succor or sustain them. Men hardened to exposure and daily facing death cannot suppress the thought, as one another about them fall, "What of it? the next turn may be mine." Manifestations of grief rarely follow the fatal casualties of war. It is better that it should be so. The business of war is to kill and maim, and the quicker this is accepted as a hard and bitter necessity the better are the soldiers. But the moans and wailings of the Wilderness battle-field stirred the stoutest hearts, and yet they could not be relieved. Wounded men make but little demonstration and rarely utter an outcry. Throughout the night, as the forest fires, which had blazed since the early afternoon, drew nearer and nearer to the poor unfortunates who lay between the lines, their shrieks, cries and groans, loud, piercing, penetrating, rent the air, until death relieved the sufferer, or the rattle of musketry, that followed the advent of the breaking morn, drowned all the other sounds in its dominating roar. There was no hope of rescue—war's hard rules would not permit it; and there, between the lines, the men of both sides perished in the flames, because there was no helping hand to succor, no yielding of the stern necessities of war.

until he was taken prisoner. He was an inmate of various Confederate prisons, being confined nine months at Andersonville. At the close of the war he was released and was sent immediately to Annapolis Hospital. After being there two weeks he was allowed to visit his family, but owing to the condition of his health, the result of his long confinement in prison, he was obliged to return to the hospital for treatment. Desiring to take part in the grand review at Washington, he again requested to be allowed to leave the hospital. This was granted on condition that he should ride in an ambulance. He took passage on the steamer Massachusetts, and the same night lost his life in the collision between that vessel and the steamer Black Diamond. His fate was a peculiarly sad one. He was a patriotic man, and patiently accepted the dangers and hardships of army life as a duty to his country.

At 3.30 A. M. the division moved some distance beyond its intrenchments and again lay until nightfall under artillery fire. The skirmishers continued actively engaged and the zip-zip-zip of the minie kept up a fitting tenor to the deeper toned notes of solid shot and shell.

The real wicked roar of battle rolled up in tremendous proportions from the left. There it was a solid death-grip. Hancock throttled Longstreet and drove him with relentless fury through more than a mile of swamp and forest. And then the undergrowth and timber that had so impeded Hancock concealed the movements of Longstreet, until it was his turn to throttle Hancock, and all the ground so valiantly won in the morning was lost again by noon. The swirl involved the 5th Corps' left, and Wadsworth, patriotic, self-sacrificing, of "distinguished intrepidity," fell mortally wounded in front of his division.

But the day's work was not yet finished. As the struggle subsided in one direction, its furies rose again with vigor in another. Just as the shades of night were closing everything in deeper darkness, Ewell struck the 6th Corps' right and mashed it, and then, when Sedgwick with his "I have re-established my lines" had added another of those laconic phrases to the rich vocabulary of war, daylight had disappeared entirely and all fighting for the time was over.

On the 7th there was apparently more activity in the vicinity of Griffin's division than elsewhere, though the day was no such one as its predecessor. About six o'clock in the morning the enemy made a real or pretended attack, which was handsomely repulsed. He came within range of the rifles and vigorous volleys drove him back. That he broke the picket line and struck the works seemed to indicate he had more in view than simply to satisfy his curiosity. Later the sharpshooters had been so annoying that General Griffin ordered an advance to drive them from their cover. The signal was to be the waving from the works of the brigade color by General Bartlett. The brigade, leaping over the breastworks, advanced

with a cheer, and the woods were soon rid of the pests who had infested it. It is said some of them were brought down from their perch with a thud, and others, squirrel-like, leaped from limb to limb in their effort to escape. This entire battle of the Wilderness had been fought almost exclusively by musketry. In this little combat the artillery firing was so heavy as to contrast strangely with its previous absence.

These affairs of the morning were followed later by a demonstration on our part. There was no mistaking what its purpose was. The instructions were to feel and drive the enemy. The latter part of the direction was inserted more in hopefulness than as a command. It was easy to feel, but the driving was not so readily accomplished. The line was composed of the 20th Maine, 118th Pennsylvania and 12th and 14th Regulars, Colonel Herring commanding the whole. The regulars had the left, and by some mischance they missed the connection. And they had to move very cautiously, as the Rebels were very close, and liable to bring on an engagement at any moment. In the rear the troops were making themselves comfortable for the night.

While we were supporting a regiment in the fight the firing opened with bang, bang, bang, zip, zip, zip-boom, de-bang, boom, and whirr-siz-siz-siz; ripping, roaring. The air was full of balls and deadly missiles. The stretcher guard were carrying off the dying and wounded. We could hear the rebels yell their yi-yi-yi, and knew that in a few moments there would be a desperate struggle.

Now, these rebels were whipped and fairly whipped, and according to all the rules of war they ought to have retreated; but they didn't.

The design to break away from the Wilderness in search of other fields for further fray had now taken shape. Darkness was to conceal the movement, and, when the night of the 7th had fully settled, the army, moving with a painful, solemn silence, beginning on the right, cautiously unwound itself from the front of the watchful foe. The 6th Corps was to move by

the Turnpike and Catharpin Road to Alsop's, near Spottsylvania Court-House, there to unite with the 5th, which was directed to reach the same destination by the shorter route of the Brock Road.

The highly responsible duty of corps officer of the pickets was committed to Colonel Herring. It could have fallen to no more efficient keeping, nor a detail been selected of more trusty troops. This was its composition: the 20th Maine Regiment, Major Ellis Spear; the 16th Michigan, Major R. S. Elliott; the 118th Pennsylvania, Major Henry O'Neill, and detachments of six companies from the 22d and one company from the 9th Massachusetts, under Captain Frederick H. Field.

The command was in readiness in the late afternoon. Colonel Herring, to prevent the movement of the main body of troops from being observed, ordered an advance of his line. The 20th Maine, with its right resting upon the Turnpike, moved forward with its usual vigor, and at the distance of five hundred yards from the main line struck the enemy's pickets. Major Spear pressed them persistently, keeping them moving with rapidity for fully five hundred yards more over an open field, until they covered themselves with the protection of their works, and found shelter after a hard run under cover of their guns. The major was now some three-quarters of a mile from his own line, when from the edge of the woods on the opposite side of the field he was opened on heavily by both artillery and musketry. His purpose was accomplished and he was ordered to retire. This he did successfully, and with the rest of the pickets remained in position until one o'clock on the morning of the 8th, when the whole line withdrew to a designated point of concentration preparatory to taking up the march to join the corps, then well on its way to Alsop's.

Simultaneously with the advance of the 20th Maine Major Elliott advanced with the 16th Michigan deployed as skirmishers. After covering some distance, estimated by him to be about a mile, but doubtless not so far, he met the enemy. His centre and left wing drove the enemy from his rifle-pits, inflict-

ing considerable loss. The rifle-pits were not tenable and Major Elliott withdrew a short distance to the crest of a hill and there maintained himself fighting until the line on his right gave way, when he too fell back for a half mile further, until the right having regained its ground, he again advanced, driving the enemy and retaining the ground gained until the general withdrawal of the pickets to the point of concentration previously referred to. In this affair the 16th Michigan lost two killed and thirty-three wounded, their aggregate loss in it and the fight at Laurel Hill being five killed and forty-eight wounded and one officer and fifteen enlisted men missing.

The march of the corps by the Brock Road, narrow and lined each side with dense timber, was wearisome. At daylight the sun shone as hotly as in August. Robinson's division leading, had struck the enemy at Todd's Tavern, relieving Merritt's cavalry division, which, hindered by the thick undergrowth and heavy timber, had found it difficult to press him with any degree of rapidity.

The enemy was Longstreet's corps, which had been moving all night by the Shady Grove Church Road, which runs parallel with and about a mile to the southward of the Brock. Our purpose was to seize the junction of the Block House Road, a road which, beginning on the Brock Road a mile and a half to the west of Alsop's House, connects it with the Shady Grove Church Road, which terminates at Snell's Bridge over the Po. This purpose was never accomplished. The enemy reached the junction first and never loosened his grip on this all-important point.

A half mile to the east of Alsop's the Brock Road forks. Robinson took the left, Griffin, Bartlett's brigade leading, the right fork. In the open ground about Alsop's, both divisions, moving on separate roads, became almost simultaneously seriously engaged, and ultimately were permanently checked in the timber beyond, where they found the enemy already fairly intrenched. Not so permanently checked as to stop further battle, for in fact that continued in this vicinity many

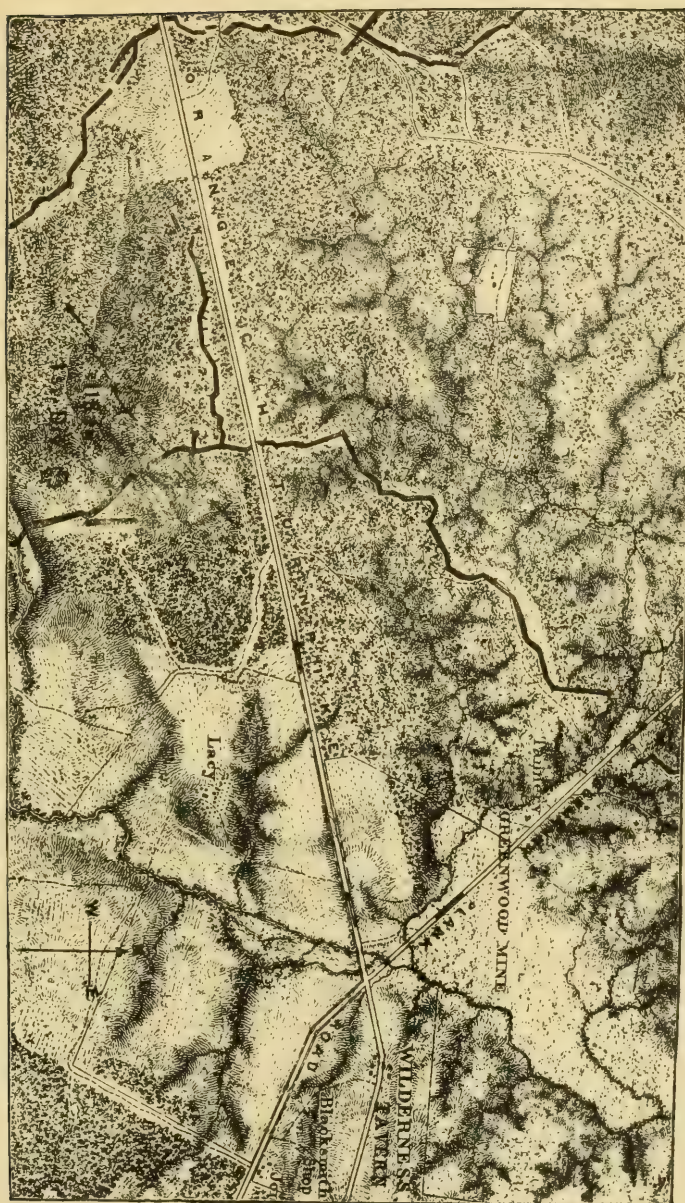
days, but so checked at least as to gain no substantial advantage. Robinson was severely wounded.

Herring with his picket brigade, for such in numbers it really was, reached this new front about ten o'clock on the morning of the 8th, with the situation as has been described. He at once reported to General Warren, and, as was his privilege, having completed his tour of picket duty, suggested that he was ready to return his troops to their respective commands. This privilege was not accorded. He was informed that other important duty still awaited him and he was directed to hold his command together for further instructions.

Crawford, after the battle of the morning, passed the right of Longstreet's corps, came unexpectedly upon Rodes's division of Ewell's moving by a flank, forced him back some three-quarters of a mile and was pressing him towards the crest of a prominent rise. It appears to have had the neighborhood designation of Laurel Hill. Such at least is the name by which it was known by those who gave it tragic prominence by their very brilliant feat of arms upon its crest at nightfall. Colonel Herring, with his command still intact, with the exception of the regulars who had been relieved, was ordered to report to General Crawford to support this advance.

Colonel Herring received no specific directions from General Crawford until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when he was ordered to advance in support of a brigade of Pennsylvania Reserves. He formed his line as well as the conformation of the ground would permit, with the 22d and 9th Massachusetts on the right, the 20th Maine and 118th on the left, the 16th Michigan in reserve. Much time was consumed in arranging for the movement, and it was six o'clock, then almost night in the shadows of this dense thicket of cedars and pines, before Herring began his advance.

As the line advanced it came abruptly upon Crawford's in front, halted and firing. Herring too halted. All this time the enemy had kept up a continuous and rapid firing. It was now growing darker; objects in the woods could not be



THE WILDERNESS, SHOWING POSITION OF 118TH.

seen with distinctness; the color of the uniforms was not distinguishable. Suddenly and without unusual noise the enemy advanced to a counter-charge. Without intimation the whole of Crawford's line immediately disappeared, somewhat affecting the integrity of Herring's, upon which the whole shock and force of the attack fell. It was heroically and successfully resisted, notably by the 20th Maine. Men fought with desperation. Hungered, fatigued, discouraged, they were goaded to a frenzied madness. Hand-to-hand conflicts were numerous; bayonets crossed frequently; muskets were clubbed repeatedly. Swords clashed and revolvers that had never left their holsters to be discharged in anger were freely used. Shouts, yells, imprecations, heard above the noise of battle, were incessant. Alone, a mile beyond relief, menaced by death or captivity, the men were in a mood to fight and fight hard. They were sustained by the officers, who joined personally in the combat with great vigor. In the imperative necessity for action, action, action, time was not afforded to load and men dropped their pieces and clinched each other with a deadly grip. Front, rear and flanks were lost in the whirl; organization was gone; each man depended upon himself; darkness increased the confusion and the result hung upon personal tenacity. Shouting helped to encourage the combatants, and ours, deeper, louder, more determined, was the most assuring. It was as severe and desperate a struggle as these troops, with all their varied experience, saw during the entire war.

Down a ravine upon the right flank the enemy made a final lunge. This the 16th Michigan received and successfully repulsed. Ultimately the whole force in front disappeared, killed, captured, wounded or driven back, and Herring was left a little time to gather himself. The night would soon be well spent and before the day should break he must be directed to withdraw or be supported in his desperate strait. Thus far his soldiers had covered themselves with enviable renown.

Trophies added to their famous deeds. The 20th Maine took seventy-seven prisoners and sent them to the rear. Others

fell into their hands, but it was in the heat of action, and the paucity of numbers and the sharpness of the contest required that every man should be used for fight. None could be spared to guard the prisoners, and, though disarmed and ordered to the main line, it is more than likely most of them escaped. The 22d Massachusetts captured fifty, and Captain Benjamin Davis of that regiment took the colors of the 6th Alabama. Smaller numbers were secured by other regiments, and the whole number taken aggregated 200.

Herring occupied the crest, but he was by no means secure. He was in advance of our lines. Our own main picket line was well to his rear. The enemy, replete under his severe repulse, his losses, the capture of his men and colors, was beginning to comprehend that all this had been accomplished with a force isolated from supports and far inferior to his own. The sound of movements, shiftings and manœuvres indicated that he was preparing to retrieve the disaster.

Colonel Herring made judicious dispositions to sustain himself. He established his own picket line, found a small detachment of the 6th Corps, under Major Ellis, of the 49th New York, that had lost its way returning from some detached service, which he utilized to cover his left, and changed the direction of his right regiment to protect his right flank. Enjoining quiet, he then awaited the return of the officers whom he had sent to the rear for instructions.

Lieutenant Stamwood, of the 20th Maine, Lieutenant Hand, Colonel Herring's own adjutant, and Lieutenant John J. Thomas, to whom he delegated this duty, had no easy task. For a long time they struggled aimlessly through the woods, at times lost in the darkness. After striking the line, with all the assistance that was freely rendered from officers, some of them of high rank, disturbed, as they were, in their much-needed rest, they failed to discover General Crawford. Finally they came upon General Neill, commanding a division of the 6th Corps. To him they told the story of the engagement, explained the perilous exposure of Colonel Herring's position, and receiving

instructions to direct him to withdraw at three o'clock in the morning, returned to communicate them. It was past midnight when they reached their commander and informed him he was still to hold on a few hours longer.

The juncture continued critical. The pickets reported the enemy evidently forming for an attack ; the cracking of bush and undergrowth, the tramp of men which could not be mistaken, what was undoubtedly hushed and subdued tones of the human voice, confirmed their judgment. Herring determined to in no wise exceed the instructions, and with the perils that surrounded him to remain until the hour arrived indicated for his return. At last, with all the anxious, watchful waiting, the hour came. The regiments drew out by the left, moving parallel with each other. A caution to preserve unusual quiet was unnecessary. Each man knew the necessity, moved with delicate tread, exchanged no sound above a whisper, and firmly held his bayonet shank that it and the canteen, which could always be relied upon to make the most discordant noises, should make no sound.

Colonel Herring preceded his command to advise the pickets of the main line of his approach. It was a wise precaution. Without it this brilliant affair of his might have had a most disastrous conclusion. The pickets had no right to expect anything from that direction but the enemy. There would have been no hesitation for investigation or inquiry, a volley was alone the reception awaiting a force approaching from the front.

A suitable place was found within the lines for a bivouac during the little time left before all would be astir ; and then reporting at sunrise to General Crawford this gallant body, justly proud of their achievements, lauded without stint by their associates, commended handsomely by their superiors, returned to their commands to rehearse again and again to willing listeners the story of the night triumph upon the crest of Laurel Hill.

The loss was proportionate to the severity of the engagement. In both affairs the 20th Maine lost 2 officers and 7 en-

listed men killed, 4 officers and 20 enlisted men wounded and 4 missing, making a total of 37. Their loss was chiefly on the night of the 8th. The 16th Michigan lost 5 killed and 48 wounded, 1 officer and 15 men missing, aggregating 69, mostly on the night of the 7th. The 22d and 9th Massachusetts detachment lost 10 men wounded and 4 missing, a total of 14. The 118th 5 killed, 24 wounded and 16 missing. The total loss in all the commands was 150. Proportionate to the numbers, by this time in the campaign materially reduced, this was commensurate with the work accomplished and the time in which it was done.

Among the wounded of the 118th was that very worthy soldier, who had been so prominent with the committee interviewing the battery on the turnpike, Sergeant Theodore B. Fryer, and Corporal H. Toland, of K, Corporal William Hodge and Benjamin J. Stevens, of Company F. Stevens was subsequently killed at Peeble's Farm. Lieutenant Crossly was taken prisoner. His captivity was a short one; he was released a few days subsequently when Sheridan made the dash at Beaver Dam Depot, but only to be again taken within a short time and to suffer a long imprisonment.

Benjamin Day, of Company I, turned about to check the firing in his rear, under the belief it was from friends, when he was met with the usual demand to "drop that gun." There was no way out of it and he yielded. Day was a Marble Head Massachusetts Yankee and was of fluent speech. Summoned to the presence of a Confederate general officer, who sought information, he rattled away so glibly about the great cities of the North showing no indication of the presence of a war, that he was dismissed as a hopeless subject for the purposes intended, with the remark that his statements were unworthy of credence.

Of the killed of the 20th Maine was Captain Morrell; of the wounded Lieutenants Melcher and Prince.

Colonel Herring had now notable prominence. He had achieved enduring honors, proven a capacity equal to the

severest test, and worthily sustained that enviable reputation which he had always borne.

After the war, in the course of a correspondence occasionally exchanged between Colonel Herring and General Warren, the general thus recalls the incident: "Your successful engagement with the enemy on the evening of the 8th of May, two years ago, with its captures, will help relieve a record made up of many gloomy repulses so trying to us all."

No active operations were contemplated, and on the 9th the army was given a day of rest. It may have been a rest as matters had been going, and was probably properly so styled, if the chieftains conceived they needed at least twenty-four hours for conjecture and consideration, but, whatever it was, a rattle of small arms enlivened the picket line during all the hours of daylight.

The 6th Corps was shifted to the left, extending the line in that direction. General Burnside moved with the 9th Corps from Aldrich's, on the Orange and Fredericksburg Turnpike, to Gates's House, on the road from Fredericksburg to Spottsylvania Court-House, crossing the Ny with Wilson's cavalry division and a portion of Stevenson's, encountering a small force of cavalry and a brigade of Longstreet's corps. General Hancock closed up from Todd's Tavern, where he had been severely engaged on the 8th, to the right of the 5th Corps, and the latter corps remained in the same general position it had first taken upon its arrival in this vicinity.

"In the morning General Sedgwick was killed close to the intrenchments at the right of his corps, but not under cover, at the point where the forks of the road in Alsop's field unite."*

His loss cast a gloom over the entire army. It was indeed a serious loss to the army, the country and his corps. Equally distinguished, most beloved of all the commanders, he was a soldier eminently fitted for the occasion. Well and widely known, he had grown in efficiency as the war progressed.

* "The Campaign of '64 and '65," Humphrey, p. 71.

Actively participating in every engagement, he had acquired a high reputation. His reliability was his distinguishing characteristic. Ever absent from capal and combination, he was free from the many complications that followed the frequent changes of army commanders. Arms was his chosen profession. In it he had learned that obedience and loyalty are as essential in high as in lesser rank. As faithful to one chief as to another, he had the confidence of his superiors and was trusted by his government. His honest-hearted, manly courage, his care, consideration and forethought had won for him the admiration of his soldiers. General Horatio G. Wright, under whom the 6th Corps retained its high repute, succeeded to the command.

On the way from the Wilderness to Spottsylvania, tempted by the sight of a house by the roadside, and urged by the gnawings of hunger, four of the 118th, evidently like-minded, dropped out. It subsequently appeared that Osborn, of F, was the promoter of the scheme and had intimated his purpose to the others. Approaching the porch they were confronted by the proprietress, to whom they communicated their famished condition, and politely stated that the object of their call was to ask, not take, from the family supplies sufficient only to satisfy a craving appetite. Indifferent to quality, or variety, anything, so it was bountiful in quantity, would answer the ravenous demands of their emptiness. The lady stoutly and persistently insisted that her larder was empty; that she was wholly without the food necessary to sustain herself and those about her, and anxiously awaited the withdrawal of the armies, that she might journey to a neighbor's farm, from whom the armies had not forced a contribution of their all, and borrow or beg sufficient to keep her household going.

While this interview progressed, what was evidently a groan of distress was frequently heard escaping from the adjoining room. The lady, when asked what it was, though the groans were plainly audible and proving more frequent, strenuously insisted that it was nothing. Determined to satisfy his curiosity,

and against her urgent protests, one of the party ventured to open the door. There upon the floor lay a Confederate soldier mortally wounded. Anticipating that his end would be hastened by a merciless butchery, for that was the real reason the lady had attempted to conceal his whereabouts, she vehemently pleaded that he should be permitted to pass away peacefully. Her astonishment knew no bounds when she found her unbidden guests were disposed to minister to the sufferings of the wounded Confederate.

The soldier had a fatal cut, about three inches long, in the right side of his abdomen, from which his bowels protruded. He was in great agony and knew his end was near. Osborn having some little knack in such matters, proceeded to close the wound and restore the parts. He bound a towel tightly around his patient and bade him lie perfectly still. The soldier, much relieved, was very grateful. Tied in a corner of his shirt was a silver half-dollar, all his earthly possessions, which he was anxious should be given to his sister. In the presence of those who had so kindly ministered to him, he begged the lady of the house, who knew his sister, to communicate to her that it was his dying request that the coin should be sent to her.

The sight of such considerate treatment softened the hostess. She had not spoken truthfully when she asserted her supplies were gone, and, without further request, she summoned a negro servant, and soon a table laden with corn-bread and bacon greeted the vision of the famished four. They proceeded to do full justice to the generous repast, and had not yet completed it when, with a long, expiring groan, the wounded Confederate soldier passed away forever. At the request of their hostess, Osborn and his party stopped to decently inter him. The half-dollar was found and kept to be delivered in accordance with the soldier's dying directions. His lady friend, whom he had made his executrix, promised to see them faithfully carried out. An old darkey dug the grave, a blanket was rolled around the body, and Osborn, with a pathetic manner, which he claimed

was eminently suited to the occasion, delivered a suitable funeral discourse.

Between the lengthy parley, the satisfactory meal, the hospital attendance and the funeral service, the time of the absence of this party had lengthened out considerably. But their movements, expedited in proportion to their increased physical strength, brought them to the front in ample time to find matters in a condition by no means attractive.

The movements on the morning of the 10th indicated an intention to assault, but with no definite purpose. Hancock the night before had crossed the Po and so threatened the integrity of the enemy's left as to cause him to throw some of his best troops to that locality. Warren, meanwhile, having reported his front as favorable for assault, was directed to attack, and Hancock ordered to send two divisions to his support. These he withdrew across the Po in the face of the enemy successfully, but with considerable loss, leaving the enemy, however, under the impression that he had suffered defeat. Hancock subsequently reported that if he had not been acting under imperative orders, and had been permitted to have his own way, there would have been another story of the left, and the enemy would not have rested under the impression that he had administered a defeat. It was afterwards conceded that Hancock's movement, begun on the morning of the 10th, instead of the night of the 9th, and pressed vigorously, was the one which was the most likely of success.

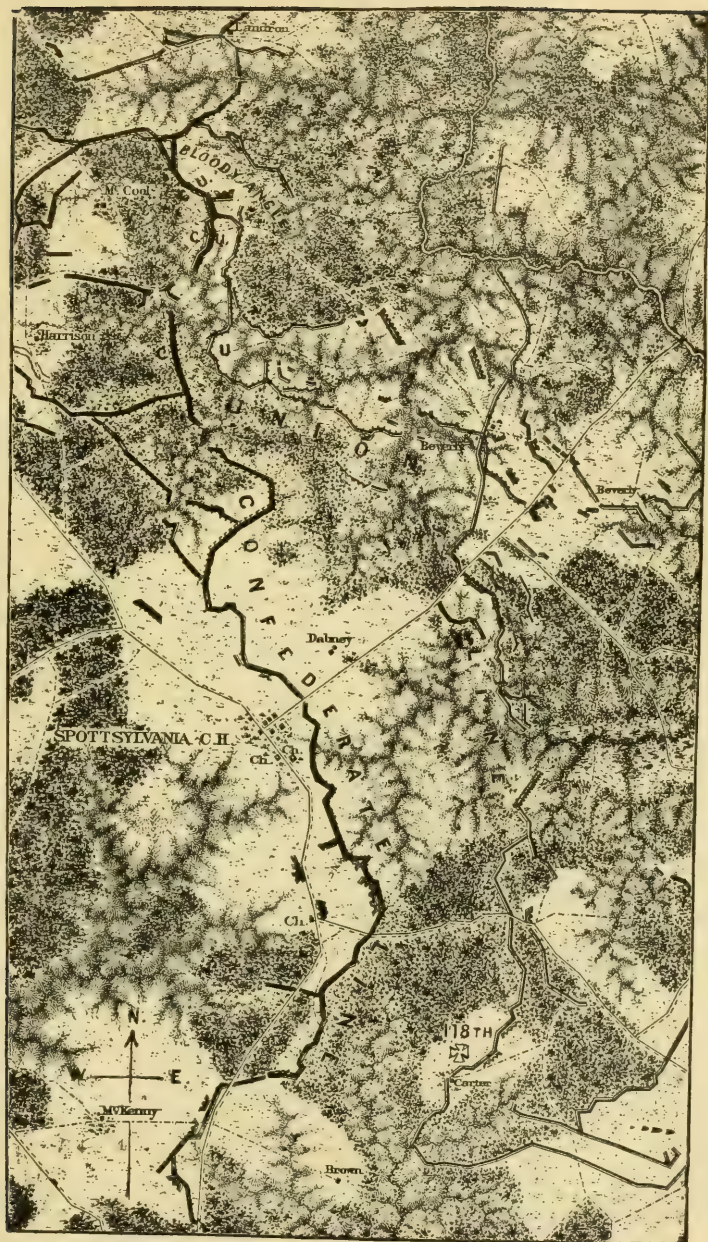
General Warren never appeared to better advantage. Himself burning with the conviction that he had secured a vulnerable point for an assault, and a favorable opportunity for an immediate attack, his enthusiasm was in some way communicated to his troops, and they, wholly without the knowledge he possessed, seemed intuitively impressed with a like conviction. Wearing his full uniform, he was conspicuously prominent. He was on all parts of the field, encouraging his soldiers by his presence and stimulating them by his example to unusual activity.

Crawford's and Cutler's, formerly Wadsworth's, division—Robinson's had been broken up and his troops distributed to the others—with Webb's and Carroll's brigade of Gibbon's division of the 2d Corps, proceeded to assault the enemy's works. They gained the *abatis*, a few the intrenchments, but were driven back. With all their enthusiasm and gallantry, they were only to furnish another proof of the futility of a direct assault against well-manned breastworks. Upton with his own brigade and other troops of the 6th Corps, co-operating on the left, met with more success. He captured the first line and took many prisoners, but unsupported, outflanked, and stubbornly resisted at the second line, he too was compelled to retire.

Bartlett's brigade, except that it was engaged in heavy skirmishing, took no active part in this day's operations. It was moved about to different points in support of the charging columns, and had formed in line in front of the breastworks at Spindler's peach orchard, ready to advance, when the main assault proving a failure, all other operations for the day were abandoned.

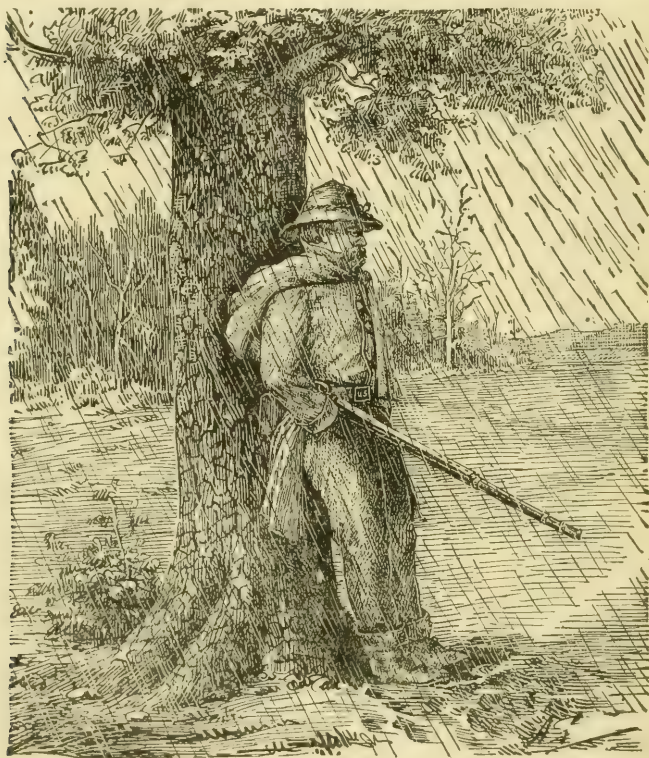
The country about Spottsylvania Court-House is interspersed with open fields, and the ridges and knolls are prominent. Where the timber still stood it was of the same dense, impenetrable character as in the Wilderness. Between the Brock Road and the road from Fredericksburg to Spottsylvania Court-House there are no connecting roadways, and all the movements made towards the enemy's right and back again were conducted across country, except where occasional plantation roads intervened. The enemy had control of all the main highways, and his movements were facilitated by easier travel, interior and shorter lines. In front of all his intrenchments in the woods he had slashed the timber and in the open constructed *abatis*. The farms, Alsop's, Landrum's, Shelton's, Brown's, McCool's and others now historically familiar as the scenes of some of the distinctively severe assaults, were large, all of them plantations of four hundred acres and upwards. The nearer the Court-House the more open is the country.

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, SHOWING POSITION OF 118TH.



To the eastward and southward it was generally all cleared land, and timber was the exception.

Except a light shower on the 7th the weather had been clear and generally unusually warm. On the 11th rain fell heavily, and the storm continued throughout the night. During the day there was no positive demonstration. The skirmishers were pressed close against the enemy. Active firing followed,



A WET DAY ON PICKET.

accompanied by occasional discharges of artillery. Lieutenant Thomas was wounded by a piece of shell.

The instructions to corps commanders had been to ascertain what, if any, changes had been made in their front, the least force sufficient to hold their positions, and what force was

available for offensive movements, the object being to ascertain where a concentrated attack might be most effectively made and with what force.

In one of the many affairs so significantly designated as feeling the enemy to ascertain his strength, John L. King, of Company E, now a minister of the gospel at Lysander, N. Y., was taken prisoner. He had been whirled around in the usual turmoil which follows such occasions when the *feeling* has been accomplished and the *strength* ascertained sufficiently to let the feelers know they have no business there, when, wiping the dust and perspiration from his eyes, he found himself confronted by a line of battle. "Where's the 118th Pennsylvania?" innocently inquired King. "Ground your arms," was the reply, accompanied by the usual volume of wordy pyrotechnics aptly suited to just such occasions only. Not yet fully realizing his situation nor altogether satisfied with the response, he yelled still louder: "Where's the 118th Pennsylvania?" The "throw down your rifle and remove your accoutrements" was now emphasized by the ready and aim of a half-dozen muskets. The click of the triggers brought King to a more comprehensive sense of his situation, and complacently yielding, he was marched to the rear to the zip of our own minies and kept closely as a prisoner until the end of the war. He rejoined the regiment in time to participate in the grand review.

The 12th was the day of the heaviest fighting at Spottsylvania. The rain continued to fall at intervals, at times hard. The previous experiences of the army, that fighting must cease with the daylight, had been worthless as a basis on which to frame opinions in this campaign. From the very beginning darkness never stopped a battle when there was opportunity to continue it, and now that other notion, born, too, of experience, that with the rain hostilities were suspended, was effectually exploded. The heavy fighting of the 12th continued without interruption through the hardest showers with the same vehemence as if the sun had shone in the brightest rays of all its summer brilliancy.

General Hancock had moved during the afternoon and evening from the right of the army, and by midnight was in position in front of the open fields of Brown and Landrum to attack the apex of a salient in the enemy's works. This salient was in advance of the main line and protected a high piece of ground which, General Ewell said, if controlled by our forces, would have enabled our artillery to command their line. Its west angle, at which and along the apex the fighting continued incessantly from 4.30 in the morning, the hour of Hancock's assault, until three o'clock the next morning, when the enemy withdrew, was afterwards known as the "bloody angle." It is better styled by the Confederates as the "bloody bend," for it was in fact more of a bend than an angle.

General Burnside was to operate with Hancock on the left, General Warren was to hold the position vacated by the 2d Corps, to shorten his line whenever he deemed it judicious, and both he and General Wright, leaving sufficient troops to hold the intrenchments, were ordered to be in readiness "to attack in their fronts" or "move elsewhere and attack," according to the developments of the day.

General Hancock's attack was completely successful. His troops passed through the *abatis* and over the intrenchments, capturing nearly 4,000 prisoners, among them Major-General Edward Johnson and Brigadier-General George H. Stewart, twenty pieces of artillery, several thousand stands of small arms and upwards of twenty colors. General Hancock pursued the enemy in the direction of Spottsylvania Court-House, until he encountered a second and formidable line of intrenchments, when the enemy assuming the offensive, our troops having lost all organization in the charge fell back to the line of the apex. Russell's and Neill's divisions, of the 6th Corps, were hurried to the aid of the 2d. General Wright made repeated assaults upon the west angle, but failed to drive the enemy from its inner face. The combatants continued the deadly struggle for nearly twenty-four hours, the one on the outer and the other on the inner face of the intrenchments,

until Lee finally withdrew to his interior lines. It was hardly practicable to change the troops along this line. Changes were only made occasionally, and then in order to replenish ammunition. The ammunition was mostly carried to the rear of the troops engaged. The boxes were thrown down along the line and armloads of packages supplied the place of the cartridge-box, which was not used after it was first emptied. Of this part of the action so cautious a writer as General Humphrey, in his *Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65*, on page 9, says: "At the west angle the fighting was literally murderous."

What had occurred on the left had given the impression that Warren's front was materially weakened. He was consequently ordered to attack with his whole force if necessary. This he did, but was repulsed. Longstreet's corps, in which there had been no substantial change, was still holding the intrenchments in force.

A further demonstration on the left was now ordered to be made, and Warren's corps was sent to renew the attack at the salient. Cutler's division reached the ground and became engaged. Griffin's followed, but before his arrival the project was abandoned, as too much had already been sacrificed and a further prosecution of the effort did not promise success.

During these engagements the 118th, deployed as skirmishers, held the extreme right of the army. It was, in fact, a picket detail, but it was so essential to cover a large front that it assumed more the character of skirmishing. Crossing the Po during the night, shortly after the withdrawal of Hancock, the regiment from that time, during all the day and night of the 12th, remained in position and was not relieved until noon of the 13th. The skirmishers were more or less engaged, and compelled in their much exposed and highly responsible post to be actively on the alert. During Warren's assault they lay between the artillery fire of both sides, and both before and after they were frequently vigorously shelled themselves. They lost men in killed and wounded, and when they withdrew across the Po did so under fire. The following is a despatch from

General Crawford, who had general charge of that locality, sent to Colonel Herring during the night of the 12th :

{ HEAD-QUARTERS PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES,
May 12, 1864, 9.30 o'clock P. M.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HERRING, *Commanding Right Flank Pickets :*

The general commanding directs that you strengthen the point of attack on your line. The line is important and must be held—feel well to your right. It is not thought that the enemy will make any serious attack on you before the intended disposition of the line is made. Send in a report of the extent and character of the demonstration made on your line.

By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CRAWFORD, *Commanding Division.*

ROBERT A. MCCOY, *A. A. G.*

The enemy having been so severely handled on his left during the day, it was feared he might attempt to retrieve himself elsewhere, and our weakened right was the subject of some anxiety.

The 13th was a gloomy day; at times it poured, at no time was it clear. The lengthy tour of picket duty terminated at noon, and the corps—Crawford's division and the picket detail had not moved on the 12th—was concentrating for its famous night's march to the left of the army and the eastward of the Ny.

General Warren was ordered to move immediately after dark by Landrum's and Shelton's, over a farm road, to a ford across the Ny; thence over the country to the Fredericksburg and Spottsylvania Court-House road, and then, recrossing the Ny and forming on the left of Burnside, to attack the enemy at four o'clock in the morning at a point that had been designated. The 6th Corps was to follow him.

The night was dark; the rain poured incessantly. On the slightest break in the column those in advance would disappear entirely, and what was behind would be compelled to halt until somebody found them or by some accident they made connection with the advance. Fires were built along the route and staff officers and guides posted at intervals to light and direct the struggling column, cursing and floundering knee-

deep in mud and mire that stuck with an unyielding persistency. But it was of no avail; the corps could not make the headway calculated as necessary to accomplish the purpose in view at the end of its journey. Of this march General Humphreys, that eminently reliable historian, who has been so often referred to and who cannot be too frequently quoted or consulted, says: "The mud was deep over a large part of the route; the darkness was intense, so that literally you could not see your hand before your face."



HALT IN THE NIGHT MARCH.

The head of the column reached its destination at the hour designated, but the corps was *mad*, scattered and broken along the entire route. It was neither practicable nor possible to shape it into columns of attack within the hour of darkness to make the assault effectively at the break of day. The attempt was consequently abandoned.

As the day grew older the army awakened to new sensations, to a buoyancy and invigoration it had not known since it first buried itself in the wilds of the Wilderness. The fighting had

not ceased, nor was the battle over; as yet the pickets spoke contentiously with "significant frequency" and the guns roared occasionally in "sonorous cadency." But the land was all aglow with sunlight, all the heavy, sombre clouds had disappeared, the pelting rain had ceased to fall, every blade and spear of grass danced and glistened in the radiance of a noon-day sun in hues of brightest green, fresh in the primitive glories of an early summer verdure. The sweltering heat and dense humidity had gone, and the great army, as if it were a great city, revived under the influences of the stiff invigorating breeze. And then it was a country of field and farm, of cultivation and tillage, of crops and harvest. The dreary, woeful, timber-stricken region had been left forever. Well-kept gardens, comfortable homes dotted distant knolls and far-off slopes, and all between was field of rolling sward. Here and there stood woods of straight and lofty pines. The sluggish Ny traced a devious course over fallow and meadow and through the wood, until it lost itself in the greater streams beyond.

It was the vivid contrast, the sudden burst of sunlight, the cheering change from pent-up forest to broad, open plain, that threw a coloring o'er the scene it could not have commanded of itself alone. It was for this, and all this, that the army breathed freer. Like the man whose weary task is finished, whose heavy burden is lifted, who has attained what he never dared anticipate, the soldier felt as he does, that with ball and bat and kite and top and every implement of youthful sport he could be a very boy again. It was a short shift of relief; but, limited as it was, the army never returned through all the rest of the great campaign to such a feeling of depression as hung over it through the Wilderness and part of Spottsylvania.

Late in the afternoon a bold, round hill on the south bank of the Ny, upon which was a well-appointed farmer's dwelling, was the scene of a sudden and hurried repulse. The hill did not seem to stand relatively to either side as suitable to hold, but as a commanding eminence for observation was a decided acquisition to us. Upton, with his own and part of the Jersey

brigade, 6th Corps, a force aggregating about 800 men, had crossed the river and disposed his forces for a temporary occupancy. The pickets were thrown out to the edge of a piece of timber some quarter of a mile to the front. This wood was well calculated to cover the enemy in any attempt on the hill. General Meade, with a number of his staff, had accompanied Upton, remaining with him some time. The enemy, meanwhile, had not been idle. The detached force, the unusual number of mounted officers with it, had attracted attention, and Lee was not slow to seize his opportunity to rout or capture it. He quietly moved a large force of cavalry and infantry, far exceeding Upton's, to the edge of the timber, successfully concealing his operations until the entire body was ready for the advance. General Meade had just left, when, with a vigorous rush, the enemy's column ran over the pickets, swooped down on the main body and Upton and the Jersey-men were hustled over the river without a full comprehension of exactly what had struck them. Several prominent officers fell killed and mortally wounded, but neither in killed, wounded or prisoners was the loss as large as might have been expected. By some good fortune most everybody got away to the other side of the river, and in a little while the integrity of the two commands was fully restored. It was nearing darkness when Ayres's brigade was sent to regain the hill. The stream was waist-deep, with steep and slimy banks. There was no road or ford-crossing. The distance between the bank of the stream and the base of the hill was not sufficient for deployment, and the line of battle moved into the water from the open fields. Upon the other side but a moment was necessary to rectify the alignment, and then, advancing handsomely up the hill, Ayres drove the enemy from his lofty perch, and he in turn was unceremoniously hustled back to his own lines, as Upton had been to his. This affair of the regulars, happening in full view of a greater part of the troops of both the 5th and 6th Corps, brought them much commendation.

Before the army moved from Spottsylvania the house upon

the hill was fired and with all its outbuildings totally destroyed. The owner had abandoned it before our troops appeared. An aged servant who remained said his master's name was Anderson. Upon the official map of the battle-field Anderson's name is applied to a house in another locality. The house indicated on the map as most likely to be the one where the affair occurred is noted as Gayle's.

Three days followed of a rather uneventful character. It was a season of comparative rest with but little excitement and only occasional firing. The lines were advanced and heavily entrenched. The work was usually done during the night, and the sight of the new entrenchments in the morning generally provoked fierce shelling, which was promptly replied to. It did not prove very damaging and soon ceased, and then the pickets would worry away a while until, tiring of a resultless effort, a tacit consent stopped the dangerous amusement. All this was in the open country and both sides had full opportunity of observation. A greater part of the 5th Corps lay within full sight of the court-house. The casualties were not numerous. Among them was John Clay, of Company C, mortally wounded.

The fortifications were more than ordinarily substantial. The men had become skilled in their construction. Except that their slopes were not sodded, they looked like permanent works, and in the feature of sentries pacing the ramparts wholly so.

This continuous contact was breeding the usual picket familiarity. The suggestions for more friendly relations first came from the enemy, with the proposition to exchange newspapers. It was cordially accepted, but had made but little headway when it was discovered and promptly checked.

Occasionally, when the pickets would cease firing for a considerable time, the Confederates were seen sitting and standing upon their works, with their clothing partially removed, examining their shirts with close and critical attention. This naturally provoked inquiry, and to the interrogation as to what

in the thunder they were at, they replied that they had been very busy of late, and having had no leisure to "hunt 'em," they were determined to utilize this opportunity for investigation until every "varment" should be extirpated.

So many friends and relatives desired to visit the front to look after the bodies of the dead or care for the wounded that the War Department was forced to forbid it. It was no easy matter to secure a pass, and, if one was secured, to accomplish the purpose intended was a difficult and dangerous undertaking. Among those fortunate in securing a pass was Mr. James C. Wray, of Philadelphia. His mission threw him among some old associates, officers of the 6th Corps. He had been with them for a day or two and was continuously and urgently pressing his desire to see, as he styled it, a live rebel in arms. It so happened that in front of the 6th Corps at that time the pickets were not in close contact, nor was the enemy in sight. To the right, however, in front of the 5th, the view he desired could be readily obtained. So one afternoon when there was no reasonable prospect of a movement, yielding to the urgency of the appeal, a friend of Mr. Wray in the adjutant-general's department consented to conduct him to a point where he might satisfy his curiosity, explaining that the errand would likely involve some personal risk. Mr. Wray was not equipped for active field operations, the part of his dress most unsuitable for campaigning being a high silk hat.

The two rode off in the direction of the nearest picket reserve of the 5th Corps. The officer in charge was loath to permit them to go beyond it, but after explanations and much persuasion, as the line had been quiet for some hours, he finally consented. Leaving their horses and proceeding some hundred yards farther, Wray and his escort came upon an outpost. For a time nothing could be seen. The enemy's line was distant some five hundred yards, and it was only the experienced eye that could detect the little upheavals of earth that concealed the Confederate pickets, and only the knowledge born of experience that told that behind each one of these upheavals was what our

friend most desired to see. He had tarried so long that he believed his mission a failure, when a Confederate picket, gathering assurance from the lengthy quiet that he might safely expose himself, rose to his full height, doubtless to seek relief in a good, vigorous stretch. Wray was all excitement. He seemed to be the first to discover him. "There's one now!" shouted he, and believing that death, swift and certain, was the only punishment for a rebel in arms, yelled out: "Shoot him; d—n him, shoot him!" The soldier on the outpost, not willing to be thought derelict by a citizen, "let go," and then another picket "let go," and then the other side "let go," and Wray soon found himself in the midst of an active little picket fight, provoked by his own desire to see, as he thought, justice duly administered. He bore up under it manfully, and retired in good soldierly shape. Remounting their horses, the two rode away as rapidly as decency would permit, the zip of the bullets continuing until they had outdistanced them. Mr. Wray conceived that he had more than satisfied his curiosity, but having safely passed through such an unusual experience for a citizen, concluded that it would be a remembrance well worth cherishing.

As a rule, new regiments lose more men than an old one in doing the same fighting.

On one occasion some new men were needlessly exposing themselves, when an officer exclaimed: "Get down there! or you'll get a bullet through your head. You cost the government a thousand dollars apiece, and I'll be d——d if I am going to have you shot without good cause; you're too expensive!"

This was said with all seriousness, but it made us laugh. It is remarkable how much men found to laugh at while engaged in such serious work. Cracking of jokes was as incessant as the crack of musketry. Artillery was posted in the entrenchments at the apex of the salient. Gibbon's division advanced to beyond the McCool House. The interior lines had been materially strengthened; where they were in the woods they were protected by slashings, and in the open by *abatis*. The

division was repulsed with loss. The attack of the 6th Corps was in progress, when learning of the resistance met with by Gibbon and the formidable character of the works, General Meade ordered the operations suspended. The artillery of the 5th Corps—that was the part it was designed to play until offensive operations were necessary—was heavily engaged. The heavy entrenchments constructed by the corps a few days before, and previously referred to, were built with a purpose to further this operation by drawing still greater attention to a determination to concentrate on our left.

The 6th Corps returned to its position to the east and south of the Ny. Burnside was moved to its left; Hancock remained near the Landrum House, preparatory to a movement looking to the opening of the roads to the southward, and the 5th Corps now became the right of the army. Its right was extended to the vicinity of the Harris House and the works beyond the crossing of the Ny, by the Fredericksburg and Spottsylvania Court-House Road.

The Ny is, as may be judged from the text, a very tortuous stream. Before it crosses this road it flows due east for half a mile, just before reaching it bearing off a little to the southeast. After crossing the road it turns abruptly to the south, and flows in that direction a little upwards of a mile. Then it resumes its easterly course for a short distance, and again turning to the southeast so continues until its junction with the Po.

That portion of the 5th Corps which extended to the northward covered the Spottsylvania Court-House and Fredericksburg Road, the only route by which supplies reached the army. Still to the right of the corps, and covering the road, Tyler's heavy artillery, a splendid division from the fortifications at Washington, that had never yet been in action, lay in bivouac, halted on its march to join the Army of the Potomac. Ewell, demonstrating on Lee's left to ascertain whether a belief that the Army of the Potomac was drawing away from Spottsylvania was well founded, came upon this force of Tyler's. An

engagement followed of some magnitude. Kitching's brigade of heavy artillery, relieved from duty as guard to the Reserve Artillery, and now part of and the extreme right of the 5th, was also at once involved. Both the brigade and division behaved handsomely and suffered severely. Other troops were needed. Warren, who was nearest, was ordered to send reinforcements. His Maryland brigade reached the field in time to take an active and effective part in the fight. Before the affair was over every corps but Burnside's had been tapped. Hancock sent Gibbon and Birney; Warren added Crawford; from far away on the left, Wright hurried Russell along. Ewell went away discomfited, leaving a pretty heavy list of casualties to attest the severity of his punishment.

This encounter delayed the preparations for the ultimate abandonment of the operations about Spottsylvania Court-House, and the further prolongation of the "jug-handle" movement, which had become the popular army designation for all the manœuvres now well understood, that had in contemplation the envelopment of the enemy's right flank. Hancock, however, was off on the 20th and Warren followed the next day. The 5th Corps pickets were withdrawn in the afternoon long before dark. The 118th, or a detachment of it, under Captain Wilson, was on the line. The opportunity was too tempting to resist, and the enemy opened with a rattle of small arms and salvos of artillery, but fleet of foot, and spurred by a desire to temporarily, at least, dis sever an association which had grown wearisome and monotonous, the details were soon under cover of the timber and within the protection of the corps lines. Our people, forced to this scurry by orders to retire, were compelled to take some decidedly opprobrious talk from the enemy without opportunity for resentment. "Stop, you cowardly Yanks; drop your guns, d—n you, or turn and use them," were phrases heard as distinctly as the whiz of the bullets. But General Griffin, seated composedly on his horse, as our men reached their cover, encouraged them with the assurance that their run was all a part of the game, and that others were at hand to re-

sent the insult. And so they were, for when all the pickets were safely stowed away, a counter-charge gathered in a goodly number of the enemy, who in the wild excitement of success had ventured beyond the bounds of prudence.

It was night before the column was well away. A brilliant moonlight shimmered on the bloody field, and the determination as to which of the mighty chieftains had the better of the other in the fourteen days of doughty fight at Spottsylvania was relegated to the judgment of history.

Losses. 8th to the 18th, Spottsylvania, 18,339; Wilderness, May 5th to 7th, 17,666; Cold Harbor, June 1st to 4th, 12,737; June 15th to 19th, Petersburg, 11,386.

There were 112 battles in the war in which one side or the other lost over 500 in killed or wounded. There were 1,882 general engagements, battles and skirmishes in which at least one regiment was engaged.

(Figures are compiled from the battle reports, official records of the Union and Confederate armies.)

The Army of the Potomac, after forty-three days' continuous fighting, arrived at the James River; but at what a sacrifice! 54,926 men and officers was the price, in the country between the Rapidan and the James—some unburied, some hastily put away, and others sacrificed in the holocaust of the terrible fires in the wilderness during the battles, many of whom were simply reported as missing. The Fifth Corps alone lost 12,027 officers and men in killed and wounded.

CHAPTER XVII.

NORTH ANNA—BETHESDA CHURCH—COLD HARBOR.

AND how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?



RABLE lands, wayside villages, the country store, grist and saw-mills, railway stations, were helpful to good cheer and encouraging reminders of the better things at home. Such were the features noticeable for their frequency between the Ny and the Anna. It was a thrifty country and apparently a prosperous people. War's despoiling hand in such a region rested with a greater severity upon the inhabitants and their belongings than in the sparsely settled, unproductive waste late the scene of such fierce, enduring fight. But Virginia's cup was not yet full. Her fair fields already trodden and wasted were but typical of the devastation yet to follow.

The 5th Corps continued to move on the 21st to Guinea Station, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railway, about eight miles from the court-house; then crossing at Guinea Bridge, below the junction of the Po and Ny, it halted for the night about nine o'clock at Catlet's, sending forward detachments towards Mud Tavern and Madison's Store. The latter place is about a mile from Nancy Wright's, on the Telegraph Road, the main road to Richmond. Detachments of

the enemy's cavalry were at the bridge when the corps approached it and continued in front as it advanced.

All the army was trending southward. So too was Lee, but not for the purpose it was hoped he would. The 2d Corps had been thrown well away from the main army, some twenty miles, in the hope that the temptation might lure Lee to attack it, and then the others were so held that they could swoop down on him overwhelmingly for his temerity. But the project worked ill. Lee seemed to covet no such opportunity, and, content with simply interposing himself between us and Richmond, turned our movement into the usual genuine flanking operation, as it was intended it should be considered, if Lee could not be coaxed or tempted to a combat with the isolated corps.

The column moved again early on the morning of the 22d. Bartlett's brigade led the corps. General Bartlett had been a few days on the sick-list and the command had devolved upon Colonel Chamberlain. The march by way of Madison's Ordinary and Nancy Wright's was to terminate for the night at Harris's Store. The latter place is near the Telegraph Road and on the cross-road from Childsburg to Milford, a station on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad. Hancock had arrived at Milford the day before and been directed to remain. Wright was following Warren; Burnside was to the north and east, near Bethel Church, on a cross-road from Madison's Ordinary to Bowling Green.

On the night of the 21st Warren's cavalry outpost at Lebanon Church had heard the noise of troops all night passing along the Telegraph Road, and in the early morning some part of the trains accompanying the troops were in view. A detachment sent out in search of information ascertained that Ewell's and Longstreet's corps had passed over the road the night before.

Upon arriving at Madison's a part of the corps was transferred to the Telegraph Road, the rest taking a road one mile to the east and running parallel with it. Stragglers of the

enemy's infantry were picked up, and Longstreet's corps was reported but three miles in advance. Rosser's cavalry was encountered at the crossing of the Mat river, near Dr. Flipper's.

It was Sunday; the evidences of the encounter with Rosser were apparent. Along the roadside were the dead bodies of Confederates. Beyond these bodies, with a wood intervening, and so far as to have evidently been out of the reach of even stray shots, lay the body of a boy not fourteen years old. The soldiers paused, awestruck. The story went that some of Meade's cavalry escort had suddenly come upon him armed with a shotgun. There was a demand for surrender, a hesitation to comply, then a single shot, resulting in instant death. The hesitancy evidently was from shock and embarrassment, and from no disposition to resist. The affair drew forth severe censure from General Meade, and it was only because the soldier who fired was able to show a demand for surrender and a seeming refusal that he escaped punishment.

It was evident that we were closely pressing the enemy's rear guard and every moment expecting a sudden attack on the head of our column. Colonel Chamberlain, in advance of the column with a few scouts and skirmishers, was anxiously examining every point of advantage from which the enemy might turn upon us, and was holding the brigade well in hand for anything that might happen. Suddenly the expected signal came. A rifled cannon shot came whizzing over our heads—we saw the white puff of smoke from a wooded crest—killing one man in the regiment. The division was halted; consulting a moment with General Griffin, Chamberlain conceived a movement to capture the battery by taking advantage of the piece of woods which had masked them. Moving the brigade into the field to the right, he formed it in echelon and rapidly advanced, evidently unseen by the enemy. The orders were for the first men who should strike the battery not to mind so much to kill the men, but to shoot the horses, especially the wheel-horses, so that in the tangle the enemy could not get their guns away, if they did themselves: we were only foiled in a complete and brilliant

success by a natural obstacle which delayed us, and thus drew the enemy's attention. Nearly up to the woods on the flank of the battery we came to a stream, not very wide, but looking deep and muddy, and the men hesitated to ford it. It was a critical moment. Chamberlain, impatient at the delay, urged the men over. A lucky thought hit him. There was a heavy plank fence along one portion of the stream. "Take the fence along with you, my men; throw it in, and yourselves after it!" It was done with a will: one jump to mid-stream, with the planks for a pontoon, and we were over. But the confusion had attracted the enemy's attention. They whirled their battery about, and gave us canister, inflicting quite a loss on us. We pushed all the quicker for the canister, but the enemy managed to get away with their guns. We felt not a little chagrined at the loss of the splendid prize which we had so well planned and struggled to win. But the road was effectually cleared, and the corps was soon on its onward way. When the 118th Pennsylvania and 20th Maine had covered their own front, they were flanked to the left and moved forward in line of battle, preceded by skirmishers hurriedly detached from "E," of the 118th, and assigned to the command of Captain Walters. "E" at that time was without a commissioned officer, and Walters, apt and ready in such affairs, was taken from his own company and placed in charge. Everything had transpired so quickly that the skirmishers had not yet had opportunity to secure a respectable distance in advance. Walters was in front of them, when suddenly he came upon a Confederate officer mounted upon a gray horse, leaning forward with his hand up to his ear, his whole attitude indicating that he was straining every faculty to ascertain what he could of the whereabouts of his enemy. His faculties were evidently blunted or his thoughts astray, for he had as yet neither seen Walters nor heard the tramp of the advancing troops. Walters at once determined to cautiously circle around the major until he had placed himself so far in his rear as to have the major between himself and the skirmishers, and then insist that the major unhorse himself and acknowledge himself a prisoner.

Colonel Chamberlain, who was also in advance of the line, had caught sight of the operation and at once conjectured Walters's purpose. He dare not speak a word to halt the line or caution quiet. But as he raised his hand and turned toward the troops his countenance and his gesture seemed to communicate what he desired, and a sudden stillness followed. Walters had seen nothing of this, but the quiet so startled him that every twig and bough he was treading upon so cautiously snapped with sounds, to him at least, like the breaking of great branches before the whistling winds. And yet there the major still sat immovable until Walters had entirely encircled him, and stood with a pistol in his right hand and with his left grasping the bridle-rein, demanding an immediate and unconditional surrender.

"Not so, sir," said the major, about to seize a carbine slung at his side; "you are my prisoner."

"Touch that and you die," said Walters. Walters's manner was a sufficient indication of resolute purpose, and his pistol was levelled with deadly aim. The major slowly slid out of the saddle. He was evidently a courageous man, but he was so startled and overcome at this unexpected termination of his observations that his face turned to an ashy whiteness; so remarkable was its absolutely colorless hue that, as he afterwards passed through the lines to the rear, it was the subject of much comment. He delivered his carbine without question, but to the "now for the sword, sir," he drew it angrily from the scabbard and, plunging it desperately into the ground, broke it off at the very hilt. The skirmishers had now come up and Walters turned over horse and rider to be conducted to the rear. The major was rather a tasty fellow, and an inspection of his saddle disclosed a brand new uniform coat, evidently intended to be worn on distinguished official or high social occasions.

The battery which had so injudiciously exposed itself managed to limber up and escape entirely. Not before, however, it had with a discharge of grape and canister inflicted a loss of one man killed and several wounded.

This section had never been visited by an invading army in any force. Fence rails were in abundance and supplied the fuel for the night's meal. The parties out after wood and water fell upon a lot of sheep grazing. A carcass or two contributed to a very acceptable temporary change of diet.

The country was so thrifty that instructions were issued reviving the almost forgotten orders against foraging. The soldiers were not in sympathy with the measure; officers gave it but a half-hearted support. The obedient restrained themselves; others, not so disposed, took about what was fair.



FORAGING.

From his place on the flank of the column Major O'Neill's attention was attracted by the violent hissing of a goose. Turning in the direction of the sound he discovered that Paddy Mulchay, of "G," had seized a straggler from a flock unable to keep up with his fellows, making haste for the shelter of a neighboring barn-yard. "Mark time, Paddy; mark time," shouted the major, his favorite phrase when he desired to be severely impressive; "don't you know the orders?"

"Shure, sur," says Paddy, "the only orders I know is not to lave anything behind me, and ain't I obeying them, sur?"

“Well, if it’s a prisoner you mean you’ll not leave behind you, you may turn him over to me. Here, Kit Carson,” addressing his servant, “put the dirty rebel in the guard-house,” and with the solace of a pinch of snuff from his silver box, and the complacent reflection that a well-fed goose would grace his table at the first opportunity to prepare a meal, the major pressed Paddy no further upon his failure to be exact in the recollection of his orders.

Mulchay had some strange characteristics: among them was an indisposition to go into action with his own regiment. He was frequently found fighting zealously with others in the brigade, throughout which his oddities had brought him into general acquaintance. He was a courageous fellow, and, when arraigned for his delinquencies, was always able to secure such excellent reports of his conduct as to relieve him from the punishment which would have otherwise followed.

On the 24th the army was in readiness to move at five o’clock in the morning. The cavalry detachments serving with each corps were sent out on all the roads leading southward to ascertain if the enemy had crossed the North Anna. If he had, the purpose was to follow him. Hancock moved to Chesterfield Ford, near the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad Bridge; Burnside to Jericho Bridge, and Warren to Jericho Mills. Wright followed Warren. Jericho Mills is four miles west of Jericho Bridge.

Ewell and Longstreet had arrived at Hanover Junction, some nineteen miles distant from our advance, the night of the 22d, and on the 23d Hill was pressing to join them.

Warren arrived at Mount Carmel Church at 11 A. M., and from that point moved to Jericho Mills, on the North Anna, about three miles distant, Rosser keeping in his front to the vicinity of the river.

Bartlett’s brigade waded the river, encountering a few of the enemy’s pickets on the opposite bank, and secured a lodgement to cover the laying of the pontoons. The banks of the stream were high and precipitous and the road rough, consisting of a series of rocky steps.

The line advanced sufficiently to permit deployments of the troops to follow, and pickets were thrown out to the edge of a wood some distance beyond the bank. A feeling of fancied security had prompted all the “dog-robbers,” “pot-wrestlers”



NORTH ANNA.

and “coffee-coolers” to keep well closed up with the column. This vast array of essentials, bearing designations so pertinent to their calling, so useful and necessary in the domestic economies of army life, with due consideration for personal safety, with weighty convictions that their loss would be irreparable,

never ventured upon the hither bank of a stream until furnished with the most reliable assurance that the enemy had vanished from the vicinity beyond all range possible for an encounter.

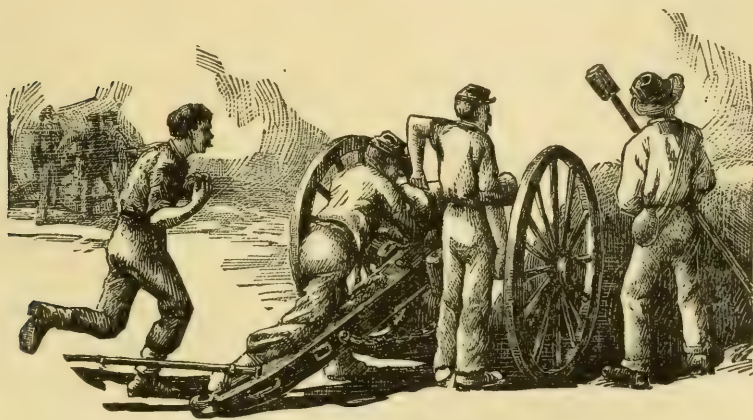
It was a sense of fancied security that prompted these foraging spoilsmen, ready for booty when no dangers attended its acquisition, to scatter in every direction to seize the rich yields the prolific indications of the neighborhood promised. Many in the ranks were sensibly affected by the opportunities, and imitated their example. Among them, Smith, of "K," to maintain his reputation as a successful forager, passing his musket to the custody of Nugent, followed. Observing a party who had nearly completed the butchering of a well-fattened hog, Smith, hoping to reap a share of the spoil, knowing the mortal terror which the announcement of the immediate presence of the enemy would likely arouse, cried loudly, "There comes the rebs." "Rebs be d—d," was the reply. For the moment the attempted deception was apparently a failure, when suddenly from the woods the enemy's batteries opened with a simultaneous crash, and musketry flashed on front and flank. Confusion immediately followed, panic seized the "pot-wrestlers," and they imparted it to the pack mules. Cooks, servants and mules, pots, kettles and pans, yelling discordantly, rattling inharmoniously, broke for the river by whatever route was nearest, no matter how impracticable.

Ned Wolfenden, of "K," in charge of an officer's horse, had ensconced himself at the base of a bald-faced, rocky bluff, straight as a wall, six or eight feet high, safe certainly from danger of every sort. Suddenly over the top leaped a man, followed by a rope, at which he tugged violently. Then appeared the head and ears of a mule, and then his great pack heaved into sight. Wolfenden waited no longer. He preferred to take the ordinary risks of battle rather than to be thus ignominiously crushed under the weighty load that seemed certain to demolish him.

Smith was neither discomfited nor confused. The pork was of course abandoned by the "pot-wrestlers." Seizing a quarter

of the derelict pig, he bore it back with him to the ranks, and with pig in one hand and musket in the other advanced to the charge with the regiment. He never lost his load, notwithstanding his subsequent puncturing, and, with his messmates, hugely enjoyed the spoil when, with darkness, hostilities were suspended and an opportunity came for cooking.

The attack, which was by A. P. Hill's corps, made about six o'clock, had fallen heaviest upon Cutler's division, while it was still going into position after crossing the river. His troops broke and were followed by the enemy, who were promptly driven back by our artillery. The assault covered the whole



CHECKING THE ENEMY'S ADVANCE.

of Warren's right and centre. Along Griffin's front, the centre, the attack was handsomely repulsed and the enemy driven to his works on the Virginia Central Railroad. In this assault the 83d Pennsylvania, Colonel McCoy, famous for its heroic resistance on Little Round Top, played a most effective part. Colonel Spear, of the 20th Maine, of late so prominent in the night affair at Laurel Hill, was wounded. The fight lasted some two hours. The sounds of the musketry, the noise of the violent cannonading, bursting suddenly upon the comparative quiet of the few days previous, denoted a struggle of some magnitude. Ayres's brigade, with Bartlett's in support, bore

much of the brunt of the action. The loss to the regiment was in wounded only.

Lee had set great store by this movement of Hill. Warren was in a most hazardous position. He was alone upon that side of the river. Night was at hand and the 6th, the only corps within supporting distance, with the river to impede its progress, would have been necessarily much delayed in reaching him. The next day the Army of the Potomac was so placed that to strengthen any threatened point it was necessary to cross the river twice. Thus a still more tempting opportunity was again afforded Lee. It had been his intention to do some determined work in this vicinity. Warren's successful resistance may have inspired a spirit of caution that restrained him.

In advancing under the heavy shelling the regiment came suddenly upon the 44th New York, lying down, so covered by leaves and underbrush as to be entirely out of sight. The 118th lay down immediately in its rear. The two commands were so placed with a view to a counter-charge. The instructions were that if the attack was pressed in that direction, the 44th New York should rise, deliver a volley and then lie down. This was to indicate that it was the 118th's turn to deliver their fire, after which, with fixed bayonets, they were to charge over the other regiment. The enemy's attack was not forced in this vicinity with sufficient vigor to cause the execution of these instructions.

The regiment halted just before dark, within range of the enemy's fortifications, on the Virginia Central Railway, and threw up a temporary line of works. The sharpshooters now began active operations. To raise a head above the works involved a great personal risk, and as nothing was to be gained by exposure, most of the men wisely took advantage of their cover. Poor Ed. Rien, of "G," better known as "down the river," imprudently exposed himself, and fell seriously wounded. This roused the ire of Smith, of "K," who, rising to his feet, insisted that he would "fetch" the fellow that fired, as soon as he got a good shot at him. "Sit down, Smith, sit down,"

cried Sergeant Nugent, "the fellow's range is longer than yours and he will pin you first, sure." Just then a puff of smoke indicated precisely the man's position, and still disregarding the caution to cover himself, Smith rose to fire, but a ball penetrated his arm, passing under the skin entirely across his back. Rolling over, with a painful but not a disabling wound, he concluded to accept, for the present at least, the protection afforded by the earthworks. The two Kesslers, of "K," now undertook to wreak the vengeance Smith had intended. One raised a cap on a ramrod. The decoy worked admirably; the sharpshooter fired, so did the other Kessler. The cap stayed up, but the sharpshooter came down, and with his fall all annoyance from that quarter ceased.

The inhabitants in this locality had not abandoned their houses, but remained during the action. At the Matthews' House the meals were still prepared and served with the usual regularity, and the officers of the head-quarters established there experienced the novel sensation of a summons to the supper table by the ringing of a bell. All the table furniture and appointments were the family's, and the food supplied was from their own stores. The young lady who played the part of hostess was not very gracious, but she had good reason to be somewhat incensed at the conduct of her guests. The enemy had posted a number of sharpshooters in the house, and in a charge made to dislodge them one of them, a very prepossessing young man, had been killed and his body still lay upon the porch.

Hancock, with Egan's and Pierce's brigades of Birney's division, carried the bridge head at the Telegraph Road, and on the 24th, the enemy having abandoned his works on the south bank of the river, crossed with his whole corps. The enemy had, however, taken up a strongly entrenched line beyond, having slashings and *abatis*. The 2d Corps advanced and entrenched within six or eight hundred yards of this line. The corps several times became briskly engaged, but all efforts to force the line were failures, and the design was abandoned.

Burnside was ordered to carry Ox's Ford and cross with his corps, but found the enemy too strongly entrenched on the south bank. Crittenden's division crossed at Quarles Mill, a mile and a half above, and joined Crawford.

The 6th Corps followed Warren at Jericho Mills, and, with the 5th, advanced to within six hundred yards of the enemy's entrenched position, which Crawford had already developed.

On the 25th a considerable portion of the Virginia Central Railroad, at Noel's Station, was destroyed. That part of the work allotted to the brigade was performed by the 118th and the 18th Massachusetts, both regiments being under the command of Colonel Herring. The destruction was pretty effectually done. The ties were heaped together and the rails placed on top of them. The piles were then fired and the heat twisted the rails into shapes wholly useless for immediate relaying.

Two days' rations issued during the day supplied a much needed want, and with a good rest, a thing at that time so rarely accorded, the troops felt decidedly better satisfied with themselves and the situation.

The hammering process was still ineffectual; there must be more of it somewhere else. Something, though, had been accomplished by attrition. Again responding to "By the left flank," the army hurried off to "catch on" early at a better place.

In covering the railway during its destruction the advance had pushed well up to the "Little River." There had been considerable skirmishing to reach the position attained on Anderson plantation with the river in front of it, and two men of the regiment were wounded. Rain fell at times in torrents.

Leaving the 18th Massachusetts on picket at seven o'clock in the evening of the 26th, moving by the left, with the 118th leading, the march was resumed back towards the North Anna. Two hours later the column crossed at Quarles Mill. The night was intensely dark, and the withdrawal of the entire army, which was completed by the morning of the 27th, had apparently been effected without the knowledge of the enemy.

The route of the 5th Corps was some distance to the eastward of that followed by the rest of the army. About midnight the brigade halted to draw rations, and, resuming the march, stopped again in the morning for coffee. It was heavy work all day, with the weather clear and warm. By the route travelled some thirty miles were covered between the Little River and the Mongohick Church, where a bivouac, with the regiment in column of division, was made on the night of the 27th.

The entire route was through a luxuriant region in a high state of cultivation. The open, broad acres of great plantations rolled off in all directions. There were roomy mansions, pillared and porticoed after the peculiar Southern fashion, the comfortable, luxurious homes of lordly owners, the real aristocrats of the choicest blood of Virginia's boasted chivalry. Chief among all these, with lordlier appointments and of greater size and grandeur than the rest, was the residence of that famous Southern statesman, ex-Secretary John B. Floyd, whose marvelous conception of duty prompted him during the Buchanan administration to use his official power in the Cabinet of the nation to place the military stores and property of the government in the custody of those who contemplated its destruction. The early summer fruits, ripening in luscious profusion, grew in the grounds about the manor house, and here and elsewhere through the march fruit and vegetable, flesh and fowl, paid handsome tribute to the Yankee hosts, who were now the lordly masters of the soil. These tempting, toothsome opportunities to feed upon the rich and bountiful production of farm, garden and dairy, with the toilsome, lengthy march and the oppressive heat, induced unwarranted straggling, and it was late evening before all the stragglers had found their bivouac home.

The 28th was a bright morning, with the promise of a temperature above the range of comfort. At four o'clock the regiment was again on the march as the rear of the brigade, the brigade leading the division. The Mongohick Church, at

which was General Grant's head-quarters, was passed in the very early morning, and subsequently the little town of Enfield. Before midday the Pamunkey was crossed on pontoon bridge at Hanover Town, and the 5th Corps' lines established some two miles in front of the town with their right on the road to Richmond and their left near the Tolopotomy, where it is crossed by the road from Hawes's Shop to Old Church.

Shortly after noon of the 28th the 6th Corps had also crossed the Pamunkey at Huntley's Corners, four miles above Hanover Town, and was in position across the Hanover Court-House or River Road at Crump's Creek. The 2d Corps followed the 6th closely, forming on its left and completing the cover of the road from Crump's Creek to Hawes's Shop. The 9th Corps, that had followed the 5th, was not over until midnight. The 6th was now the right corps, the 5th the left and the 2d the centre. They were all not more than twelve miles northeast of Richmond.

The army was again in the far-famed Peninsula. Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, the Chickahominy, Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, already familiar as the scene of famous fights, were close at hand and might be called upon again to lend their names to the battle vocabulary of the nation.

The birthplace of Henry Clay, "the mill-boy of the slashes," was near, if not actually within, the enemy's lines. The locality was suggestive of such a disassociation of the memories of his patriotism and the then condition of the country that it may forcibly have suggested to the thoughtful men in the ranks of the Confederacy of how far they were astray from the teachings of this most eminent of Southern statesmen, ever so faithful in a firm maintenance of the principle that the "more perfect union" of the constitution was indissoluble.

Without the formality of direction, the troops fell to work heartily to entrench, and before dark the whole of the 5th Corps' front bristled with formidable earthworks. All day the sounds of battle raged but a short distance beyond the lines, so close that occasionally shells intended for the active com-

batants fell among the unoffending soldiers of Griffin's division. The cavalry—nearly the whole corps were participants—were having a serious time of it at Hawes's Shop. The conflict was long and hard until nightfall, when Custer's brigade and Gregg's division carried the entrenchments and drove the enemy back.

On the 29th, at 6.30 A. M., with a heavy skirmish line in front, Griffin's division moved out of the breastworks in the direction of Mechanicsville. The advance continued slowly all day, several times forming line and again breaking into column. The enemy's outposts were occasionally encountered, but retired before the skirmishers. At four o'clock the line crossed the Tolopotomy and moved along the shady Grove Church road where, the enemy being in force, Cutler's division was moved over to Griffin. At seven o'clock the division halted and bivouacked for the night with the 2d Brigade on the left.

These manœuvres were in conformity with directions to the commanders of the 2d, 5th and 6th Corps to make reconnoissance in their fronts, supported by their whole force. General Wright moved to Hanover Court-House, but encountered no enemy except small parties of cavalry vedettes. General Hancock, moving on roads from Hawes's Shop to Atlee's Station, met only the enemy's vedettes, until he arrived at the crossing of the Tolopotomy, by the Richmond road, where the enemy was found in force entrenched on the other side, and a brisk skirmish ensued. General Burnside was held in reserve near Hawes's Shop.

While we were attempting to secure the roads beyond the Pamunkey on which to advance towards Richmond, Lee was endeavoring to cover them. Lee was away from Hanover Junction in time to successfully accomplish this by the afternoon of the 28th. Ewell's right rested near Beaver Dam Creek, which empties into the Chickahominy near Mechanicsville, his left on the Tolopotomy, near Pole Green Church, about four miles from Hawes's Shop. Longstreet, on Ewell's right, between Huntley's and Walnut Grove Church, covered the road

from White House by Old Church, Bethesda Church and Mechanicsville to Richmond. Hill formed along the Tolopotomy, extending from Early's left to the vicinity of Atlee's Station, crossing the railroad a mile north of it. General Ewell was ill and General Longstreet wounded, and their corps respectively were commanded by Generals Early and Anderson.

As Warren was operating on the roads to Bethesda Church, Old Church and Mechanicsville, the troops which he might have expected to encounter were those of Longstreet's corps, but the subsequent shifting of Early's troops brought Warren more severely in contact with the latter.

The 30th was another clear day. It was about the beginning of that period of continued heat and lengthy drought which, with but a rare interruption, did not terminate until the summer began to wane. Griffin's division, with Sweitzer's brigade in advance, again led the corps out the Shady Grove Church Road. All day the skirmishing was heavy, especially on the Old Church Road and Mechanicsville Pike, three-quarters of a mile to the south of the Shady Grove Church Road. The 22d Massachusetts was the skirmish detail for the entire division, with Colonel Tilton in command. This regiment of Sweitzer's brigade will be remembered as the one which has been frequently referred to. It had formerly belonged to Barnes's brigade, and was at that time in almost daily contact with the 118th. With seven hours of hard skirmish fighting it accomplished a work that brought it much commendation, and gave rise to the expression that Griffin's division if not hindered would make its way into Richmond alone. The enemy were driven some three miles, and at dark the line halted with its left somewhere in the vicinity of Bethesda Church, and threw up entrenchments. During the afternoon developments from that direction showed the enemy throwing himself across Warren's left. A brigade from Crawford's division sent to check his advance was repulsed. A battery, posted where a cross road from Bethesda Church enters the Shady Grove Church Road, effectively checked the advance of Rodes's division of Early's



CHARLES GRIFFIN,

Major-General of Volunteers U. S. Army,

April 2, 1865, to Jan. 15, 1866.

Died Sept. 15, 1867.

From a photograph by BRADY,
taken in 1866.

corps, until Crawford's other brigades and Cutler's division came up, when Rodes in turn was forced to retire.

The enemy's attack was resolute and they suffered severely. By ten o'clock they had retired from the field, moving back on the pike, abandoning some of their dead and wounded.

The movements of the day had extended the 5th Corps lines farther to the left. Burnside, with sharp skirmishing, had crossed the Toloatomy and was now on the right of Warren, connecting him with Hancock. The 6th Corps was still the right of the army. General Wright had endeavored to place his corps on the enemy's left flank, but a swamp and tangle of the worst character at the head of Crump's Creek delayed the movement until it was too late to effect anything.

Sharp firing went on somewhere along the lines all night. What little opportunity there was for rest was, as had been frequently the case of late, disturbed by the issue of rations. This was not completed until two o'clock in the morning; was ordered to cover three days and to include the 4th of June. It was an ominous outlook. Hard fighting was evidently anticipated for some days to come, and the situation was likely to be too warm for the exposure of the impedimenta.

On the 31st, about eight in the morning, the brigade was moved about a half mile to the left and lay fairly quiet for the rest of the day. The skirmish lines were kept actively engaged and all the infantry corps were pressed as close as practicable without assaulting. The position all along the front was strong naturally and the attack was abandoned.

Cold Harbor was an all-important point. It was on a line with the extension of our movement to the left, and a point of concentration for many roads, the control of which would materially facilitate intended operations. The cavalry, under instructions to hold it at all hazards, were having a hot struggle, when, on the night of the 31st, General Wright was detached from the right and reached there at noon on the 1st of June. General W. F. Smith's 18th Corps, from the Army of the

James, landing in transports at White House, arrived about the same time. A desperate battle followed. Hancock, on the 1st, moved to reinforce Wright's left, and the ever-memorable struggle at Cold Harbor, to continue for twelve days in battle, blood, siege and skirmish, opened as inauspiciously as it terminated resultlessly.

Wright and Hancock had both gone and Burnside was now the extreme right of the army, with Warren next to him.

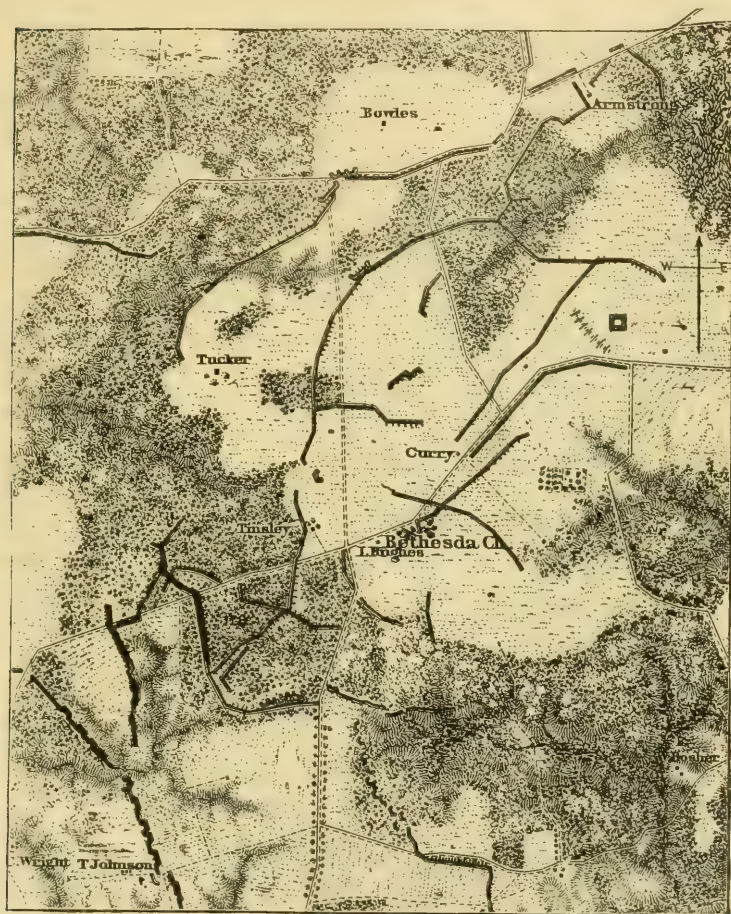
On the 1st of June the brigade was moved forward and a new line of works thrown up under fire. Rotten pines, the only timber available, made the revetment rather insecure. Before their completion an attack in force was repulsed. Among the wounded were Corporals Lincoln and Rodermel, of "E." A whiskey ration was issued.

In front of the 1st Michigan a skirmisher was seen to hurriedly run in, mount the breastworks, and, unable to check himself, roll over in a heap. As he rose it was noticed that his nose had been completely shot away. Unfortunate as it was for the poor fellow to be so painfully wounded and horribly disfigured, the laugh was irresistible. During the day heavy cannonading was kept up on the left, and sharp fighting in the same direction continued throughout the night.

On the morning of the 2d Warren was ordered to extend his left to connect with the 18th Corps at Woody's, the right of which corps crossed the Bethesda Church Road at that point, near Beulah Church; at the same time he was to contract his right to such an extent as to make one-half his force available for attack. This it was expected would bring his right in the vicinity of Bethesda Church and give him a line about three miles long. Interrupted here and there by the swamps of the Matadequin it was virtually shortened, as he would command the swamps without occupying them. General Burnside was directed to withdraw and mass his force to the rear of Warren's right to protect that flank and support the corps.

The withdrawal of troops from our right had attracted Lee's attention, and on the morning of the 2d he had directed Early

to get on our right flank and drive it down the front of the Confederate line. To carry out this order Rodes's division moved out the Shady Grove Church Road, Gordon moving



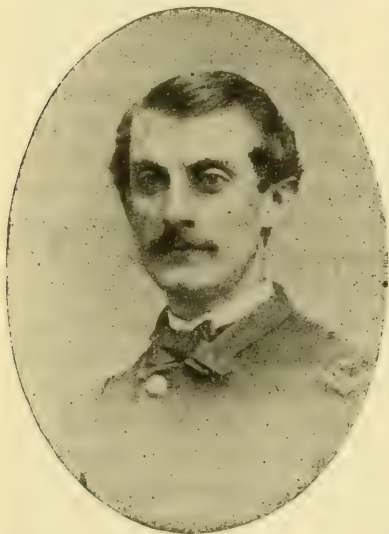
BETHESDA CHURCH.

round to keep pace with Rodes, and Heth following Rodes took position on his left. Burnside's withdrawal was still unfinished, his skirmish line still occupying the corps entrench-

ments. The movement brought on sharp fighting which lasted until after dark, but failed to accomplish the full purpose designed.

The skirmishers from Bartlett's brigade held the extreme right of the 5th Corps. On their right were the skirmishers of the 9th Corps, with whom they were supposed to unite. Between them, however, and the left of that corps skirmish line

was a deep, thickly wooded ravine, which effectually concealed the two bodies from each other, but their line was there when Bartlett's line was established. The 5th Corps pickets were peremptorily instructed upon no consideration to change their front. Anticipating an attack from the direction in which they faced when posted, they were to devote their attention exclusively to that direction. Having never seen Burnside's picket line, and not having been informed of its withdrawal, they were wholly unac-



CHARLES H. HAND,
Lieutenant and Brevet-Major.

quainted with the fact that it had been withdrawn.

Major O'Neill was the officer in charge of the brigade skirmish line, and of his detail were 160 men from the 118th, commanded by Captain Henry K. Kelly, under whom were Lieutenants Crossley, Connor and Seesholtz. Lieutenant Crossley was assigned to the right, Seesholtz the centre, and Connor the left, Captain Kelly assuming general charge of the whole.

The line was posted about eleven o'clock in the morning, occupying pits built to accommodate three men each. Soon

afterwards the enemy opened fire, and the two lines were engaged in a desultory way until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the firing was interrupted by a severe thunder-storm. The three men in the pit in which George W. Lenoir was posted repeatedly fired at a general officer on a white horse, who, with his staff, was seen frequently riding up and down the Confederate lines. While it rained the men huddled together closely in the pits seated on their knapsacks, improvising such shelter as their gum blankets afforded, still keeping an eye sharply to the front. Just as the shower ceased an officer passed along the line with the information that the enemy were about to attack, and that our line must be held at all hazards. The attack followed, but from a direction evidently not contemplated.

Meanwhile Rodes was working on Burnside's skirmishers, who had fallen back to the works his main line had abandoned. Lieutenant Crossley, on the extreme right, seems to have been first apprised of the approach of the enemy from a quarter where he was least looked for. The meal to which Crossley was entitled at noon was late arriving, and, as he sat disposing of it, his attention was attracted by a shot on his right flank, followed quickly by another and then another. He promptly despatched a messenger to Major O'Neill to advise him of the situation and ask for instructions. The major, who was as little affected by musketry on the flanks as he was from the front, returned the very characteristic reply, "Tell Leftenant Crossley to remain at his post and do his 'juty.'" Captain Kelly was then appealed to, the position of the enemy being meantime revealed by his fire and by his appearing in sight. Seeking the major, hurriedly, Kelly personally urged him either to assume the responsibility of changing the front, or permit him or some one else to go to the rear and procure reinforcements to cover the exposed flanks. Neither suggestion suited the major; he would have none of it: "Mark time you, there, Kelly, right where you are, and I'll go for the reinforcements," and away he went rapidly towards the rear, laughingly ex-

claiming as he reached the regiment: "If I don't hurry back with some of yez to help the whole of them out there beyond, Kelly and all of them will be gobbled by the rebels." But long before O'Neill returned, the capture of the greater part of his line had been effected. The sweep was so sudden and in such force there was but little resistance. The enemy went with rapid strides from post to post. To the "drop your guns" were many unwilling affirmative responses, until eighty-six enlisted men were made prisoners. With the two officers, Captain Kelly and Lieutenant Crossley, also captured, and four enlisted men wounded, the total loss to the regiment in this affair in wounded and missing was ninety-two. Of the enlisted men who were taken at Bethesda Church there was an astonishing mortality during their captivity: but twenty-five ever rejoined the regiment; the rest, sixty-eight, all died in rebel prisons, mostly at Andersonville.

As the movement progressed towards the left the situation began to be comprehended, and that part of the skirmish line broke. Some of the men, after many varied experiences of fight and flight, saved themselves from captivity.

Lenoir, who had, with his comrades in one of the pits, been firing at the Confederate general officer, was fortunate in escaping capture. He had fallen back about a hundred yards, when, turning to see whether he was pursued, he was surprised to find at a short distance an advancing line of battle. The Confederates were moving in splendid order, carrying their muskets at a right shoulder. He soon met a number of the members of the regiment, who had assembled behind a line of works. A vain appeal was made to some men of another command to make a stand. Just then a regiment made a splendid charge on the right, but after firing a volley fell back. As it appeared that every one else had left the locality, the remnant of the 118th picket detail decided to have a little fight of their own. Advancing to a little clump of brush, they opened a lively fire on a pine thicket in front. It stirred up a response from a force far in excess of the little band of soldiers engaging them.



HENRY K. KELLY,
Capt. Co. G, 118th Regt. P. V.

Having fired ten or twelve rounds, they were discreetly about to rapidly retire, when Coonan, of "G," raised his piece to fire at a man not thirty feet from him who had pushed ahead of his line, when one of our men knocked Coonan's piece up, exclaiming, "Hold on there, Cooney, don't shoot: why that's one of our men," and turning to the man who was in our uniform, said, "Aint that you, Jack?" The answer came back promptly, "Yes." Coonan immediately dropped his piece, but the man had no sooner been uncovered than he fired, the ball hitting Coonan in the back of the neck and making a regular furrow. Thirty-two holes were afterwards counted in the blanket rolled on the top of his knapsack. The Confederate, for such he was, disguised in Yankee uniform, then started back on a full run; three or four shots followed him in quick succession, one of which evidently struck him in the leg, as afterwards as long as he was seen he limped perceptibly, assisting himself with his musket.

The fight now seemed to grow warm in every direction. The little affair the 118th men had organized in their own behalf had assumed proportions they had not calculated upon. They were really in front of the fighting line, and a big battle was in progress. The timber was thick, and the trees large; shots flew through it like a whirlwind, shells thundered through the branches. Dodging from tree to tree and happening to hit the right direction, Lenoir and most of them with him ultimately reached the regiment in safety.

Thrilling incidents followed John L. Smith, as he sought his friends and a refuge. When the rush came, Smith had charge of the men on several picket posts. Observing an uneasiness he attempted to hold them, but they had caught the situation quicker than he and would not be stopped, nor was he long in gathering it in, either, and soon permitted himself to drift with them to the left and rear to avoid capture.

Major O'Neill, who had returned, and Lieutenant Connor, getting in among the fugitives and coming across a breastwork, rallied them, and deployed and advanced again as skirmishers,

but the pressure increased, the line scattered, and Smith found himself alone. To his right some distance was a body of soldiers fighting, and realizing probably the philosophy of Aristotle "that man by himself will soon cry for help," Smith made off towards them. They were United States regulars of the 5th Corps. His reception was most ungenerous. "To what regiment do you belong?" said some one. "The 118th Pennsylvania," replied Smith. "Get out of here, get out of here," responded several voices; "we want no volunteers among us." "Not I," said Smith, undiscouraged by the cool welcome, and he took his place in the ranks and began to load and fire as rapidly as the rest of them.

Smith soon found he was not wholly without acquaintances. Looking to his right he noticed a man of Company A, of his own regiment, fighting away vigorously. In a few moments a shot struck this man in the thigh and he dropped to the ground. He was quite a young man, the shock overcame him and he fell to weeping. "Oh, carry me back, please carry me back," he cried out. The regulars were not altogether heartless, nor really as harsh as they appeared. "Shut up, young fellow, shut up: what are you bellowing about?" shouted one of them, a big, strong, brawny chap, and with that he picked up the youngster, threw him over his shoulder and ran with him to the rear and saved him from capture.

The enemy now advanced, howling one of their terrific yells. The line of which Smith made a part fell back to a line of entrenchments in the rear. As he clambered over the works a bullet scraped his nose, but he still held on.

And then on the right soon appeared the column with their pieces at a right-shoulder, moving by fours. Our troops had now all left the works they had but a moment before occupied for better ones farther to the rear, but somehow or other Smith and a single regular still held on. The head of the advancing column was not seventy yards off. Their blankets were rolled, horse-collar fashion, over their shoulder. Their gray suits and slouched hats satisfied Smith and his companion

of their identity, and they went to work putting shot after shot into them. "Give it to 'em, my boy; give it to 'em," cried the regular, and so he did, and so did the regular, both with commendable persistency. But from the right, some fifty yards, where Sweitzer's men lay, came a cry that astonished these two lively musketeers, battling away there alone against all these formidable hosts. "For God's sake, stop firing," yelled Sweitzer's men, "don't you see they are our own people?" "Our own people be d—d; look at their slouched hats and gray clothes! Give them h—l, and we'll clear 'em out of this," and Smith and the regular still pegged away. And then occurred one of those inexplicable situations in battle which always remain unexplained. The men who insisted that the advancing soldiers were not Confederates could not be convinced of their error until it was too late and the enemy were so close that those who were not captured were forced in confusion to the rear.

Solid shot came plunging in from the right. Smith and his new-made but now fast friend separated. Smith happened to run in the right direction and soon found his command. It is to be hoped that his gallant companion was equally fortunate, for Smith never saw or heard of him afterwards.

Rodes, who had cleared off everything that had interposed, now made a desperate charge along the whole line, but Ayres, Bartlett and Sweitzer were all in shape to receive him, and he was handsomely repulsed.

In front of where the regiment lay was a boggy swamp. After quiet had settled over the battle-field and the complete darkness of night had set in, a human voice was heard coming apparently from the depths of the swamp, daring any one to come out and fight. The Confederate was most lavish in his profanity; foul and frightful oaths accompanied his repeated challenges. He asserted that he was alone, would give any man a fair fight who would meet him, and could lick any d—d Yankee who would undertake the job. It was quite apparent that the taunt was intended to lure some spirited fel-

low to death or captivity. Eventually the ruse proved successful. A staff officer, skilled as a pugilist, against the earnest protests of those around him, dashed out to avenge the insults. The horse he rode was the white one Captain Walters had taken with the Confederate major a few days before. It was as expected; he never returned and afterwards died in a rebel prison. His term of service at the time of his capture would have expired in one week. His name was Lieut. C. H. Ross.

Among those of the picket detail, many of whom disappeared, were a large number of "The Fairies" of Company K. Boys in years, light in weight, small in stature, their lithe forms, quick, active ways, smooth faces and ever-smiling countenances contrasted with the strong, heavy forms of the bigger men around them and justified their companions, or at least they thought it did, in classing them with the ideal fairies they had read of in the days of their childhood. But the names by which they knew each other would not have secured them recognition in the Cinderella world. Red-headed Connelly was known as "Gun-Boat," little Lukens as "Chestnut Hill," William and Isaac Kessler as "Biller" and "Iker," and J. L. Smith as the "Forager." Many of the "Fairies," however, were fortunate in working their way back to the line held by the regiment. They had gathered together a number of abandoned muskets, secured an unusual supply of ammunition, and posted themselves behind the breastworks for a revengeful resistance when the onslaught, which they felt was close at hand, should come. They were not long in waiting. Resting their pieces on the works, they managed to fire from each shoulder at a time. One of their number would give the command, "Fire by battery," and all would blaze away at once. They had a noisy time of it. How effectively their gunnery operated was never known. They earned, however, something by it in the shape of another sobriquet, and besides "The Fairies" they afterwards were frequently styled "The Jackass Battery."

William Kessler was of indomitable will. The next day, in



CORPORAL ANTHONY HUEVEL,
Co. K.



CORPORAL JOHN L. SMITH,
Co. K.

Photo taken at Camp, Beverly Ford, Va., 1863.

strengthening the earthworks, he was seriously wounded and borne away on a stretcher. Deserting from the hospital, a few weeks afterwards, in front of Petersburg, he was again with the regiment. Not yet recovered, his wounds broke out afresh, and he was forced by the surgeon to return for treatment, when, shortly after the fall of Richmond, Sergeant Nugent, riding at the head of the trains (he was then ordnance sergeant of the division), came across a man limping along in much pain, bare-footed, with his shoes slung over his musket. The sergeant's soldier sympathies were aroused, and, riding up, he generously tendered his horse to help him along, when, much to his astonishment, he discovered he was his old comrade Kessler. Kessler finding the confinement irksome, had again deserted from the hospital. Determined to participate actively in the end of the struggle, he was slowly working his way to his regiment. This time, with the help his companions gave him, he worried it through and had the satisfaction to be with his colors at the final muster-out.

The fight over, the enemy repulsed and night almost on, the front was without a picket line. No orders had yet been received to establish a general one, but anticipating their reception and as an essential precaution, Colonel Herring determined to cover his own regiment. The officers had all been so severely taxed that a reliable sergeant was selected to command. The selection fell upon Nugent, of "K." Satisfied that the right would also look after its own front, he was instructed to connect with what he would be likely to find there and to let his left rest upon a swamp, which, on that portion of the regimental front, lay a little beyond it. As the enemy was still pounding away with his artillery, Nugent first deployed his line, and then, advancing it with a rush, secured a fair position. With the cessation of the firing the line was adjusted, taking advantage of such cover as the trees and stumps afforded. There was considerable noise on the other side during the night, but no firing. At the earliest dawn the enemy's pickets were observed constructing pits. They evidently had not discovered

the location of our line. The careless manner in which they exposed themselves offered a tempting opportunity to shoot. Seen through the morning fog which hung close to the ground they appeared of giant-like stature. The men on the left, protected by timber, importuned Sergeant Nugent for permission to fire, but, with due regard for those who had only the stumps for cover, he wisely restrained them. Before the day ended Nugent's party had the satisfaction to witness a wholesale capture and complete dislodgement of the line they were so anxious to engage. Had they disclosed themselves the movement which effected this might have been entirely frustrated.

The 3d was another day selected for a tremendous battle. It was, indeed, tremendous, frightful in slaughter, great in splendid heroism, historic as a signal failure. From the 5th Corps, with its weak and lengthy lines, not much was expected. Still all along its front there was heavy firing and a brisk engagement.

At ten o'clock a lull in the cannonading brought attention to the yet neglected picket lines, and instructions were received from superior head-quarters to rectify those already established, to conform them advantageously to the nature of the ground and to secure their proper connection. The execution of these instructions, so far as the regiment was concerned, was left to Captain Walters. He had been giving some attention to the front and had already reported an opportunity to capture a Confederate color in an exposed position near our left. He begged permission to take advantage of the opportunity. The attempt was likely to interfere with other arrangements in contemplation, and his request was denied.

The land in front had been cleared and cultivated; the stumps still remained. On the enemy's left was an elevation. The ground then fell off gradually from his left to his right, until it reached the swamp which interposed between the lines. The general conformation of the ground was the same on one side as it was on the other. The enemy's pickets occupied from the crest of the elevation down the slope to be-

yond the swamp, terminating in a clump of trees opposite our left. This clump of trees, among his other observations, Walters had ascertained covered the enemy's extreme right post. Beyond there was nothing. Captain Walters saw no better ground to occupy for his pickets than that the enemy had chosen, and conceived the project of taking him in flank, capturing his posts and, by turning the pits already built to face the other way, utilize them for himself. It was a high soldierly conception, a daring undertaking, and needed skill and tact for its accomplishment.

The swamp, if it would admit of a passage, would afford excellent cover to conceal the operation. Selecting men tried, trusty and reliable, Captain Walters moved from inside the breastworks, crossed them and followed the skirts of the swamp until he had reached the point which he calculated to be nearest his objective. Still moving cautiously, he succeeded in passing by the clump of trees and gaining the rear of the enemy's extreme right post. Halting his detachment by a wave of the hand, he approached the post alone, and there found seated in the corner of a bunch of rails the picket, weary but not watchful, soundly sleeping, with his musket resting against his body. It was but the work of an instant to seize the piece, and a levelled pistol enforced the silence which Walters's muttered tones demanded. Disarmed, astonished, bewildered, after a little hesitancy, quickly removed by a still more determined and closer levelling of the pistol, the yawning Confederate yielded to the suppressed but insisting demand of Walters to be guided to the post nearest his left. Convinced that, if treacherous, his life would pay for it, the captive picket proceeded sullenly and silently in the direction of the adjoining post. The distance between the timber and the next post was short. Walters halted his detail in the clump of trees, and, moving stealthily with his captive, he was quickly in the rear of the post. It was the first of a series of pits. There were three men inside. One was gazing steadily to the front with rifle over the parapet pointed towards our line, the other two were

seated in easy posture, apparently engaged in interesting conversation. Here, again, Walters approached with levelled pistol. Beckoning three of his men from the woods, he disarmed the Confederates in the pit, hastened them singly to the woods as prisoners and replaced them with his own men. The other pits in sight were on something of an echelon formation, the steps of the echelon rising toward our front. No guide was needed, and, as each pit was a little in advance of the other, Walters was enabled, with little chance of detection, to come upon each from the rear. He now had four prisoners, three of his own men were detached, seventeen were still available. He had started with but twenty. The distance between the other pits was greater than that between the first two which had been captured. Several posts were now captured, one after another, each triplet of Confederates as they were captured being substituted by three Union soldiers. Walters had now reached a point on the sloping line much higher than the ground was where he started, when all the other posts on the rise, apparently having caught the situation, abandoned their places and disappeared. Walters, encumbered with his prisoners, managed with some difficulty to communicate with Colonel Throop, of the 1st Michigan, the nearest officer to him of higher rank. Reinforcements were sent him; he was supplied with entrenching tools, ordered to face the pits in the proper direction and hold the line until relieved. This he did under a sharp fire until the next morning, having also meanwhile safely secured all his prisoners and sent them to the rear.

On the morning of the 4th Lieutenant Ware was sent out with the relief. Ware, recently promoted from a sergenty, with a courage known to be equal to emergencies, was rather anxious, beyond the range of prudence, for early distinction. Walters, who had established his head-quarters in the clump of trees, from which he had a full view of his whole line, cautioned Ware against unnecessary exposure, and suggested that he allow his men to crawl to their places. This Ware declined to do and personally conducted each relief to its post. Instead

of taking advantage of the clumps of trees, he moved his head-quarters to the right and there having the men on the post deliver him their pieces loaded, one after another, that he might not be delayed by stopping to load, he opened and kept up a rapid fire. This, of course, soon drew attention, and experienced marksmen began to reply. But Ware would not desist, and, falling severely wounded, a few days afterwards died.

Captain Walters's feat secured him high commendation. He was personally congratulated, and his brevet commission as major mentions among other performances: "For gallant and distinguished services at Bethesda Church."

On the 4th, until noon, the regiment still occupied the same position, when it was relieved by the 2d Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, but after a couple of hours this regiment was withdrawn and the 118th again returned to its former place. Heavy fighting was heard on the left; the batteries were more or less active; picket firing continued through the night, and shortly after midnight orders were received to be in readiness at dawn to prevent a surprise.

On the 5th, pursuant to instructions, the men were aroused at 3 A. M. After daylight the wagons were brought up and a whiskey ration and two days' supplies were issued.

During the movements in the vicinity of the Tolopotomy and Bethesda Church the lines were often so close that every attempt to establish a picket line brought on a sharp contest, and each side thought the other the attacking party.

A successfully conceived ruse, in which there was no mistake as to who was the attacking party, on one of these occasions, secured the enemy's entire line. Happily for the success of the affair, the character of the attack was wholly misapprehended. The enemy, probably without acquaintance with the real advantage he had attained, had worked his picket line into such position that it must either be dislodged or the brigade seek another location. It was determined to dislodge it. The line was but about two hundred yards from our works and securely entrenched with pits. The country between was open, and

there was in fact no other place for our pickets than the ground the enemy occupied or beyond it.

A company of the 22d Massachusetts was brought into requisition and posted immediately in the centre of the brigade. They were directed to radiate their fire from their Spencer magazine rifles towards the right and left, and by its incessant rapidity to so force the enemy to the cover of his pits that he would have no opportunity for observation. A deployed line was at the same time organized which, when the fire of the 22d had so driven the enemy to cover that the movement could be unobserved, was to move at a run to the right and left and capture the posts at those points. The 22d were to cease firing in those directions when they observed the men so near their point of assault that it would be likely to injure them, and then concentrate on the centre. The scheme so happily conceived worked admirably. When the right and left parties were within some thirty yards of their destination the firing was directed towards the centre. Under the suddenness of the concentration the deception worked so well that the rest of the distance was accomplished still without observation, and all the posts on the right and left were captured without the enemy firing a single shot or the loss of a man on either side. The party organized to operate on the centre under the same conditions was equally successful. The whole line was immediately occupied; entrenching tools were speedily at hand and the pits as promptly turned.

General Birney's division of the 2d Corps, that had been previously sent to strengthen the 5th Corps' lengthened lines, on the 5th was returned to its own corps and extended its left to the Chickahominy.

About ten o'clock on that night the brigade moved off finally from the vicinity of the Shady Grove Church Road, a locality it had learned to know so intimately, if not favorably. Major Spear, of the 20th Maine, was left in command of the division pickets, and Lieutenant Ashbrook of the regimental detail. There was sharp firing at times during the night. A friendly

fog aided the withdrawal of the pickets. During the night many of our wounded between the two lines, and under the direct fire of the pickets, were brought in by comrades.

That the acquaintanceship with Bethesda Church might not be discourteously severed, the brigade halted there at 2.30 in the morning; again resuming the march at sunrise the column reached Allen's Mill, not far from the old Tavern at Cold

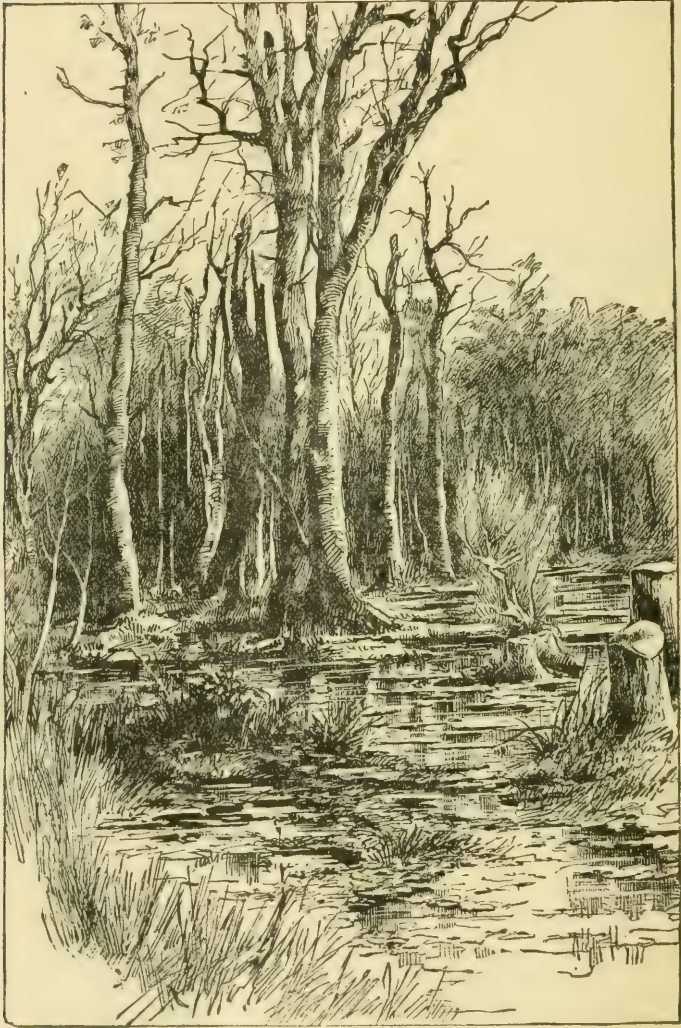


LOG BREASTWORKS WE OCCUPIED AT BETHESDA CHURCH.

Harbor. Here there was an all-day stop, intended to be, as it was, an interval of real, comforting rest. There was much gunnery along the entrenched lines. But once out of the fray the distant noise of a battle is a soft refrain. It is the hustle, screech and whirl of closer relations that break the illusion. This was the 5th Corps' "day off;" it had indeed earned a holiday.

Day had scarcely dawned on the 7th when the column was off again towards the left. A five-mile journey brought its right to Sumner's lower bridge on the Chickahominy.

In the constant hard usage of the campaign the clothing was



CHICKAHOMINY SWAMP.

worn almost threadbare ; the shoes were through to the ground. Shirts, drawers and stockings, forlorn and dirty, were mostly

beyond washing, and if change was to be made at all, a new issue was essentially necessary. The presence of Quartermaster Gardner in the camp indicated an arrival of supplies, and with the appearance of his well-stocked wagons shortly afterwards the ragged, worn and dirty garments were discarded for the new, clean clothing at hand to replace them.

The Chickahominy alone separating the combatants, the pickets soon began their accustomed familiarities. The 35th North Carolina *vis-a-vis'd* the 118th Pennsylvania. War may arouse bitter antipathies on occasions of actual combat, but when both sides speak the same tongue, with the exchange of a word or two, hatred and antagonisms melt before a natural tendency to be excessively communicative and sometimes confiding. Lone fishermen sat upon either end of the bridge, dangling their lines resultlessly and chatting complacently. In the absence of a mutually acceptable medium of exchange, or a suitable scale for the adjustment of the values of the recognized currency of the two sections, coffee went for tobacco and hard-tack for corn-bread.

A young soldier, not different, however, from the many ever anxious, regardless of consequence, to communicate intelligence which they conceive they possess exclusively, indiscreetly remarked in the course of a conversation with a new-made Carolina friend: "You fellows were d—n smart yesterday shelling that piece of woods on the side of the hill yonder; we ain't camped there; we're laying over on the flat."

The next day "those fellows" were smarter—not much either. They shelled for the soldiers, but struck in among the butchers slaughtering for an issue of fresh beef. The cattle had been split into halves down the middle when the shelling commenced. The butchers immediately disappeared, leaving their half-butchered beeves a certain prey to those less regardful of their personal safety. It was pretty active and very accurate practice that in those days would make a soldier of the Potomac army forego such a "sphlen-did" opportunity. There was no such activity or accuracy here. By the time the

shelling ceased and the butchers returned the slaughtered beef had disappeared and its reappearance was never even looked for.

To give an idea of the terrible slaughter at Cold Harbor, the 28th Mass. went into action with 310 men. Their loss was 53 killed, 149 wounded and 28 missing. In the fifteen minutes that covered the charge against the Rebel earthworks a Rebel officer who was engaged in this battle stated that they were massed five deep behind their works, and their artillery poured in a flanking fire of canister on them, and he expresses wonder that any survived.

Is it any wonder that the men refused to make the second charge?

That night we began to build breastworks.

Gen. Grant says in his book, page 276: "I have always regretted that the last assault at Cold Harbor was ever made."

A few days more rolled leisurely away. Gradually, as if weary of fight, if it were for slaughter only, the gunnery subsided, until at last it seemed to cease entirely. As bright a moon as ever shadowed a Virginia landscape lit the heavens on the night of the 12th of June, 1864. Guided by the light of its brilliant radiance, ere the midnight hour had gone, the far-reaching lines from the Matadaquin to the Chickahominy were all abandoned, and, stretching itself towards the James, the old Potomac Army, stiff and doughty as afore, was off for its lengthy grapple on the Appomattox.

AT NORTH ANNA.

Hill thought he would strike while the iron was hot, and while it could be hammered into shape, and make the Yanks believe that it was in this charge Lee was wielding the sledge; but he was like the fellow who took a piece of iron to the shop intending to make an axe. After working for some time and failing, he concluded that he would make a wedge, and failing in this, said "I'll make a skeow!" So he heats the iron red hot and drops it into the slack tub, and it went s-k-e-o-w—bubble, bubble, s-k-e-o-w, bust!

CHAPTER XVIII.

PETERSBURG—WELDON RAILROAD—PEEBLE'S FARM

THEY fled before our fierce attack,
They fall, they spread in broken surges;
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
And leave the foeman to his dirges.



It was a long wait still, but this was to be the final plunge. Nine months were yet to come of most exacting service in the trenches. During the forty long, weary days which had now closed there had been no day in which the men, if not actually engaged in fighting, had been beyond the sounds of artillery and musketry, and day by day the list of casualties had grown larger and larger.

The line upon which General Grant had determined to fight it out if every day of all the summer time should witness a battle was crimsoned with blood, from the Rapidan to where the deadly miasmas lingered around the sluggish waters of the Chickahominy. The summer was lost in autumn, autumn in winter and the winter broken by spring before the line had come to an end and the battle had ceased to rage.

There was a promise of respite from the daily sounds of carnage. It was fifty miles by the safest route and surest crossing of the James to the destination fixed upon. The enemy was to be deceived by a feint toward Richmond from the direction of White Oak Swamp. Should this deception succeed, the exposed flank was secure from attack, the march safe from interruption. To the point where the end sought for was to follow

the wise execution of a skilful conception, the movement from the Chickahominy to Petersburg was eminently successful.

This end, the seizure of Petersburg, as usual, failed of its expected consummation. Every combination had been made as intended. A great army had stolen quietly from actual contact with its adversary, marched fifty miles, crossed two rivers, one a tide-water stream a half mile wide, fifteen fathoms deep, and was within an arm's length of the place it purposed seizing before its foe knew the point of intended attack. It was but thirty-four miles from Cold Harbor to Petersburg by the route Lee should travel, but he stood toying with a brigade of Wilson's cavalry and a division of Warren's infantry at Riddell's Shop, a third of the way on his journey, while Grant, with full force for his purpose, had reached the coveted position he had sought to seize. But just here something again went wrong. Lee, catching the scent, hastened to the rescue, and what might have been the work of a summer's afternoon took many months for its accomplishment.

The chief road-crossings of the Chickahominy below Bottom's Bridge were Long Bridge, fifteen miles below Cold Harbor, where Hancock and Warren were to cross; Jones's Bridge, five miles further down, reserved for Wright and Burnside, and still four miles below that, at the head of navigation, was Windsor Shades. There the great trains, moving from White House Landing on the Pamunkey, were to find their way over.

The marches at once assumed a business aspect. Long and exhaustive they were—from twenty-five to thirty-five and sometimes forty-five miles in length. The promise that the sounds of battle should not disturb the ear was realized. Wilson and Crawford's affair at Riddell's Shop was so far away or so light in contrast with what had gone before that it scarce secured a passing comment.

The halts were for rest and not for bivouac. Crossing Long Bridge at dawn on the 13th and moving on until seven o'clock, the longest halt was made at White Oak Swamp, where the divi-

sion lay all day, awaiting Crawford's call for aid if he should find he needed help. What little there was to do required no assistance, and at eight o'clock the division was off again to make the distance the rest of the army, some of which had kept it up continuously for twenty hours, had gained upon it. There was a break from two to five, and at nine a lengthy stop at Charles City Court-House for breakfast. The 2d was the only corps ahead, and at one o'clock, abreast with the 6th, the 5th was on the bank, gazing with fitting admiration, as did the colonist of old, at the broad sweep of the great, majestic James.

The lands bordering the stream, not sensibly affected by the rough usage of '62, were fruitful and abundant. The magnificent James River country was ever famous for its wealth, its bounteous products, its learned and patriotic aristocracy, from the days when Gosnold and Newport and Smith wrenched an ownership from the savage proprietors of the soil. It lay, bright and picturesque, a landscape unrivalled for beauty. The "great river" bore a mighty fleet upon its quiet surface. There were craft of all descriptions: vessels of burden, steamers for passage, transports and luggers, ferry-boats, schooners, sloops, and the high wooden walls of great river boats that had often borne gay and joyous crowds on many a summer journey upon "The Sound," the Hudson, the Delaware and the Chesapeake, each and all of them now subordinated to the urgent needs of the occasion. But dominating all these, with their black, gloomy hulls and frowning guns, silent, reliable and impressive, were the ships of the American Navy. Chief among the war ships was the rebel ram "Atlanta," unchanged in shape or name, a recent trophy won in valiant fight in distant Southern waters.

The long pontoon bridge of 100 boats stretched from shore to shore. Old Fort Powhattan, revived, reconstructed, improved, with its sloping parapet, its barbette guns, bristled formidable on the other side. The 2d Corps, its columns attenuated by the distance, was slowly winding its way over the bridge; the great trains and artillery were arriving and parking,

and boats and transports were ferrying to and fro to cross the soldiers hurriedly.

For form's sake the river fronts above seemed to need a little looking after, and Captain Young, with 150 men, was of a detail sent to picket on the banks. It was a short season of luxury. Upon that line, at least, the men were willing to fight it out even if it did take all summer. Removed a short distance from where the pressure of numbers had exhausted the country's rich supply, there was no limit to the good things available. The shad were still running. They were successfully caught, and a shad dinner fairly divided attention between diet and duty. Milk, eggs and steaks, pork and mutton, supplied a dainty supper; and, with well-satisfied appetite, its tour of duty finished, the detail yielded to the inevitable and gave way reluctantly to the unwelcome relief. The Aaron Burr and Judah P. Benjamin plantations supplied many of the good things the men had so thoroughly enjoyed.

The respite from the noise of battle was over, and heavy cannonading, deep, dull, suggestive, boomed out from the direction of Bermuda Hundred.

At six o'clock, on the morning of the 16th, the regiment embarked on the steamer "Exchange" at Wilcox's Landing, crossed the river and debarked at Wind Mill Point. The men lounged about, bathed, swam and sported in the river until half-past one, when the division, the 118th leading, began the forced march which terminated at midnight within a few miles of Petersburg. The journey was enlivened at times by the sharp rattle of musketry in the distance and by rumors that the division of colored troops had carried the outer works at Petersburg.

Here was the first experience in this vicinity of a water famine. The fatiguing march was accompanied by the accustomed growling, and word went along the column that the division would halt as soon as it reached water. At last it was found, fit, probably, for thirsty soldiers, but certainly for none else. A green slime floated on the surface; a skilful and sudden movement with

the bottom of the tin-cup opened the scum, and then a hurried dip before it closed again supplied a cupful. So urgent was the thirst that the foul, slimy liquid was swallowed with avidity, regardless of taste or consequence. With the daylight an attempt to wash in this swampy bayou was speedily abandoned. It revealed hosts of forbidding animalculæ, tad-poles, "zig-zaggers" and every squirming insect that found life and comfort in such repulsive quarters. The flavor of the morning's coffee disappeared in gally bitterness. Rather than fill canteens the men moved on in hopes of finding something better. They soon discovered their mistake. Instead of finding better, there was none at all. In the section the army was approaching and that was so long to be its home, there was no water on the surface during the hot season just at hand. At every change of position it was first a dig for cover and then a dig for water.

General William F. Smith, with his 18th Corps, returned by transports from White House Landing to the Army of the James, reaching Bermuda Hundred at sunset on the 14th. He was ordered, with Hink's division of colored troops, to attack Petersburg at daylight. There were six or seven miles to make. Reconnoissances, deployments and preliminaries followed, and it was seven o'clock in the evening before the assault was delivered. Two miles out the town was encircled by infantry parapets. Nobody was there but Wise's brigade of militia and Dearing's cavalry brigade. The attack was successful and a number of the redans were secured. At nine o'clock others fell before another assault.

Smith, advised that two of Hancock's divisions were within supporting distance, sat down before the works for the night. Hancock, having had no intimation that Petersburg was to be assaulted on the 16th, had stopped to ration his corps and had been directed, because of faulty maps, to a point that really had no existence. The delay was fatal to immediate success. Lee was not convinced or did not know that the Army of the Potomac was over the James until it was nearly all across. Beau-

regard, either with more information or a better grasp of the probabilities, on the night of the 16th took Hoke's division that Lee had sent him and started it off to Petersburg. It reached there before morning, followed closely by Johnson. Hagood's brigade of Hoke's division formed on Wise's left, and the line with Johnson was about five miles long, with the left resting on the Appomattox. No other reinforcements arrived until the morning of the 18th, when Kershaw and Field, and afterwards Heth, reached the ground.

When Hancock relieved Smith in the morning and assaulted he captured two or three more of the outlying redans, together with their connecting works, but after desperate fighting and with heavy loss. Several vigorous attempts during the night to retake the ground were repulsed. Hancock had evidently met Hoke and probably Johnson.

At the first of dawn on the 17th Griffin and Curtin's brigades of Potter's division, 9th Corps, were directed to assault the redans and lines on the right in the vicinity of the Shands House, in silence and with the bayonet. It was one of the few, if not the only one, of the many assaults during the war, that were so directed, that was so accomplished. The works were carried in most gallant shape. The Confederate troops were caught asleep with their arms in their hands. Four guns, five colors, 600 prisoners and 1,500 stands of small arms were captured.

The assault on the 17th was confined almost entirely to the 9th Corps, with Barlow, Gibbon and Birney's division at times supporting, and Crawford's division of the 5th Corps thrown in as a further support on the last attack. All the assaults were gallantly conducted, resulting generally in success, but only after heavy casualties.

During the night Beauregard, who had been for the past two days managing affairs, determined to withdraw to an interior and shorter line which his engineers had laid out for him. The line was back from five hundred to a thousand yards; extended from the Appomattox first southeast and then south, and inter-

sected the original line at the Jerusalem Plank Road. The withdrawal was accomplished after midnight and the work of entrenchment at once began. This was substantially the line of resistance, extended as new developments on our part required to be met, during the whole of the operations about Petersburg.

But a few hours had elapsed in time since we had neared Petersburg, but they were hours of dangers braved, of opportunities lost. If the vigorous assault had been as persistent while the enemy's outer works were crumbling as it was when he had entrenched himself within his permanent lines, his rout would have been complete.

The regiment remained during the 17th in its bivouac of the night before, in hearing of the hard work in progress nearer Petersburg.

On the morning of the 18th, at 4.30, the division moved out towards the front, to play its part in the various combinations planned for execution during that eventful day. Bartlett's was in rear of the division and the 118th in rear of the brigade.

The march trended towards the left of the Hare House, and concluded in rear of the position in front of which on the enemy's side was what was afterwards known as Elliott's salient, under which the Burnside mine was subsequently exploded. On the route the column passed over the site of some of the previous hard fighting. The dead of both sides were still unburied. In a breastwork which had been occupied by the enemy the Confederates, four deep, lay on top of each other. The attack at this point had evidently been made by the 1st Michigan Sharpshooters, of Wilcox's division, 9th Corps. Their dead lay so close that their muskets crossed each other. There are thoughtful men who study battles who reject the phrase "piles of dead" as an extravagance. The Bloody Lane at Antietam, the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania, and here at Petersburg, is testimony sufficient to justify its use. The fight at this place was late in the afternoon. The 1st Michigan

Sharpshooters were a new regiment, skilled in the use of the rifle, as was shown by the dead Confederates, who were shot either in the forehead or face. The Confederates held up their hands as if about to surrender ; but as soon as the sharpshooters were close to their breastwork opened fire on them, at the same time giving a terrific yell. Three brothers belonging to the sharpshooters were lying near each other. Together in life, they were not separated in death. The dead were literally piled one upon another. There were but few survivors on either side.

All the corps which were in position—the 2d, 5th and 9th—assaulted the new and interior line of the enemy late in the afternoon, at hours not widely apart. The most serious work in General Warren's corps, whose assault was well managed, fell upon the 1st and 2d brigades of Griffin's division. None of the assaults were successful, but Griffin's appears to have been the most vigorous. His losses were severe and some of his men were killed within twenty feet of the enemy's works.

Colonel Chamberlain, of the 20th Maine, who had recently been assigned to a brigade in the division, was desperately wounded leading the charge under a destructive fire. He had previously been recommended for promotion. He had fully earned it as far back as Gettysburg, when he so heroically defended Little Round Top. His action here accelerated a tardy justice and he was promoted upon the spot. It came directly through General Grant, who thus refers to it: "Colonel J. L. Chamberlain, of the 20th Maine, was wounded on the 18th. He was gallantly leading his brigade at the time, as he had been in the habit of doing in all the engagements in which he had previously been engaged. He had several times been recommended for a brigadier-generalcy for gallant and meritorious conduct. On this occasion, however, I promoted him on the spot, and forwarded a copy of my order to the War Department, asking that my act might be confirmed and Chamberlain's name sent to the Senate for confirmation without delay. This was done, and at last a gallant and meritorious officer

received partial justice at the hands of his government, which he had served so faithfully and so well.”*

The attempt to establish an advance line by taking Petersburg had not been bloodless. The total of killed and wounded when footed up was 8,772. Adding to this 1,814 missing, we have as the total of our loss, 10,586. This opened the fight along the lines of Petersburg; as a whole, the most remarkable and long-sustained contest known in history.

Generals Grant and Meade, satisfied that all that could be done had been done, gave directions that the assaults should cease and that the troops be placed under cover to secure some rest, which they most certainly needed. Looking at it from the present time, it was a novel sort of rest to be under fire of some sort or other part of every day or night. But in those days it was assurance that no more earthworks were to be assaulted. These assaults had failed so often, or if successful had shown no results, that the men had about concluded that they had seen enough of them. And so began the siege of Petersburg.

Though the siege had commenced in purpose it was only as the great forts rose responsive to the directions of the engineers, and the earthworks assumed a character for strength and endurance before unknown, that the army began to comprehend it had settled down to its work of investment. A new experience was in waiting. The ever-present dangers, the strain of a lengthy and ever-lengthening siege was a startling contemplation—if soldiers ever stopped or cared to contemplate. The sortie, the bomb-proof, the mine, the counter-mine, the covered way, new even to these experienced men, they were to learn the use and purpose of as well as they already knew of the advance, the charge, the assault, the repulse, and all the perils of the deadly fray in open field.

To encircle Petersburg as completely as a siege demanded, it was essential that the two railroads, the Weldon and the

* “Personal Memoirs,” Vol. ii. p. 297.

Lynchburg, should be covered. It was some time before the first was controlled, and the other never was until the city fell. The 6th Corps was sent to accomplish this purpose, and the 2d, connecting its right with the left of the 5th Corps at the Jerusalem plank road, was ordered to swing around its left and close in on the enemy. At first these corps were ordered to keep up connections, but these instructions were subsequently withdrawn and a gap opened between the 6th and 2d Corps. A. P. Hill, sent to look after Wright's attempt on the Weldon railroad, leaving Wilcox to take care of him, passed through the opening with Mahone, drove back Barlow's and Mott's division in some confusion, struck Gibbon's left and broke his second line. The entire corps line was subsequently recovered and entrenched. The 6th Corps abandoned its attempt on the railroads, refused the 2d's left, faced the Weldon railroad, though at some distance from the road, and threw its pickets out close up to it. In this general position the army remained some time, the 9th and 5th Corps being pushed close up to the enemy to the eastward of and on the direct Petersburg front.

The first among the substantial lines built by the division was secured by a night advance of the 20th Maine, 118th Pennsylvania, 18th Massachusetts, 1st Michigan and 16th Michigan, under the command of Colonel Herring. He pushed up as close to the enemy's position as his instructions would warrant without involving the troops in a direct assault, and by daylight had protected himself with entrenchments calculated, after some strengthening, to be maintained as a permanent work. The loss in this operation was one man killed and six wounded.

The enemy kept up an active fire during the day. The works were an effective cover and the only casualty was Eshback, of Company "I," wounded.

Active gunnery continued day and night, and the pickets, particularly in front of the 9th Corps, were continuously and frequently severely engaged. The position held by the regiment while it occupied the entrenchments, varied by occasional



WORKS AROUND PETERSBURG, SHOWING POSITION 118TH OCCUPIED.

changes, were at points about equidistant between the Jerusalem plank road and opposite Elliott's salient, afterwards the crater. It was sometimes in reserve, generally in front. Either was in effective artillery range, and casualties were as frequent in one as in the other.

Surface water had disappeared entirely. Squads were dispatched in different directions to look for signs indicating that with pick and shovel a supply might be secured below the sur-



face. Sergeant Nugent, ready and reliable, was the most successful in discovering it. After a search of several hours he set his squad to work, and at the depth of five or six feet found excellent water. Two barrels sunk to the bottom walled the well, and a guard thrown around it kept off intruders not entitled to its privileges. The sergeant, as a recognition of his discovery, was placed in charge of the guard, but, though less exposed, he soon grew weary and lonesome of a retirement that kept him from his companions, and at the end of three

days, at his own request, was returned to his company. The well was not altogether out of range, and musket balls, pretty well spent, often dropped near it. One had enough force left to kill, and a man loaded with canteens was shot just as he reached the well.

It is said to have been a mystery to the Confederates where our water came from. In fact, they were encouraged in the belief that it came from the James, that sufficient quantities could not long continue to be hauled so great a distance to

sustain the army, and Grant consequently must soon abandon his lines. Theirs was obtained from the water works of the city of Petersburg, and as the works were never intended to answer such demands, the supply was limited, and to procure it involved much inconvenience and labor. An early inquiry after the pickets became acquainted cleared up the mystery, and the enemy soon became as apt well-diggers as our men.

The pickets soon began to fraternize with probably a greater freedom and familiarity than ever before. Certainly, the intimacy, if not closer, was of greater length. Instead of depending on individual posts to conduct the usual bartering a regular exchange was arranged. A little clump of trees between the lines concealed a broad stump. This soon became the recognized market place. One side would visit it, leaving their contributions, and the other taking them away would deposit theirs. There were no calls for more margin, no "clearing house" to settle differences. Every barter was accompanied by immediate delivery, all questions of value were subordinated to needs, and the traders were satisfied with goods furnished by one side that were unobtainable by the other. The article most desired by our men was tobacco, and of this the Confederates seemed always to have an abundant supply.

An enterprising fellow, probably familiar with merchandising from having been employed in a country store, inventoried a list of articles he was most in need of, offering liberal terms of barter or purchase, and sent it with a request for its free circulation across the lines. This man who was on picket walked out towards our pickets, and placed a stick between the lines, and stuck on it the communication. He then returned to his position. The ever active and investigating Smith, of "K," who was on picket at the time, promptly went out from his post and received it. Smith still has the paper in his possession, and treasures it as a memento. A fac-simile of it is here introduced. The paper is indeed worth preserving, and especially so in view of the fate which befell the writer a few days later, of which mention will be made.

Mr. Gantt

if you have any
writing paper & envelops & paper
or sugar or nifes or Combs or
a Deck. of Cards or saaps
or a good horse sock
or aile Cloth or any
Little trick you wish
to trade for tobacco
or if you will bring
the writing Paper &
envelops or some
Black spool Thread
& some Black flax
Thread I will pay
you in greenbacks
for it. I am your
friend untill fired
a por. J. S. Lumpkin
Co. S. L. Fla Reg

read this & pass
it a round Ball
of your Comrads
if you Pleas

bring all the
artillery if you
can get them &
more if you
have it today must
S. F. Reh.*

Cards were often played. A large tree between the lines offered convenient shade, and it was not a rare sight to see

* The following letter shows that the name of the man was J. T. Lumpkin:

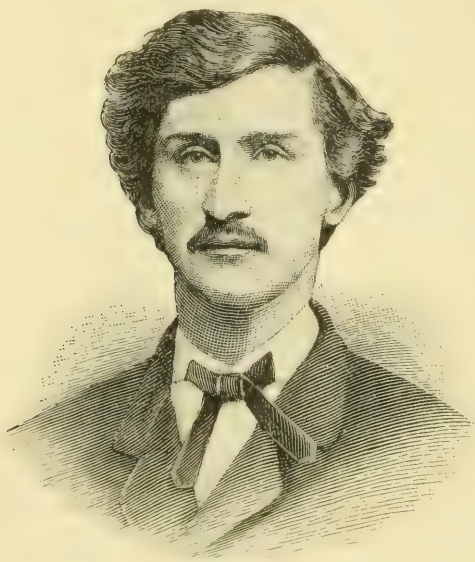
“TALLAHASSEE, FLA., May 31, 1886.

“MR. J. L. SMITH:

“DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 26th inst. to hand. Your suggestion that the name you wish to know is Lompkins, instead of Tompkins, caused a search among the L's, and I find upon the register the name of 4th Sergeant J. T. Lumpkin, Company G, 2d Florida Regiment, who is doubtless the man you seek. If you remember the personal appearance of the man you may recognize him by this description, as I remember him. He was at that time about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, near six feet tall, weighed about 180 pounds, dark complexion, dark hair and eyes, round, smooth face, and incessant talker, sometimes stammering when excited, considerably addicted to boasting and profanity, in fact a bravado. If this is the man you seek, he met his fate one summer evening on the breastwork in front of Petersburg. You will possibly remember that there was a tacit agreement between the pickets to our left of the Jerusalem plank road to cease firing every afternoon about four o'clock while changing or relieving the pickets; in short, an informal truce which was in direct violation of Confederate orders, but nevertheless faithfully observed, except on one occasion. Perry's brigade, of which the 2d Florida was a part, and which I then commanded, occupied that part of the line known as the 'Tim River's Salient,' and immediately in front of what the United States soldiers called 'Fort Hell.' On this occasion Joe Davis's brigade, from another portion of our lines, had, just before the time for relieving pickets, relieved the brigade on our left, and, of course, received the general orders to fire upon every soldier showing himself. When the pickets were being relieved, the Union pickets, as usual, stood up in their pits to get their blankets, etc., in readiness for marching, whereupon some of Davis's men fired upon them, killing and

six, eight or even ten men under it of the 1st Michigan, 20th Maine, 18th and 22d Massachusetts engaged in some game of chance.

While this understanding was pending, Sergeant Daniel B. Cobb, of "H," occupied one of the picket rifle pits. The men occupying the pit on the right kindled a fire to cook coffee. The fire caught the dry grass, and, as it was spreading rapidly in his direction, Cobb rose to extinguish it, and while stamping it



SERGEANT DANIEL B. COBB.

out a single, well-directed shot from the enemy shattered one of the bones of his right forearm. The wound subsequently required an operation, removing the entire bone from the elbow to the wrist. The man who fired the shot did so of his own motion and was severely censured for his conduct. The next day a man was seen parading the earth-works with a log of

wood across his shoulders. As identifying him as the delinquent and indicative of the condemnation of his actions, his

wounding some. This provoked a return fire upon Davis's front. At that time Lumpkin was walking upon the top of the breastwork, and, being cautioned by some of his friends against thus exposing himself, after the firing was provoked, replied with an oath that the d—d Yankee bullet that was to hit him had not been moulded yet. The words had scarcely left his lips when a bullet crashed through his hip, and he fell heavily into the works. That night his leg was amputated at the hip-joint, and next day he had joined the countless throng gone before.

"Yours respectfully,

"D. LANG, *Adjutant-General.*"

companions loudly extended an invitation to shoot him. No one seemed disposed to accept it. Vengeance slumbered in the satisfaction of the execration visited on the creature by his own associates.

Not so with the 9th Corps's front. Where the picket posts of the 5th Corps stopped and that corps began was a point—the enemy knew it well—for a resumption of hostilities. No terms or conditions would induce their cessation. Whether it was a bitterness towards the division of colored troops—a part of the 9th Corps—or whether the lines were so close that each side feared treachery and a surprise, was never distinctly understood. It was more than likely the danger of a surprise, as when picket firing did cease during the day it was always resumed there at night, preceded, as the night approached, with a warning from each side that they were about to commence firing.

The harmony prevailing in front of the 5th Corps was in striking contrast. On one occasion during the night large fires burst out in many places well to the rear of our lines. They were doubtless caused from the destruction of condemned supplies or stores, so wholly useless as not to be worth removal. These fires attracted the enemy's attention and aroused his suspicions. Just before day the pickets, with no intimation of their purpose, opened with vigorous volleys. Musket balls whistled overhead, struck the works, rattled through the timber, until day had dawned sufficiently to bring objects fully into view. Then the enemy, anxious to resume their friendly attitude, cried out: "Yanks, don't fire! the hull thing's a mistake." The large fires had created the impression that our army was about to withdraw, and with a view to hinder it as much as possible the entire picket line had been ordered to open. Daylight revealed the error into which the Confederates had fallen. Profuse expressions of regrets followed on their part. The enemy were given to understand emphatically that the Union army had come there to stay, and cautioned not to be again led into such a blunder.

There was no other interruption of the amicable picket relations while the division remained in this position, except as more active operations on either side at times required it, and then a word of caution was given.

The great breastworks afforded tolerable protection from the effects of active artillery practice, and the agreement between the pickets had stopped the whirr of the deadly musket ball, when a new but not altogether unknown weapon and missile found a place at the front. The Army of the Potomac had acquired a little practical acquaintance with mortars and mortar shells at rare intervals through the war. At Petersburg this acquaintanceship grew to a close and very undesirable intimacy. Mortar shells move with grave deliberation. They rise slowly, curve gracefully, descend easily, plunge fatally, if any one has the temerity to remain exposed where they fall. Their slow flight, readily traceable by the burning fuse, and not infrequently by the sight of the shell itself, affords ample opportunity to escape the consequences of the explosion, if there be a place to escape to. And the only place of assured safety is the well and securely constructed "bomb-proof." With these in abundance, mortar practice loses much of its terror, and with both besiegers and besieged is sometimes started to while away monotony, amuse soldier visitors, or afford the entertainment attending a fine display of pyrotechnics.

Later on in the siege, when Fort Sedgwick had secured its sobriquet of Fort Hell, and Mahone of Fort Damnation, an officer from the left, where the lines were not so close, accompanied by a few friends, rode over in that direction, through the covered ways, for a more practical insight into siege operations. The lines were closer at these forts than at any other point. A little to the right of Sedgwick was a cohorn battery that answered very well for exhibition purposes when such inquisitive prowlers happened around. It was a dull, murky afternoon; the batteries on both sides were quiet. No one ventured to suggest to the officer in charge of the cohorns that a little practice would be agreeable, but he, observing that the

strangers were in search of what to them he thought was doubtless a novelty, hazarded a shot or two. As the missiles rose and curved towards their destination, his men mounted the parapet to watch with what effective aim their shots had been directed and to give the caution to "cover" if the enemy's reply should come as true as sent. The response came quickly, and all prepared to seek the friendly bomb-proofs, when the watchers on the ramparts stopped the movement with the remark: "Never mind; stay where you are. There it goes, right into hell." It seemed, so it was stated, that such was



usually the case. No matter what batteries in that vicinity opened, the enemy usually punished Sedgwick for the sins of all the others.

The bomb-proofs went up, or rather went down, rapidly, and great subterranean cities took the place of the canvas-covered towns in the trenches.

They required considerable timber. There was not much to be spared from the immediate vicinity, and to drag it by hand from the rear involved time and labor. The 118th were on terms of close friendship with the men of a battery on their

right. Their horses were idle and were kindly proffered to do the hauling. The pine logs were laid transversely across the excavation, chinked with leaves and boughs, and from twenty-four to thirty inches of dirt was thrown on top and closely packed. This roof was impervious to all sorts of missiles. Some of the bomb-proofs were built to accommodate a dozen men or more, and were of dimensions of some fourteen by sixteen feet.

The company cook-houses were constructed in a horseshoe shape, some three feet deep, with dirt thrown up towards the front and on the flanks. A covered way led from the bomb-proofs to the cook-houses, flanked with logs, and deep enough for dodging if artillery disturbed a passage at the hours for meals.

1st Sergeant Mayberry and Sergeant Paul, not satisfied with such crowded accommodations, and convinced that they could improve on the ordinary plan of construction for light and air at least, concluded to build private quarters for themselves. Instead of resting the two ends of the transverse logs directly upon the earth, two logs were laid transversely at either end of the excavation and then two other logs, long enough to include the entire length of the pit, were laid longitudinally on these end pieces. The roof logs were then laid on the long stringers, and an opening of from six to eight inches wide thus secured, extending the whole length of the bomb-proof for the free entrance of light and air. The structure was convenient and cheerful, but its occupancy proved decidedly precarious. Mayberry and Paul, resting on the wane of a summer's afternoon, after a hard tour of duty, had their repose most seriously interrupted. Their bunk was lengthwise of the bomb-proof. There they both lay asleep. A twelve-pound shell with lighted fuse entered one of the openings, rolled underneath the bunk and exploded. Many saw the missile enter and heard the explosion that followed. That Mayberry and Paul should ever appear again except as mangled corpses was never for a moment contemplated. A crowd gathered at the entrance, ready

with assistance when the smoke should clear away, when suddenly they both loomed up, powder-begrimed, but unharmed and sound. Their astonishment for a time hindered their comprehension of the situation. Their senses soon returned, but the mystery of their safe deliverance was never solved. The shot must have been a shrapnel; well nigh a half-bucketful of broken iron and musket balls was gathered, and the cracks and breaks along the edges were safely and securely closed forever after.

George W. Yeager, of "I," known by the familiar designation of "Pud," on one occasion had steak on the spider, coffee in the pot, potatoes in the stewpan. His messmates watched with glee some hearts the preparation of the toothsome feast.

"'Pud,' sure you salted that steak?"

"Forgot it, by thunder," and "Pud" crawled to his "dug-out" for a supply. It wasn't worth while to come back. A shell had burst in "Pud's" improvised kitchen. Steak, coffee, pot, fire, everything had disappeared. "Pud" lost his supper but saved himself.

Rumors had prevailed, evidently accredited as well founded at the head-quarters of the army, that a brigade on the other side only awaited a favorable opportunity to come in entire. Instructions had been issued the pickets that if a single man approached they were not to fire; and further instructions that they were not to fire if two or three came along; finally there was to be no firing at any body of men provided they were moving by a flank. An approach in line of battle was the only sort of force to be resisted. Not satisfied but that the whole thing might be a ruse intended to cover a surprise, the reserves were brought up at night and lay in rear of the troops occupying the trenches until daylight. Ultimately it was developed that the matter had been well planned but failed at the moment when it was ready for consummation. Two brothers came in, one a little fellow who had been pushed out as a vedette at night beyond the pickets, and the other a big, brawny chap who was of the reserves. It was the night fixed; the big

brother, becoming a little anxious, had moved out to the little one, the vedette, to see that everything was right, and was returning to perfect the movement, but becoming alarmed rushed back to him again and the two came in together. Their coming was followed by loud, continued talking, much moving about and the clanking of officers' swords, all distinctly audible to the picket line. The plot had evidently miscarried; the officer had discovered it. The next day the place of the brigade that had contemplated this desertion was supplied by another.

It was essential that the amnesty proclamation, issued about this time, should in some way reach those invited to accept its immunities. It was ordered that the pickets should find means to deliver it to the enemy. They knew if they made their mission known the enemy would refuse to receive the paper, and they seemed indisposed to resort to a subterfuge to effect its delivery. But it was ordered to be done, and no matter how distasteful, the order must be obeyed. Captain Walters, in command of the detail, feeling that if he intrusted to his men the execution of his instructions they would either be attended to slovenly or avoided entirely, resolved to look after the matter himself. He threw off his uniform and robed himself in the garb of an enlisted man. Then having intimated by some cabalistic sign the soldiers had between themselves that he was desirous of effecting an exchange of newspapers, he loaded himself with an armful of daily journals containing the proclamation and started for the enemy's lines. For all these he received only a single copy of the *Richmond Despatch* in exchange. Walters did not stop to parley, nor complain of the inadequacy of the consideration; he felt convinced that if the character of the matter he had foisted off was detected it was doubtful whether he would be permitted to return at all. Hence without ceremony he hastened away. He had scarcely resumed his proper garb when a volume of bitter denunciation greeted his ears. The reason for his liberality had suddenly appeared.

An Irish soldier learned that his son was in a rebel regiment in front of him, and sent word to have him meet him on the picket-line. While the conference was in progress the rebels yelled over: "Say, Yank! it's a doggoned shame that you and your son should be fighting each other. You'd ought to come over on our side."

"No," said the level-headed Irishman, "he'd ought to be wid me"

That night the son deserted to our lines.

The every-day acquaintance with danger resulted frequently in unnecessary, careless exposure. It was generally pretty active practice that would drive men to the bomb-proofs. Occasional discharges were often regarded as harmless inventions to annoy. Corporal Robert Trenwith, of "B," had risen in a particularly cheerful mood, and as it was the day for an issue of rations, conceived it to be the first of his morning duties to look for the company quartermaster sergeant. He found him a short distance to the rear ready with supplies. No one was ahead and Trenwith seated himself on the bank, opened his haversack and talked gayly and whistled while the quartermaster doled out his allowances. A few mortar shells had been falling about innocently without attracting serious attention, when one appeared directly over the heads of the quartermaster and Trenwith. It was too late to avoid it; one or both must go. The quartermaster escaped. The shell struck Trenwith on the right shoulder, tore off his entire right side and then, exploding, reduced the rest of his body to a shapeless mass beyond the form or appearance of a human being. The fragments were carefully gathered in a gum blanket and decently interred within the entrenchments. Corporal Trenwith was an excellent soldier. By his cheerful disposition and attractive ways he had drawn around him many friends.

With constant practice the artillery on both sides had secured quite accurate range. The embrasures of the fortifications were a favorite mark. Construction parties from the 118th contributed materially to the erection of Fort Sedgwick or

Fort Hell. After the embrasures had been constructed, while the work on the interior was still in progress, a watch was always kept through them to warn the working parties to look for cover at the discharge of every gun aimed in their direction. Sometimes the watchers, disposed to trifle, would purposely communicate a false alarm. Men engaged in such labor are in no mood for twitting. They are anxious to be through with it and get away. Such a joke once or twice repeated would secure the perpetrators a merited rebuke administered in very caustic language. When there was no firing the enemy would stand watching the work with apparently as much interest as if it was their own, looking, as the men styled it, as if they were "bossing the job."

On the morning of the 30th, at twenty minutes of four o'clock, the Burnside mine, the work of a month's incessant toil, was successfully exploded. Conceived by a talented Pennsylvania engineer, Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants, of the 48th Pennsylvania, carried to successful consummation by his skill and untiring energy, its explosion opened the way to Petersburg. But the way was closed by a delayed and mismanaged assault, for which inadequate preparations had been made, and by the personal cowardice of two general officers, whose faithful soldiers were left to flounder in the jaws of death without direction or guidance. General Walker, in his "History of the Second Army Corps," page 568, thus feelingly and eloquently refers to an instance so exceptional: "Never before or after in the history of the Potomac Army was such an exhibition made of official incapacity and personal cowardice. Speaking generally, our officers of rank were only too ready to expose themselves to danger, and the lists of killed and wounded testify how faithfully they discharged the trust committed to them. But at the mine two division commanders were hiding in bomb-proofs, while their troops wandered aimlessly from lack of direction or halted in front of obstacles which a single manly effort would have overcome."

The explosion opened a crater one hundred and fifty feet

long, sixty wide and twenty-five deep, overwhelmed the battery in Elliott's salient, the whole of the 18th and part of the 23d South Carolina Infantry, and spread such confusion and consternation, that for some distance on each side of it, the enemy's entrenchments were temporarily abandoned. It was half an hour after the mine exploded before the enemy's musketry became at all effective, and although our troops, five minutes after the explosion, had filed into the crater, they had not yet effected such a lodgement as would ensure a permanent holding. There was some sharp and gallant contests, but ultimately a most disastrous failure followed. At half-past twelve o'clock, after a loss of upwards of four thousand men, the assaulting columns were ordered to withdraw from the crater, where they had crowded to excess, to their places in the entrenchments.

The affair was peculiarly the 9th Corps's. With any indication of a permanent advantage, the 5th was designed to play a prominent part. Ayres's division and Cutler's brigade were massed to support Burnside, and Griffin's division, temporarily under the command of Bartlett, General Griffin being absent on sick-leave, held the whole front of the corps's entrenchments. General Bartlett was ordered to keep up a severe and continuous musketry fire, which he did, and was directed to advance at any intimation of break in the enemy's lines. This he did not do, as there was no break to warrant it. All the corps's artillery was heavily engaged and did some serious execution.

Sergeant Nugent says that after the victims in the crater had been mercilessly punished for some hours, the men of the regiment, convinced that the enemy must get it back, but satisfied they would not attempt it until nightfall, being weary from a rise long before day, concluded to go to sleep. Precedent justified this conviction. Assaults were almost invariably made with the break of day or coming of darkness. Such was not the sergeant's belief in this instance, and so expressing himself, he seated himself on the earthworks to await developments while the rest slept. About noon what he believed

would follow was realized. In rear of the crater was the crest, without which the crater was untenable. A long line appeared rising the crest and moving obliquely over it toward the crater. The guns all trained on this point did not open immediately, and the sergeant rushed for the nearest battery. There, too, he found the gunners asleep. He aroused them. There was nothing to do but pull the lanyards. Mighty discharges followed. The shots struck in front; some took effect, but the ranks were either closed up or the men bowed easily and let them pass over. It was of no avail; the line moved on and the crater fell after they were repulsed twice.

The killed from this terrible slaughter lay in full view for several days. The heat was intense, bodies decomposed rapidly and when the wind came from that direction the stench was intolerable.

The colored troops had been paid off just before the mine explosion, and the enemy reaped a goodly harvest of greenbacks from the killed, wounded and prisoners. For some time afterwards, the enemy would stand upon the breastworks at the conclusion of the frequent artillery duels, and derisively cry loud enough to be heard distinctly: "Did that send any more niggers to the devil?" "When will the niggers be paid off again?" "Send them in on another charge when they get their money." Such and other kindred expressions of contempt for the colored troops continued until the mine affair had been absorbed in other momentous occurrences of a later date.

General Hancock had been sent to the north side of the James as a diversion in favor of the operations attending the mine explosion. He succeeded in drawing four of the enemy's divisions after him, but the prompt concentration of those left effected the speedy recovery of the ground lost at the crater.

On the 9th of July the 6th Corps was sent to overcome Early's Washington demonstration. Subsequently it gathered laurels for itself in Sheridan's splendid campaign in the Valley of Virginia, and did not rejoin the Potomac Army until about the Christmas times.



JOSEPH ASHBROOK,
Captain and Brevet-Major, U. S. Vols., 1862-1865.

As the asperities following the mine disaster subsided the picket familiarities were resumed. A small ravine covered with bushes was shielded from the observation of officers and opportunities were stolen for interviews. The troops opposite were from North Carolina and Florida. Some were boastful and confident; others dejected and despondent. The few desponding ones, had they been relieved from the presence of their more confident associates, might have been persuaded to come in. Lumpkins, the Floridian, had, in his previous interview, displayed a roll of some two hundred dollars in greenbacks which he said he had taken from the dead in the Wilderness. He professed to be a property-owner to the extent of seventy-five thousand dollars. This he was determined to defend. He was bitter in his denunciations, and rudely resented the intimation that his possessions would be assured him if he renounced his adherence to rebellion.

A rumor prevailed that the enemy were mining under Fort Sedgwick. A counter-mine was sprung but failed to detect anything. It seemed to be generally accredited that mines had actually been begun, but the attempt was foiled by reason of quicksands.

Robert Parks, of "I," a Scotchman, could imitate the sound of a ball to perfection. He was one of a group standing behind the entrenchments when an officer who had always persistently condemned dodging passed. The temptation was irresistible and Parks plied his imitations so rapidly that apparently the whole line had opened. The effect on the officer was instantaneous; dodging handsomely, he sought cover promptly, much to the amusement of Parks and his companions.

The summer had been oppressively hot and the drought excessive. No rain fell from the 3d of June to the 19th of July, a period of forty-seven days. Nor did any improvement follow the August rains; the high temperature continued, and the atmosphere became damp and humid.

On the nights of the 14th and 15th of August the 5th Corps

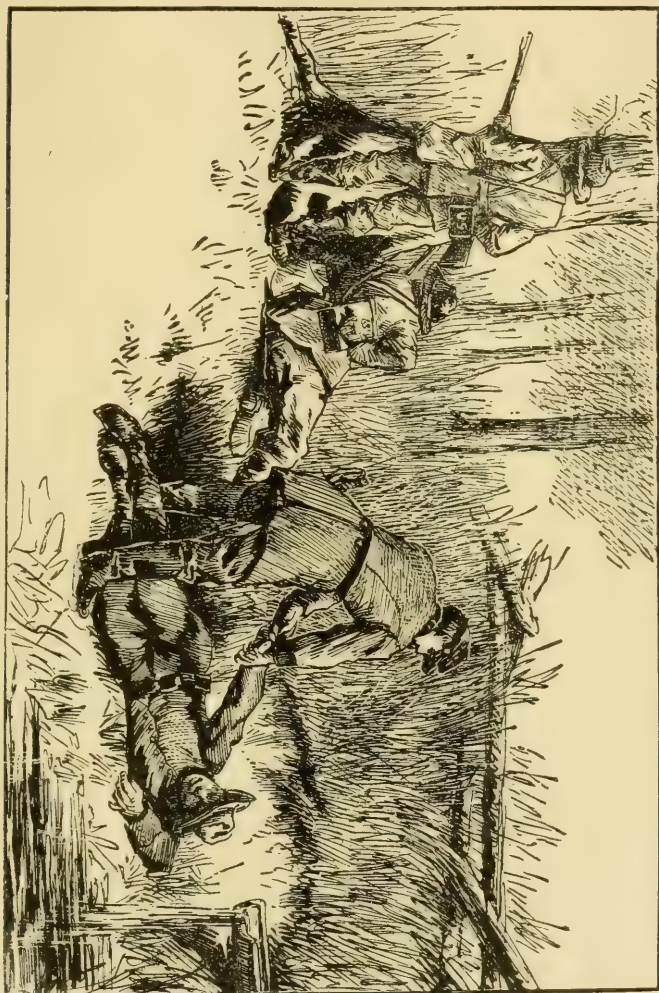
was relieved from its entrenchments by the 9th and held ready to move. The purpose this time was to take and hold the Weldon Railroad. The weather was excessively hot and close. An oppressive, warm rain fell and roads and fields were almost impassable with wheels. On the morning of the 18th Griffin's division struck camp near the Cheves House, in the vicinity of Fort Davis, a little before four o'clock, and marched about five miles. General Griffin had resumed command. The division led the corps and reached Dr. Gurley's about seven o'clock. There Dearing's brigade of the enemy's cavalry was encountered, and a line was formed of the 1st and 3d Brigades with a strong skirmish line in front. Dearing's brigade was disposed of by the pickets of the 3d New York Cavalry and several men were captured. The division then pushed on across the railroad at the Yellow or Globe Tavern without opposition, where it arrived about nine o'clock. From the Jerusalem Plank Road to the Tavern is about three miles.

The country in the vicinity of Dr. Gurley's was heavily timbered; from there to the railroad was more or less open. The railroad runs north and south. The march had deflected well to the southward to conceal it from the enemy. To the northward of the line of march dense timber covered almost the entire distance from the Jerusalem Plank Road to the railway. Numerous cartways and paths well known to the enemy crossed it in all directions. The Halifax Road runs parallel with the railroad. Beyond it, to the westward, about a mile, is the Vaughan Road. This road enters the Halifax Road to the north towards Petersburg, about a mile and a half from the Globe Tavern. Between the Vaughan and the Halifax Roads timber and cultivated lands alternate each other. Some of the open spaces towards the Vaughan Road, subsequently occupied by the enemy, were rising ground, well adapted for the location of batteries. The lines held by our forces were equally well suited for artillery, the timber at the same time concealing the guns.

General Griffin's division was disposed of immediately to

cover the position to the south and west. A strong picket line was thrown out some fifteen hundred yards to the front towards

HEAVY PICKET FIRING.



the Vaughan Road, and measures were at once taken by building rifle-pits and slashing to strengthen the position of the main line. During the various movements and heavy contests of

the three following days the division did not change its position materially, except that about five o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th the 1st and 3d Brigades were moved to the right and north to the line occupied by the other divisions of the corps. The 3d Brigade was absent but a short time, when it returned to its position without being engaged. The 187th Pennsylvania Volunteers had a very sharp engagement, the rest of the 1st Brigade remaining, meanwhile, in the second line of works. The whole of the 1st Brigade returned to its position the next morning.

General Ayres, advancing to the north along the railway, had reached within a half mile of the intersection of the Vaughan Road. Dearing had been prompt to communicate the appearance of a heavy force to seize the railroad, and General Heth, with Davis's and Walker's brigades, was pushed to his support. The enemy showing a firm determination to contest Ayres's further advance, General Crawford was sent to his right to prevent his being outflanked. Moving out the Vaughan Road about two o'clock Heth made a sudden attack upon Ayres's left. To prevent being outflanked Ayres drew back, then advancing drove the enemy from the ground. This ended the fighting for the day. General Crawford, all the way through dense woods, continued to move forward his right until dark.

The enemy's artillery reached Griffin's line, enfilading it. An enlisted man of the regiment, beside Captain Wilson, stepped aside to avoid a mud-hole; the captain took the mud; a solid shot struck the soldier and killed him. Wilson was unharmed.

The corps line was bent at something of an angle. Griffin faced west; Ayres and Crawford, with their fronts extending eastward towards the left of the main line of the besieging works at the Jerusalem Plank Road, faced north. There was yet a gap between Crawford's right and the pickets in that vicinity, and on the morning of the 19th General Bragg of Cutler's division was ordered to establish a picket line to con-

nect with the pickets of the 9th Corps. The work was probably defectively performed; "but at best," General Humphreys says, "would have constituted a very imperfect guard against an active enemy acquainted in detail with the woods, which at the distance of twenty paces screened everything from sight."

At half-past four o'clock General Mahone, with Weisiger's, Colquit's, and Clingman's brigades, moving in column of fours left in front, broke through the picket line and facing to the left swept rapidly down Crawford's line. His and the right of General Ayres's line were compelled to fall back, the skirmish line doing so in great confusion, masking the front of the line of battle. At the same time Heth, with Davis's and Walker's brigades, attacked Ayres's left. The repeated attempts to drive it back failed. Two regiments of the Pennsylvania Veteran Reserve out on the skirmish line were nearly all captured. General Hayes, whom the 118th had so well known as Colonel of the 18th Massachusetts, and whose high soldierly character had always elicited their admiration, was taken prisoner. He had received deserved promotion, and at the time commanded the 1st Brigade of Ayres's division.

General Ayres's and Crawford's line were reformed, and, with General Wilcox's division of the 9th Corps, which had in the meantime come up, advanced, drove Mahone back in great confusion to his entrenchments, recovered the ground taken and captured some prisoners. Heth's two brigades remained confronting Ayres's left.

General Griffin's division, under a flank fire from the enemy's artillery, was not engaged, except the 187th Pennsylvania of its 1st Brigade, which, as before mentioned, was sent to the point of attack.

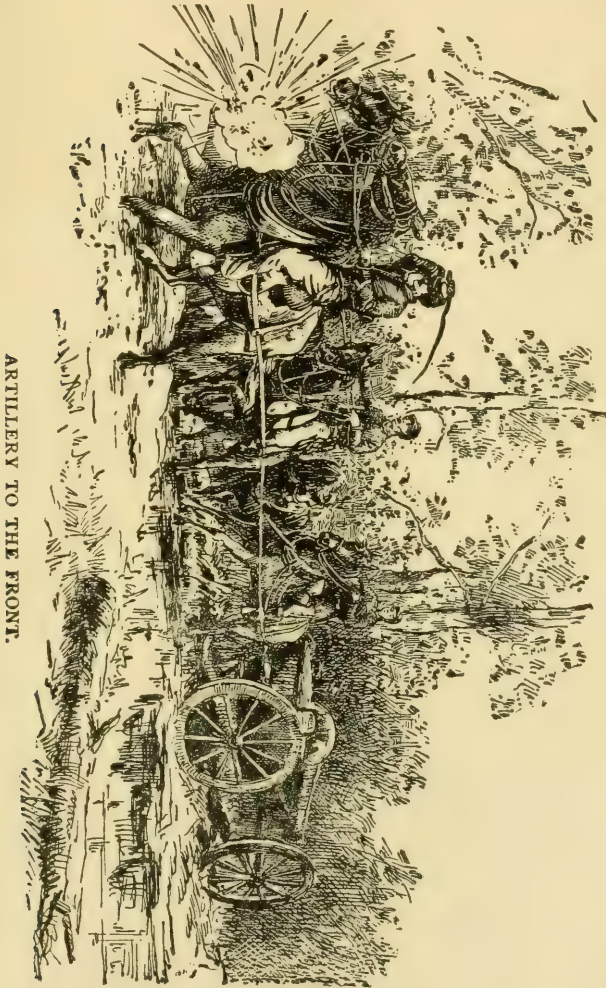
General Warren in his official report of this engagement says: "An instance of brutality occurred on the part of a rebel officer which deserves execration. Finding he was too closely pressed to carry off Captain Newberry, 12th United States Infantry, a prisoner, he deliberately put a pistol to his breast and shot him. This is the testimony of the dying man himself."

But the enemy were still inclined to be persistent. The occupation of the Weldon Railroad, if permitted to continue, would it was felt be soon extended farther and would of itself cause great embarrassment. This was true, for afterwards the enemy's nearest available railway station was Stony Creek, some fifteen miles south of Petersburg. From there a wagon haul was necessary by Dinwiddie Court-House and the Boydton Plank Road of some thirty miles for all the supplies that before had reached Petersburg by this all-rail route. The Confederates could not afford to give it up until blow after blow had been struck for its recovery. Expecting another attack, General Warren drew in his northern and northwestern lines to better adjust them for artillery defence, thus strengthening his infantry reserve.

He did not wait long. The 20th passed in quiet. On the morning of the 21st of August, about ten o'clock, the woods to the north and west showed evidence of life. Lines of gray three and four deep emerged from them, and with flaunting battle-flags bore down on the pickets. Batteries were run out on commanding eminences and thundered away effectively with an oblique fire. The pickets that were not captured fell back slowly, fighting. The attack fell heavily upon the Maryland brigade. Colonel Dushane, its commanding officer, a gallant soldier, was killed. General J. William Hoffman, the distinguished Philadelphian, who bore high battle honors for his city so honorably throughout the war, with his brigade of the 4th Division resisted the severe assault on his front manfully and successfully.

The Confederates came up through the standing corn in four lines of battle. The Maryland brigade laid down so that they could not be seen, and when the Confederates were within fifty yards they rose up and delivered a withering fire. Six times the flag of the first line of Confederates fell, and six times a color corporal picked it up and was killed. After that it laid on the ground until it was captured. The corn-stalks were cut off by the bullets as if with a knife.

These assaults were renewed but without effect. Hagood's brigade of South Carolinians, caught in a position where our



ARTILLERY TO THE FRONT.

troops were in echelon, were almost surrounded, threw down their arms and it was thought surrendered, when the firing ceased. Parties moving out to complete the capture were,

however, fired upon. In the confusion our men could not return the fire and many of Hagood's men escaped. Captain Daly, the provost-marshal of the 4th Division, was shot—General Warren says, by Hagood himself. It was a dastardly piece of work. Daly, as his official duties required, had ridden out to gather in the prisoners, believed to have surrendered, when a general officer, mounted upon a white horse, deliberately shot him. This act was plainly seen from several directions on the line and by our whole regiment. Instantly the men rose, levelled their pieces, fired, and both horse and rider fell. Every musket was discharged with fixed resolve; every aim was cool. General Sanders was the only Confederate general officer reported killed on this occasion. If it was a general officer who killed Daly, it must have been he and not Hagood.* Many battle-flags were taken. Private F. C. Anderson, Company A, of the 18th Massachusetts, captured the colors of the 27th South Carolina, bringing in the color sergeant also.

The prisoners said that their men had been urged to the assault by persuasive appeal, assured that the force holding the railroad was light and that at every cost its possession must be

* "THE NEWS AND COURIER," CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

November 14, 1887.

MR. J. L. SMITH, PHILADELPHIA,

DEAR SIR:—Some little difficulty in obtaining the information you asked for has prevented me from replying to your note at an earlier date. I was not on General Hagood's staff, but have seen him on the subject of your inquiry.

General Hagood says that the fight in question took place at Globetown and no other brigade but General Hagood's took part in the fight. Finnigan's brigade had no part whatever in the fight. General Hagood did not ride a white horse. When he went into action he rode a bay horse, and after the personal encounter with the staff officer, which is mentioned in the letter (and whose name, I think, was Daly), he took the officer's horse and rode that. It was a bay horse which was secured by General Hagood in this way. In a few minutes the horse was killed, General Hagood falling with it. This led to the rumor that General Hagood was killed.

I trust that this information is what you want, and have the pleasure to remain,

Yours very truly,

F. W. DAWSON.

recovered. One of them, a shoemaker, had been hustled away from his work-bench in Petersburg in the morning and by noon was a prisoner of war. He did not seem to worry over the change.

The Flowers House lay between the Vaughan and Halifax Roads, nearest the former (see map). The family consisted of a mother and son, pretty well grown. They were said to have once been Philadelphians and to have had a strong bias towards the Union cause. The boy had been permitted to pass freely to and fro from Petersburg, and had occasionally found his way into and made some acquaintances in our lines. The cellar walls extended two or three feet above the ground; the rest of the building was frame. The fight of the 21st came upon them so suddenly that, too late to escape beyond range, mother and son sought safety in the cellar. A Confederate officer, their guest at the time, instead of hurrying to his command, took advantage of the same refuge. The artillery played mercilessly on the building, one shot passing through the walls that stood above the ground. The mother had borne the rest of the bombardment heroically, but at this shot she fell to weeping. The Confederate officer, in a very unmanly way, chided her tears and taxed her with her weakness. The boy pertinently spoke up and bade the officer remember that if he had been where his duty demanded he would have had no opportunity to observe his mother's tears. The cut silenced the laggard, and the mother, nerved by her son's manly speech, soon recovered. All three passed safely through the fight. The house, though considerably battered, was fit for occupancy, and was afterwards quite a resort.

The following detailed account of the engagement on the 21st is forwarded by that gallant soldier, Major G. C. Hopper, of the 1st Michigan:

"On our first occupancy of the Weldon Railroad I was division officer of the picket, and on Saturday, the 20th of August, I received a summons to report to General Charles Griffin, our division commander.

"He said to me: 'Major, we will probably be attacked early

to-morrow morning, and nothing so discourages an enemy as to find a determined resistance on the picket line. Your position is a long way in front, and if you give them a good fight it will greatly weaken them by the time they reach the breast-works.'

"At three o'clock the next morning I was on the extreme right, and in company of one of the captains of a New York regiment watched the line until about seven o'clock. It was quite foggy and the woods in front of our right were very thick, and I thought that would be the point of attack. At last the fog cleared up and I said to the captain if they were going to attack us it would have been under cover of the fog, but you can keep a sharp look-out, though I think we will not have a fight this morning.

"Our picket line extended diagonally out to the Vaughan Road, which we had barricaded, and at a house on the opposite side of the road we kept a guard. At the barricade was a strong detachment of the 118th Pennsylvania men, and in the woods in rear of the corn-field was a reserve of the 16th Michigan men under Captain Sutter. The men of my own regiment were in the picket pits.

"When I left the New York pickets I rode down the line to the 118th pickets, and was told by the officer commanding that the woman occupying the house was from Philadelphia and wanted to come into our lines and wanted transportation for her things. I went in to see her and advised her to take her children and go inside of our lines at *once*, and send for her things afterwards. While we were talking a soldier came in and said they had discovered the enemy and the captain wanted to see me. I told the woman in case firing commenced to take her children and go into the cellar, and hastened outside. The captain said they were relieving the cavalry pickets with one of infantry and asked if he was to fire. I directed him not to fire unless they left their lines and advanced towards us.

"Just then one of the men said: 'There they go!' and look-

ing down the Vaughan Road we saw them in their lines of battle, and with heads depressed and backs bent making a rush across the road beyond the rise of ground so as not to be seen. We at once commenced firing, and when we did so their skirmish line rose up out of the meadows and potato fields very near to us, but we stopped them and held them until their lines of battle were very near to us, when I ordered my line to fall back to the woods and form a new line.

“Captain Salter had brought up his men and we made a stiff fight, and did not move from our line until their lines of battle were well developed in our front. At the woods we halted and warmed them again, then passed through the wood, halted, faced about and gave them another dose; and when they were quite near I ordered the men to join their regiments behind the breastworks. Our breastworks were built in echelon, and the enemy expected to strike Baxter's brigade on our right on its left flank and sweep up both sides of it. In rear of our brigade Captain Martin had a battery of four guns looking directly into the swamp.

“I reported to General Griffin that the enemy's flank was towards us and that if Captain Martin half wheeled his battery to the right he would enfilade them after they had passed the point of woods. He directed me to say as much to Captain Martin and to give him the distance. The captain emptied his guns of their shells and loaded with canister, and when the enemy advanced past the point of woods the battery and our brigade poured their fire into them on their flanks, and as Baxter had been firing on them in front, they could not stand the pressure but broke. Some ran into the low ground and held up their hands and the butts of their guns in token of surrender, while some made a rush backward and got away.

“As soon as the trapped rebels offered to surrender Captain Daly, of the provost-guard, went out to secure them, when Colonel Hagood shot him and escaped. I do not know the facts, but it was said that after Hagood had said he would surrender he drew a revolver and shot Captain Daly, seized his


horse and rode away on him. A good deal of talk was had at the time about Hagood's treachery, but I think no one knows the exact truth of the affair.

"I was delighted with the way the pickets behaved. As usually when men in battle are ordered to fall back to a certain point, in the excitement of the fight or because the order is not correctly understood, they go too far; but in this instance the men of Pennsylvania and Michigan obeyed orders to the letter; made the stubborn fight which the general desired and which, as I afterwards learned, he commended very highly to his staff."

General Warren recovered promptly from his temporary reverses. He had managed the Weldon Railroad fight with his usual skill, secured almost incalculable advantage, and rendered his holding unassailable. The enemy never recovered the ground they lost on the 18th of August, and from not long after that until the siege was over they were forced to wagon all the supplies the railroad had transported, for a distance of thirty miles.

General Warren's operations in the vicinity of the Yellow Tavern were followed in a few days by General Hancock's at Reams Station. This, although effecting a considerable destruction of the railway, resulted disastrously. The two divisions of his corps, Miles and Gibbon, were vigorously attacked by a superior force and only managed to save themselves, after a severe loss, with strenuous fighting. Afterwards, however, Stony Creek became the enemy's northern terminus of the Weldon Railroad. In December General Warren discovered, in his movement to Hicks Ford, they had used the rails above that point to repair the road below it.

Though the country between the plank and the railroad was mostly a wooded waste, along the railroad and beyond it there was a goodly sprinkling of well-kept farms. It was the height of the season and the forager, ever mindful of his opportunities, regardless of the imminence or even actual existence of conflict, risked it as before. Smith made his usual venture. The nearest

house to the Yellow Tavern, occupied by Mrs. Lewis, had been pretty well stripped; a patch of over ripe watermelons, all that remained, was scarcely worth the taking. Smith secured the good will of the only white inhabitant of the dwelling, a woman, who though she bitterly complained that the Yankees had despoiled her of everything, yet was considerably willing to disclose the contents of her neighbor's larder. "There," said she, pointing to a house a little way off, "you will find a plentiful store of grape jelly, put up by Mrs. Perkins ready for market." Smith, not disposed to lose his opportunity for the want of a vessel to transport it, proposed to borrow a bucket. This was cheerfully conceded and Smith was quickly off upon his new investigation. He found the house wholly deserted—family, negroes, all had gone. The flight had been a recent one; all doors were invitingly open and the table was set for dinner. Others had preceded Smith, and from the second story window bedding, clothing, furniture and an eight-day clock were being inconsiderately tossed. Nor had the grape jelly escaped observation. In a little outbuilding a soldier stood over a vessel ladling it out freely. The large label: " This is poison! Look out!" did not deter a lavish requisition on the toothsome article, and pots, kettles, mugs, pans, everything about the house, and Smith's bucket, were filled to overflowing. And now an Irishman, wild with delight at such a refreshing haul, appeared upon the scene. He first kicked over a bee-hive and was off with a fine comb of honey, but not without resistance. The bees, angered at the intrusion, made a desperate onslaught everywhere. The spoilsmen ceased their spoilation. The avalanche of household goods from the second story window stopped. The loaded vessels were overturned. There was a mad rush to escape the wicked sting of the angry bees. Smith, though, stood fast and with an old shirt, gathered from the wreck of wearing apparel, fought them manfully.

Then the provost-marshal with his guard came along and when they had reached the gate the bees turned their attention to them. He, too, and his men were vanquished. But the

now owner of the bucket of jelly carried it off, not forgetting to reward the lonely female with a liberal portion for her patriotism.

Infantry parapets had sprung up immediately upon the occupancy of the Weldon Railroad position. They were soon made to connect strong redoubts, which with the parapets continued as a permanent line until abandoned upon a further advance to the north and west.

The ranks of the division had been most seriously depleted. On the 5th of September the monthly return for August showed that to fill the regiments to their maximum 6,422 men were required.

On the 7th Captain Walters was detailed as the division provost-marshal to take the place of Captain Eddy.

On the 11th the United States Military Railroad from City Point was completed to Yellow House, which had now become the universally accepted name for the old Globe Tavern. The first train was hauled by the engine "Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant." Its arrival



was greeted by shouts and cheers ; DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED. the music of numerous bands increased the enthusiasm.

Horse-racing again found a place among the amusements. A level stretch of the Halifax Road furnished the track, and the first race between General Griffin's gray mare and the commissary of musters' gray stallion resulted in the defeat of the general's animal.

On the 23d the wires flashed news of Sheridan's rout of Early at Fisher's Hill. The intelligence was communicated to the troops in the following circular. Its publication was accompanied with most unusual and demonstrative excitement.

U. S. M. T., CITY POINT.

September 23, 1864.

TO MAJOR-GENERALS MEADE, BUTLER, and all corps commanders:

The following despatch is just received from General Sheridan.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*.

HEAD-QUARTERS MIDDLE DEPARTMENT, six miles from WOODSTOCK,

11.30 P. M., 22, 1864.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT:

I have the honor to report that I achieved a most signal victory over the army of General Early at Fisher's Hill to-day. I found the rebel army posted with its right resting on the North Fork of the Shenandoah and extending across the Strausburg Valley to North Mountain, occupying a position which appeared almost impregnable. After a great deal of manœuvring during the day General Crook's command was transferred to the extreme right on North Mountain and furiously attacked the left of the enemy's line, carrying everything before him.

While Crook was driving the enemy in the greatest confusion and sweeping down behind their breastworks, the 6th and 19th Corps attacked the rebel works in front, and the whole rebel army appeared to be broken up. They fled in the utmost confusion; sixteen pieces of artillery were captured, also a great many caissons, artillery horses, etc., etc. I am to-night pushing on down the valley. I cannot say how many prisoners I have captured, nor do I know either my own or the enemy's casualties. Only darkness saved the whole of Early's army from destruction. My attack could not be made until four o'clock in the evening, which left but little daylight to operate in.

The 1st and 3d Cavalry Divisions went down Luray Valley to-day, and if they push on vigorously to the main valley the result of the day's engagement will be still more signal.

The victory was very complete, and a more detailed report will be made as soon as I can obtain the necessary details.

P. H. SHERIDAN, *Major-General*.

The operations of the 10th and 18th Corps on the north bank of the James it was anticipated would weaken the enemy's right, and on the 29th of September the 5th Corps was directed to move beyond Poplar Grove Church to secure the junction of two roads coming from the southwest—the Poplar Grove Church and Squirrel Level Roads. This junction at Peeble's Farm was defended by a redoubt known as Fort McRae, flanked by infantry parapets protected by *abatis*.

If the conditions should justify it an advance was to be made in a northwest direction toward the Southside Railroad and

Boydton Plank Road. General Warren, with Griffin's and Ayres's divisions, was directed against the junction. General Parke was to follow him with Wilcox's and Potter's divisions, and both were to advance to the Boydton Plank Road.

The movement was delayed until the 30th. On that morning, at seven o'clock, Griffin's division moved out of its entrenchments at the Yellow Tavern, destined before the sun should set to accomplish a good day's work.

Bartlett's brigade, temporarily under the command of Colonel Gwyn, led the division. Colonel Herring and Major O'Neill were both absent on sick leave and the command of the regiment devolved upon Captain James B. Wilson.

The route led first to the left, then to the right, crossed an open space, and beyond it entered a thick growth of woods, mostly scrubby pine. Through this the way

was felt cautiously, and about two and a half miles from the starting-point the command halted. Here, under the personal direction of General Griffin, skirmishers were thrown out. Of the detail was one officer and twenty men from the 118th. They had not gone far when they developed the enemy's pickets behind light works thrown up along the road in front of Poplar Grove Church. After some sharp firing the enemy fell back to his main line. In this skirmish, gallantly pressing



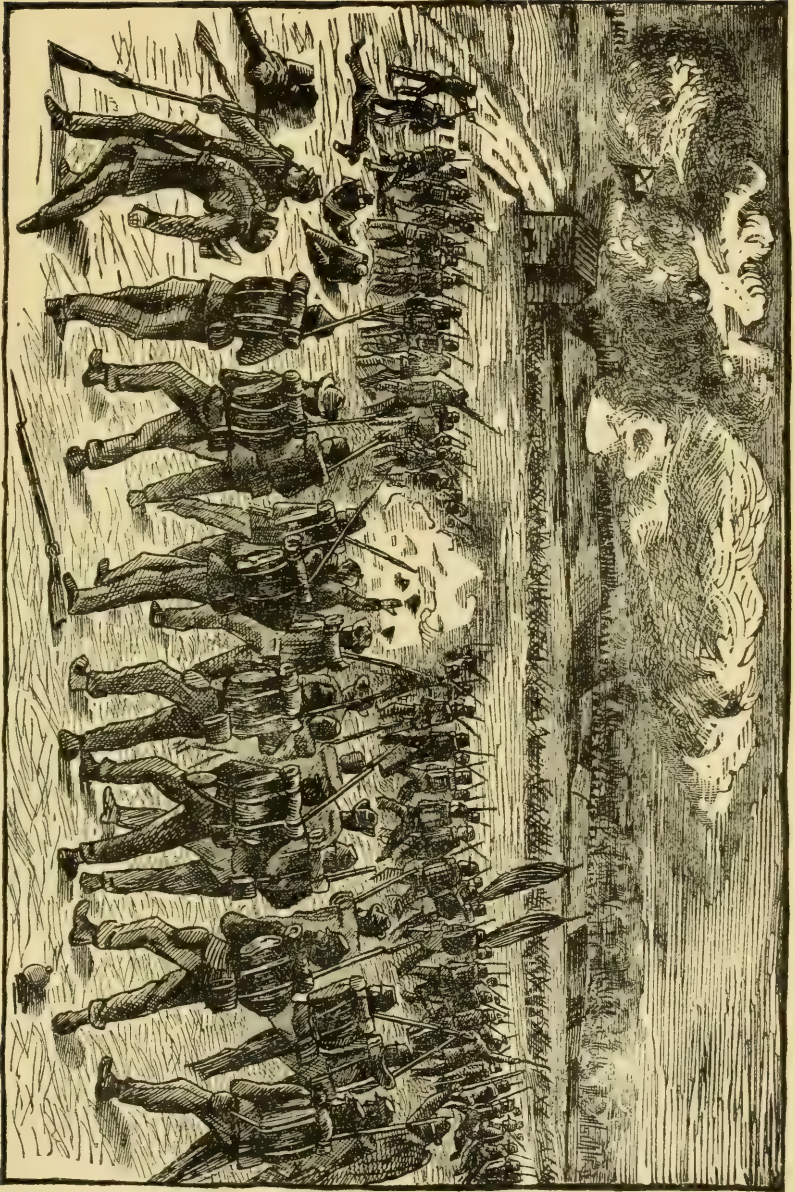
CAPTAIN AND BREVET-MAJOR JAMES B.
WILSON.

forward, Lieutenant Conahay was killed. General Griffin was beside him when he fell. The regiment then advanced to the church.

The line, at something of an angle to the enemy's works, was partly protected from the round shot and shell by the crest of a hill. After some little delay the brigade was adjusted for a forward movement, and, with a change of front forward on the right company, the regiment was in full view of a four-gun battery and a long line of infantry parapets. As the troops left cover they were greeted with a heavy fire of grape and canister and a furious discharge of musketry. The 16th Michigan was on the right of the 118th. After passing over six hundred yards of open ground, level and entirely without protection, the two regiments were soon at the *abatis*, built of rails firmly planted and connected by string pieces. A passage was speedily cut, wide enough for eight men. Through it the 118th went by fours by the right flank, and the 16th Michigan by fours by the left flank. Captain Wilson led his regiment; Colonel Welch his. They were within a few feet of each other. Both climbed the face of the parapet together, when a dismounted cavalryman levelled his carbine, fired and Welch fell, killed outright. Dearing's cavalry brigade, dismounted, with infantry held this portion of the enemy's line. As the troops with great enthusiasm crossed the works the enemy fled. Some prisoners fell into our hands.

Fort McRae had fallen, the 20th Maine as usual again having an opportunity to lend its gallant aid to capture it. In this redoubt were the four guns seen when the brigade uncovered itself at the church. Their fire had been directed with special severity against the 16th Michigan and the 118th. As our forces scaled the parapet all four guns were limbered up; three eluded pursuit and escaped, the fourth was captured. The 20th Maine justly claim the honor of the capture, but the 118th so far contributed to it that one of its men, William Kilpatrick of "D," had mounted a wheel-horse while the struggle for the piece was in progress.

The work primarily laid out for Griffin's division had been



CHARGE OF THE 118TH AT PEGRAM'S FARM AND CAPTURE OF FORT MCRAE.

fully done. The junction of the two roads was secure; the redoubts and entrenchments had fallen.

The heaviest compensation exacted in this encounter was the life of Colonel Welch, of the 16th Michigan. Soldiers of his calibre were rapidly disappearing. The bloody track from the Rapidan was marked by the graves of men of ability and promise.

Colonel Gwyn's horse fell on him as he mounted the works. He was for a time severely disabled; his leg was badly hurt and his old wound broke out afresh. During the rest of the day the brigade was commanded by Major Spear, of the 20th Maine.

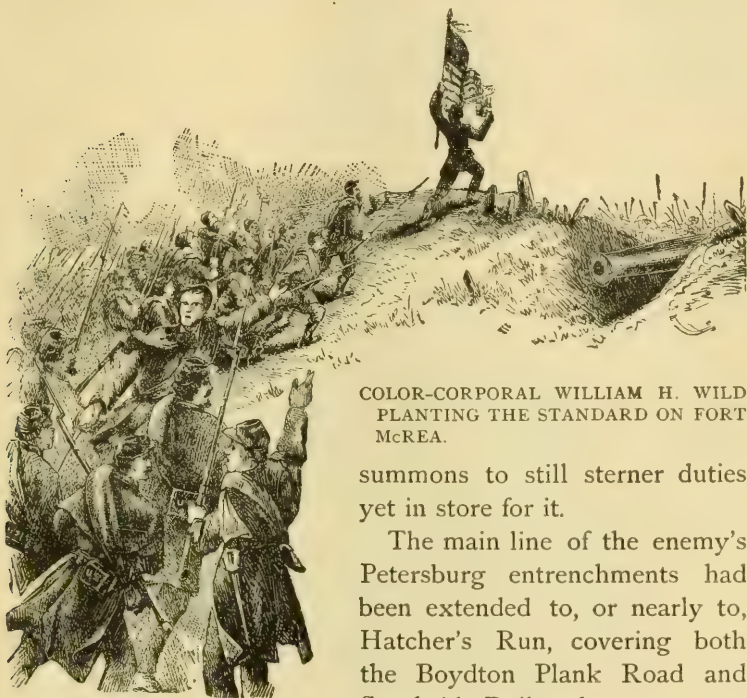
Sergeant-Major Courtney was wounded and his place was at once supplied by the very wise selection of Sergeant Samuel Nugent, of "K."

There were two substitutes of "K" whom Lieutenant Seesholtz strongly suspected would disappear at the first severe shock of battle. He directed Nugent and Stotsenberg to watch them closely and at the first intimation of wavering to run them through with the bayonet, and he would be responsible for the consequences. Both fixed their bayonets, prepared, if necessary, to execute their instructions faithfully. With the first advance came a terrific discharge of grape and canister. For the moment everything was lost in smoke and dust. But it cleared away no quicker than did the doubtful substitutes. They disappeared as it disappeared, quietly and silently. No one saw them go, nor were they ever seen again.

Samuel M. Jones, of "K," was seriously wounded in the face. Blood ran into his mouth, choking him, and he about gave it up. He was literally choking to death. He summoned energy sufficient to pull out the clots and submitted to his companions' efforts to carry him out of danger. Two did so and left him to the care of the surgeons, who treated him so successfully that he ultimately recovered. Among the others who were wounded in the morning were Sergeant Roberts, of "H," who

exhibited marked bravery during the charge, and private March, of "K." Arthur Steele, of "G," was killed. The color-bearer, Corporal William H. Wild,* fell mortally wounded as he planted the standard on the entrenchments.

It was not yet noon. The brigade went into position some two hundred yards beyond the captured works to await the



COLOR-CORPORAL WILLIAM H. WILD
PLANTING THE STANDARD ON FORT
McREA.

summons to still sterner duties yet in store for it.

The main line of the enemy's Petersburg entrenchments had been extended to, or nearly to, Hatcher's Run, covering both the Boydton Plank Road and Southside Railroad.

General Lee threw out Heth and Wilcox's divisions from the entrenchments as far as the Jones House. Potter had reached within eight hundred yards of the main line, advancing to meet these two divisions; and they were at the same time advancing on him. He was vigorously attacked, his right outflanked and his division, as well as one of Wilcox's brigades, was driven

* Corporal William H. Wild, an excellent soldier, very much respected by his companions, was always called "Jonathan Wild."

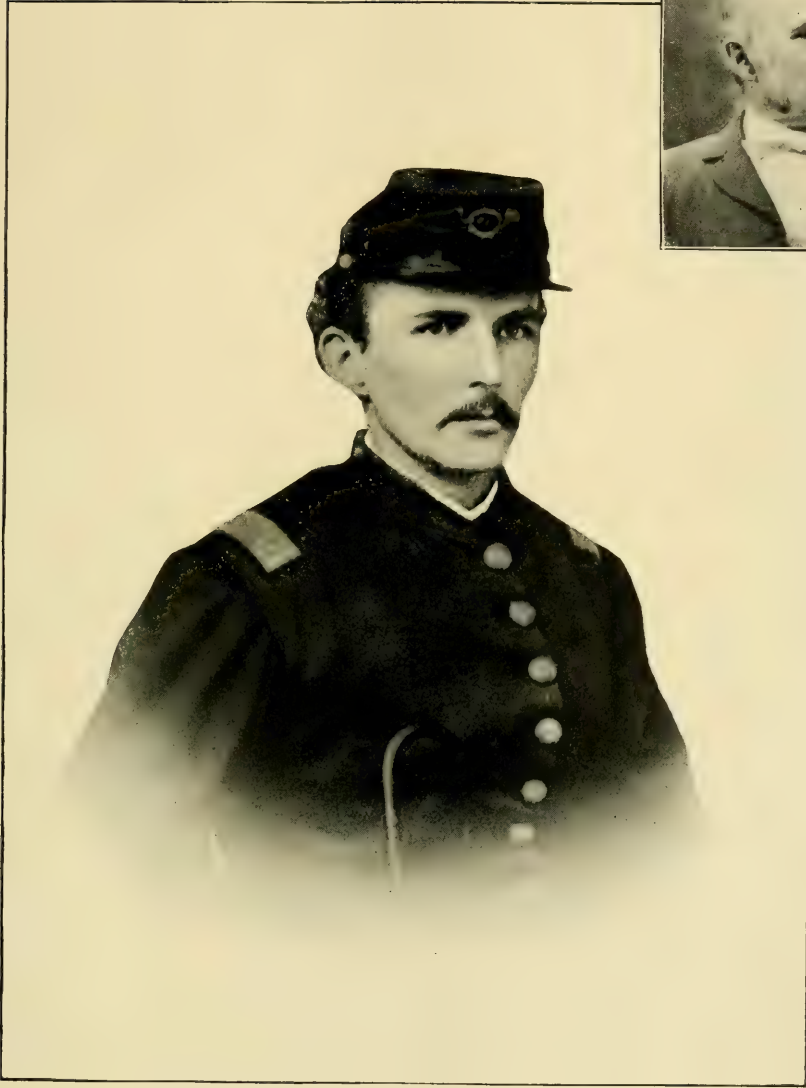
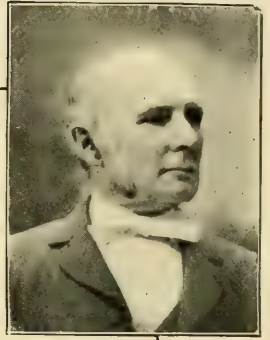
back in some confusion. But a new line was soon established, which, with Griffin's line on the right, put a stop to the enemy's advance.

In this brief and summary way does general history dispose of the operations of the afternoon of the 30th of September. The affair was as trying and spirited as any in which the brigade had been engaged, and the loss almost as heavy proportionately as any the regiment had hitherto suffered.

Some misgivings of the reliability of the 9th Corps had found bold expression as it was seen to go forward. Lieutenant Seesholtz laid stout wager that Griffin's division would soon be summoned to the fore. He was continuing to better and better his stakes, with no takers, when rattling musketry and much confusion to the left and front and the firm voice of Captain Wilson suddenly sent the regiment forward.

It was about half-past four o'clock when the line advanced. The need for fresh troops was so urgent that all the movements at this juncture, forward and by the flank, were conducted at the double-quick. Troops were met retreating on the run. The forward was soon changed to the left flank, and it had scarcely begun when loud directions faced the column about and moved it by the right flank. The advance that had driven Potter's right was vigorously continued. The seizure of a crest, that faced a wood through which ran a roadway down which the enemy moved with ease, alone averted the fate that had befallen Potter. Here the line was established just in time to hold the enemy to the timber. He was somewhat disorganized from his pursuit, but still in condition to stand and deliver wicked and destructive punishment.

On the left of the 118th was the 20th Maine; on the right the 16th Michigan. The belief that some of the 9th Corps division still lingered on the same ground over which part of it had been driven, the appearance here and there of men dressed partly in blue, created the erroneous impression that our men were still in front. In spite of the fact that the troops



ISAAC H. SEESHOLTZ,
Capt. Co. K, 1862-1865.

were being fired upon with telling severity, the officers in all directions called loudly and earnestly not to fire. The men knew better, and they also knew that in a moment, with such punishment and no resistance, the line could not be preserved. Despite the command, the fire opened just in time to save a disastrous break.

It seems scarcely credible but from the crest to the wood was barely one hundred feet. Yet for full thirty minutes our force in the open, wholly without cover, the enemy sheltered by the timber, withstood his terrible fire and eventually dislodged him.

A shell burst in the right of the 20th Maine and ten or a dozen men dropped. The crest was so high that the artillery in the rear, to avoid the line holding it, fired at such an elevation that their shot flew as innocently over the enemy as they did over our own people. It was a stiff, hard, stand-up fight. There were no supports in view. Exhausted ammunition was supplied from the dead and wounded. Diminished by casualties the line had shrunk to scarcely more than skirmish proportions. It was becoming alarmingly sensitive. Wavering, hesitancy, doubt was keenly apparent. Officers shouted words of stimulation and encouragement. The color-bearer fell; Seesholtz seized the colors and bore them forward a pace or two when a shot through the wrist disabled him. Captain Wilson, who had been anxiously watching a temerity which was exposing the standard to the peril of capture, picked up the color himself and placed it with Thomas Crealy, of "C," a trustworthy man, bade him hold it where it ought to be and not bear it forward until directed.

And then amid it all General Griffin came along, resolute, heroic, impressive, with assuring words and comforting promises of help. The wavering lines stiffened; strong men were strengthened and the weak made strong. From now on it was his fight, and his presence in inspiring the men was almost equal to the promised support of his batteries.

Mink, the one-armed hero of wide artillery fame, whom the general had instructed to push right up to the front, was ready

to rush in with his battery. "It's as bad as putting artillery on the skirmish line," cried Mink; "but throw back your three or four left companies, sir," addressing the commanding officer of the 118th, "and let me get a section in there and I will clear the woods for you." Back went the companies; out went the guns. The commands: "Double shot with canister and fire by sections," were run together with such rapidity that there was scarce interval for execution. But there was execution, grievous execution, too. At such a range the stoutest soldiers could not stand the punishment, and the promise to clear the woods was soon redeemed. Mink arrived with the close of the day. As the daylight ebbed the fight had subsided and with darkness had ceased entirely.

Captain Wilson felt at the close of the engagement that he must find some way to get forward a skirmish line. At one spot the wood came to a point and then receded again. Here stood a great oak not sixty feet from our front. To this point the captain pushed out. He threw his hand around the tree and felt upon the other side a human form. He pulled it around and there stood a tall, gaunt North Carolinian, so great in statue that he towered giant-like above him. In the rush his troops had made the North Carolinian had gone too far forward, and when the new engagement opened he felt his only safety lay in pinning himself fast to the tree, which he seemed to have done most effectually. Wilson dragged him back to the line the very picture of a well-scared man. He seemed to think the term Yankee was one of reproach and its use would insure him harsh treatment. He addressed his captors as "you Northerners," and was particular to explain that he had never spoken of the Union soldiers by any other name. This was what the captain secured beside a position for his skirmishers.

The 16th Michigan was a regiment of unusual strength for this period of the war. Its ranks had been filled by assignments of men whose terms had not expired, who belonged originally to regiments mustered out at the end of their three years' service. A gun of strange construction had been issued

to a portion of this regiment to be tested in the first engagement. The piece had two triggers. Each trigger exploded a separate cartridge; the one farthest from the breech first, the other afterwards. At least that is what it was intended to do. As a fact, the explosion of the first cartridge always ignited the second and sometimes exploded the barrel. Such was the result of the test at Peeble's Farm, and the men of the 16th Michigan who had been so unfortunate as to be allotted the new guns were seen moving along the dead and wounded replacing them with a weapon they knew all about.

Among the losses other than those previously referred to were Captain Charles M. Young, Company K, mortally wounded; Lieutenants John Scott, Company A, and Henry Conner, Company C, wounded; Sergeant George W. Haines, of Company F, was shot in the head, and privates Jacob Swartz, Benjamin I. Stevens, Alexander McCay and Thomas Hart, of Company F, were killed.

The regiment had moved out in the morning with an aggregate of 161. It returned at eleven o'clock in the evening to the same position it had left with fifty-six less, all of whom had been either killed or wounded. With this severe loss, the conduct of officers and men had been most commendable, and Captain Wilson, for his courageous and skilful management throughout the whole affair, had won a lasting reputation for fitness and capacity as a commanding officer. He was brevetted



CAPTAIN CHARLES M. YOUNG.

to a majority for "gallant service at Peeble's Farm." The fight of the morning became known as Peeble's Farm and that of the afternoon as Pegram's Farm.

On the morning of the 1st of October the division returned to the position which it had sought the day before and began the construction of works laid out for the permanent lines. These works were maintained until the operations about Petersburg were concluded. Near this vicinity the line of the 6th Corps



MORNING BEFORE THE CHARGE AT POPLAR GROVE CHURCH.

was afterwards formed for the final assault. And it was hereabouts that Fort Fisher and the Signal Tower were subsequently constructed. Here the regiment remained, except during the few days the corps was over Hatcher's Run with Hancock on his Boydton Plank Road expedition, until the 6th Corps relieved the 5th in early December.

The work had been in progress some few hours when General Warren appeared with his staff. It had not advanced with the expedition the general conceived it should. He vented his

opinion explicitly. "I never saw," said he, "a lazier set of men in my life; they are good for nothing but fight. I could take my staff and cut down more trees than the whole brigade." Evidently intended as an indirect compliment for the valorous deeds of the day before. The happy reference to fight was an incentive to activity and, for a time at least, the work made more rapid progress.

Captain Joseph Ashbrook received his appointment as ordnance officer of the division while it was under the marching orders which culminated in the engagements of Peeble's and Pegram's Farms. It was a critical period to thrust upon an officer, wholly unfamiliar with the trust, such delicate and important duties. Ashbrook though was a man well equipped for any service and proved himself fully equal to the require-



SERGEANT SAMUEL NUGENT.

ments of his new position. An interview between him and General Warren illustrates a pleasant side of the character of that distinguished officer. Ashbrook's predecessor had been the senior ordnance officer of the corps, and as such received orders from corps head-quarters relating to the entire corps. Although Ashbrook was not the ranking officer, similar orders continued to be sent to him. Late on the night of the action at Peeble's Farm he received a very important communication

which indicated that the entire corps must be supplied with ammunition preparatory to an anticipated engagement in the morning. Not fully comprehending the order and doubting his ability to execute it without fuller instructions, he decided, although it was in the middle of the night, to go to corps headquarters and consult the ever-obliging Lieutenant-Colonel Locke, the assistant adjutant-general. The head-quarters were in a small house on the Peeble's Farm. Groping his way about



HENRY H. HODGES, COMPANY D.

the house in the dark he blundered into the room occupied by General Warren. To disturb the slumbers of a major-general commanding a corps without warrant, in the middle of the night, after a hard day's fight, was not likely in those times to add to the amenities of the occasion. The general sat bolt up in his cot, doubtless aroused by the intrusion. Ashbrook, much em-

barrassed by his mistake, advanced and apologized, expressing his great regret at having awakened the general, and explaining that he was looking for Colonel Locke. This was met by the kind inquiry: "What is wanted?" When he was told, he entered into an explanation of the order and what was required, and bade his visitor good-night. Ashbrook retired with a very pleasant sense of the general's kindness and courtesy.

On the 5th of October Colonel Herring returned from his sick-leave and the following day relieved Captain Wilson and resumed command of the regiment. On the 8th, 9th and 10th he was detailed as officer of the outposts. With General Ayres's division pickets, the line was advanced almost half a mile; a private house (Davis's) was destroyed, and then in the evening the line was withdrawn to its original position.

The 11th was the Presidential election day. Active balloting went on throughout Pennsylvania regiments, resulting in overwhelming Republican majorities. Most of the States voted in November, the election that year falling on the 8th. The Rev. Theodore Gerrish, of the 20th Maine, in his work, "A Private's Reminiscences of the Civil War," reports the vote of that regiment as 137 for Abraham Lincoln and thirteen for George B. McClellan.

Colonel Gwyn's commission as brevet brigadier-general, to date from September 30th, was received on the 17th of October. He had left for home a few days before on a twenty-days' leave. Colonel Gregory, of the 91st Pennsylvania, was at the same time honored with a like commission.

From the 19th to the 27th of October General Griffin was absent, the command of the division devolving upon General Bartlett and the brigade on Colonel Herring.

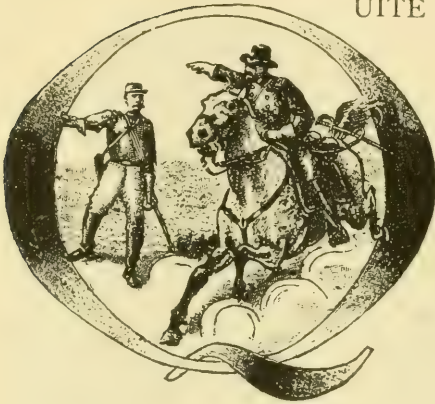
The publication of the order on the 20th announcing General Sheridan's overwhelming rout of Early at Cedar Creek in the Shenandoah Valley on the 19th of October was followed by enthusiastic demonstration and great rejoicing.

Horse-racing, a sport that at all favorable opportunities found an active patronage, was about this time forbidden in general orders from army head-quarters.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HATCHER'S RUN OF OCTOBER, 1864—HICKSFORD AND BELLE-FIELD—WELDON RAILROAD RAID—DABNEY'S MILLS.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest?
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.



HITE determined to attain what preceding expeditions had failed to accomplish, the Hatcher's Run and Boydton Plank Road expedition of the 27th of October was of greater magnitude and more comprehensive design. It resulted in Hancock gallantly relieving himself from a serious pressure near Burgess's Tavern;

in Crawford's failure in the dense and gloomy timber to reach out to Hancock; in Hancock to feel in to Crawford; in Griffin's development of the enemy's extreme right; and ultimately everybody's return again to their old, familiar places in the line of the siege.

The column—Gregg's cavalry division, the 5th and 9th Corps, and two divisions of the 2d Corps—was from thirty to forty thousand strong. The three corps commanders commanded their respective corps. The entrenchments were thinned out to a skirmish strength. Miles's division held the Petersburg front from the Appomattox to Battery 24, half-way between the Jerusalem Plank Road and the Weldon Railroad. General Park assigned fifteen hundred men to hold his entrenchments, General Warren twenty-five hundred men, under General Baxter, to hold his.

On the 26th General Griffin resumed command of his division, and General Bartlett and Colonel Herring returned to their respective stations.

The language of General Warren's official report of these operations is strikingly suggestive of the loss of trained and experienced soldiers in the casualties of the late campaigns. He says: "The command [5th Corps] started as directed about 4 A. M. on the 27th. It consisted, first, of the 1st Division, commanded by Brigadier-General Griffin, 4,707 strong, of which 1,247 were ignorant of the manual, and 2,803 had never fired off a musket; second, of the 2d Division, commanded by Brigadier-General Ayres, 4,704 strong, of which 104 were ignorant of the manual, and 812 had never fired off a musket; third, of two brigades of the 3d Division, commanded by General Crawford, of which 298 were ignorant of the manual, and 298 had never fired off a musket."

General Griffin's division led the corps; General Gregory's brigade—his regiment, the 91st Pennsylvania, had been transferred from the 1st Brigade—the division.

General Warren had issued instructions to start at 5.30. The hour was not deemed early enough by the commanding general, and was subsequently changed to 4 o'clock. It began to rain slightly at 4.45, and, with a clouded sky, the morning was dark and it was difficult in the woods to preserve the connections. They were soon broken between the brigades, and parts of the column were badly confused and mixed up. Referring to this General Warren says: "I think it quite impracticable, from this and previous experience, to move troops in the dark over any but the broadest and plainest roads, unless they are previously familiar with the route." At five and a half o'clock it was light enough to see and the head of the column, which had passed through an open country beyond Fort Cummings, began to move into the woods beyond our entrenchments. The route indicated was to be by a wood road to the Duncan Road, and thence a road was to be hunted up that led to Hatcher's Run above Armstrong's mill. The movement was

slow, obstructions that lined the roadway were cleared away, but generally the direction trended too far southwesterly. All the roads ran north and south. Hatcher's Run was to the westward, and setting about to cut a road through the woods, in a half mile General Warren brought the head of his corps out on the so-called Duncan Road just south of the Clements House. Here a road ran west, along which the column advanced, striking the enemy's skirmishers at nine o'clock. General Griffin immediately formed his 2d—General Gregory's—Brigade in two lines, in the woods on the left of the road; the 188th New York battalion and 91st Pennsylvania in the front line, the 187th New York battalion and 155th Pennsylvania in the second line. Skirmishers from the 91st Pennsylvania were thrown out in front, and from the 155th Pennsylvania on the left flank. The brigade advanced under quite a lively fire until it arrived within 100 or 200 yards of the enemy's works, where a portion of the line encountered the slashings of woods and were exposed to a sharp fire from the enemy in his works, which were found to be difficult to reach on account of the fallen timber and a strong abatis.* In this operation General Gregory lost about 100 killed and wounded. A line was established and temporary entrenchments thrown up." Later in the day two regiments from Bartlett's brigade were sent to strengthen the left, connecting on the right with Gregory's brigade, and their left resting on a creek. The rest of Bartlett's brigade was formed in line of battle in the rear, on the road crossed by the advance in the morning.*

Upon the other side of the creek was a work of huge proportions; it was, in truth, a frowning battlement. So firm and formidable was it that ignorant of the instructions to "remain confronting them (the works) until the operations on the left drew off the enemy," the men were sullen with the thoughts of other lives for nought and gaping wounds for nothing.

No other task fell to Griffin's lot until the withdrawal, except to thunder away with his musketry as a guide to Crawford,

* General Griffin's Official Report. MSS.

who, with his two brigades and the Maryland brigade of Ayres, was floundering without direction in the pathless woods upon the other side of Hatcher's Run, in his effort to support Hancock and turn the flank of the works Griffin fronted. The forest was so dense that the firing from Hancock's heavy fight near Burgess's Mill, scarce three miles off, was not heard by Crawford's column. General Warren, who was with it while the battle was at its height, reports that he did not hear the sounds of the engagement. A body of the enemy drifted into our lines and had captured a staff-officer bearing a communication, but themselves surrendered when convinced by him where they were. Other officers of the staff lost late in the afternoon remained out all night, awaiting daylight before they could find their way back.

General Hancock came back disappointed, and General Crawford, of no use

where he was, was withdrawn. General Hancock passed the regiment on his return a hatless soldier. His clouded, angry brow and hatless head made his presence on that occasion memorable.

The enemy's cavalry pursued the tired and straggling men who were in the rear of Crawford's and Hancock's retiring column, and drove in across the run the small mounted force which had been left to protect them. General Bartlett's brig-



FIRST LIEUTENANT THOS. F. KELLY.

ade was formed to check this advance. The enemy's line of battle was in plain view, and the duty of checking it was allotted to Colonel Herring, with the 118th and 1st Michigan. He essayed to do the work with a skirmish line, and called to the 1st Michigan for volunteers for skirmish duty. Promptly the whole regiment responded. "I don't want you all," said Herring, and taking what he needed he moved forward, the enemy with their usual yell showing a disposition to advance; some excellent marksmanship by the skirmishers induced a contrary action, and the enemy withdrew. In this affair Antone Huver and Francis Mullen, of "K," were wounded slightly.

As the rear guard of the corps, the brigade retired by the road out through the woods back to its old quarters, and the deeds and doings of the 27th and 28th of October, 1864, were left to history and criticism.

November jogged leisurely along until, admonished by its occasional frosts, the men set about to comfortably house themselves. They were soon reminded of the insecurity of their tenancy, and shortly afterwards peaceably submitted to a quiet eviction.

On one of these November days a dearth of supplies induced a member of "K," company's mess, to volunteer to hunt up a friend in the 99th Pennsylvania, then serving with the 2d Corps, whom by some intuition he felt was better provided and whose generosity he knew would prompt him to share his portion with his more needy fellows. Reaching the confines of the corps to which the 99th was attached, he politely addressed an officer whom he met, inquiring its whereabouts. "Right over there," was the reply, "but have you a pass?" the officer continued. "I have not," responded the soldier. "All right," said the officer, "I will give you one," turning towards his quarters as if to execute his purpose. He had no such intention; his liberal proposition to furnish the pass was to throw the soldier off his guard and prevent the escape which would doubtless have been attempted had what was to follow been known or suspected,

and his turning about was to seize the first non-commissioned officer available, and with him execute his real intent. A sergeant was close at hand, and with a "Here, Sergeant, arrest this man," from the officer, our straggling soldier of the 118th was hustled off to the guard house. It was more than confinement he was to suffer; humiliating punishment awaited him. Two uprights ten feet high, supporting a cross-piece of twice that length, stood in front of the guard quarters. The "bony horse" was the most suggestive appellation by which this contrivance was usually known. Two other delinquents were already astraddle it. To their company our soldier was consigned. Feeling keenly the disgrace he did not deserve, as he sat astride his steed he painfully meditated dire revenge. But his muttered curses and smothered anger had not clouded his wits, and he watched carefully an opportunity to escape. He was unknown, and if he was once off and successful in eluding pursuit he was free forever, at least from punishment for the supposed offence.

Where the soldier had lighted was within the limits of a regimental cavalry encampment, and the wooden horse he strode was attached to the regimental guard house. What regiment it was he did not ascertain, nor care to. The beats of the sentries covered about twenty paces. An officer's horse was picketed but a short distance from the guard house, and a wood a little distance beyond the horse afforded cover, and with half a chance he could reach it. At all events he tried. Slipping quietly from his perch, passing between the two sentries, he made vigorously for the picketed horse. "Halt or I'll fire" had no terrors for him, and with his captors in hot pursuit—they couldn't fire, because he quickly had the horse between them and himself—the soldier was soon within the wood. From there to the breastworks was but a stride or so, and over them like a flash he was soon struggling and plunging among the slashings in their front. So were his pursuers, but he had the best of it. Crawling and crouching into all sorts of crevices, contorting himself into all imaginable shapes, he managed to

successfully baffle a pursuit that was persistently pressed for full two hours. The imprecations of disappointment from his pursuers, as unravelling each new tangle they were still unsuccessful, gradually died out and the soldier ventured to find his way out of the slashings. The burnt bark from the pines had blackened his face and hands so that he was not recognizable. First fording a stream where a corduroy bridgeway over it was cautiously guarded, and then sneaking and dodging through camp after camp, he ultimately reached his own to be repelled by his messmates. He soon secured satisfactory identification, and regaling his companions with a story of his adventure, was fed to repletion from the stores which during his absence had been fully replenished.

The notice to quit the recently constructed quarters, not at all anticipated, came hastily and without premonition. Captain Wilson, returning from a tour of outpost duty, braced and stiffened by the nipping air of a sharp December morning, discovered a couple of officers, strangers, complacently scanning the interior of his comfortably-appointed household, and, catching the remark "that these would suit amazingly," was prompted to inquire the meaning of this apparently rude intrusion. The explanation was quickly forthcoming. The 6th Corps, back from its valley campaign, had been ordered to occupy that portion of the lines in the keeping of the 5th.

The regiment to which these unexpected visitors of the captain belonged was assigned to the locality held by the 118th, and they had taken an early opportunity for house-hunting. They hoped with this explanation the captain would overlook the intrusion and be good enough when he should receive the instructions, which had only happened to reach them a little more expeditiously, to vacate as graciously as he could in favor of those appointed to relieve him.

What had been said had been stated correctly, and the interview had scarce terminated before the orders were at hand which ultimately started the corps off on its famous mission of

railway destruction to Hicksford, on the Meherrin river, forty miles to the southward of Petersburg, well down toward the North Carolina line.

The troops previously withdrawn from the works were located beforehand in the vicinity of the Gurley House that they might make a simultaneous start. The command, consisting beside the 5th Corps of Gregg's cavalry and Mott's infantry division, all under General Warren, moved at six o'clock on the morning of the 7th of December. There were also attached to it four batteries of artillery and a canvas pontoon train 250 feet long, in charge of three companies of engineers. The infantry, with Crawford leading, then Griffin, then Ayres and then Mott, took the Jerusalem Plank Road. Each division was accompanied by a battery and half its ambulances. The men carried sixty rounds of ammunition and four days' rations on their persons. Two days' rations and forty rounds more of ammunition were in the wagons.

The bridge over Warwick's Swamp was found to be destroyed. Fifteen minutes sufficed to construct a temporary structure for the infantry, but considerable delay was involved in strengthening it for the trains.

Generals Griffin and Ayres reached the Nottaway between 2 and 4 P. M. and bivouacked on its left bank for the night. A pontoon bridge 140 feet long was thrown across the stream, over which Generals Gregg and Crawford crossed, bivouacking beyond as far as Sussex Court-House. It had rained heavily from eight and a half o'clock until after dark, then cleared, clouding up again after midnight.

On the morning of the 8th, at two o'clock, Generals Griffin and Ayres began to cross and were both over by half-past four, following Crawford, who started from the Court-House at four, to Jarrett's Station on the Weldon Railroad. All the while it rained heavily, ceasing after daylight, having caused no injury to the roads.

The enemy made his appearance at the railroad crossing of the Nottaway, where General Gregg destroyed a trestle bridge

160 feet long, and worked in a regiment between General Gregg and General Crawford's right. He was driven from both positions by the cavalry. By sunset all the trains were up and parked; the troops which had arrived some time before having meanwhile had no opportunity to cook, and secure a needed rest.

The cavalry had partially destroyed the railway from the Nottaway to Jarrett's Station. Crawford's, Ayres's and Griffin's divisions completed its destruction to below the station by moonlight, continuing the work until after midnight.

The work of destruction was resumed on the morning of the 9th by forming line of battle on the railway, each division destroying all in its front and then moving to the left alternately. The entire distance destroyed was some seventeen or eighteen miles. The ties were burned, the rails heated and in most places much bent and twisted. The work was so effectually done that it was not deemed likely the road would be relaid. The rails were much worn and many had been straightened out and brought from roads previously destroyed by burning and bending. These generally cracked when submitted to this final process of destruction.

The cavalry cleared the enemy out of the way to the southward and picketed the roads to the north and east. General Griffin relieved General Mott's division, taking charge of the trains on the morning of the 9th.

A force with artillery was met and driven away from Three Creeks and the fire extinguished from the bridge which the enemy had attempted to destroy. Crossing a dismounted force by 4 P. M., Gregg had possession of Bellfield and had driven the enemy all across the Meherrin. A sixty feet trestle over a branch of Three Creeks and another of 100 feet long over the main stream—both old truss frames shored up from below—were burned and the destruction of the railway completed to Bellfield.

At Hicksford, on the south side of the Meherrin, there were three forts or batteries, connected by rifle pits, manned with a considerable force. It was impracticable to force a crossing,

and not practicable with the limited supplies—much of that



TEARING UP THE WELDON RAILROAD.

carried on the person had been already eaten up—to attempt

to turn the position. Without dislodging the enemy and gaining possession of the opposite bank it was not possible to destroy the bridge over the Meherrin. It was left standing. All the bridges and the railway track from the Nottaway to that point having been destroyed, orders were issued for the return on the following morning.

The regiment worked hard at the rails and ties until midnight passed and the moon was gone. It was nearly morning, though, before the ground designated for the bivouac, in the vicinity of the trains, was reached, and but a few hours were left until daylight for restful sleep. The field selected, overgrown with dead sage brush, after the morning broke, was discovered to be on fire, and the roaring flames, making rapid headway, drove the soldiers hurriedly to a neighboring wood. The heat was greater than could be comfortably borne, and the regiment was moved to a potato patch beyond, and none too soon, for the fire swept wickedly through the timber, speedily destroying all the dead leaves and undergrowth in its path, rendering the woods untenable for man or beast.

The light stuff on the surface soon burnt out, but the flames lingered about a large brush heap which would not yield so readily to destruction. Two women from a neighboring farmhouse stood intently gazing on this burning brush pile. Their countenances bore an anxious watchfulness which to the soldier, eager for an opportunity to plunder, waiting patiently for a chance to satisfy the longings of a ravenous appetite, indicated that within the rapidly disappearing brush was something worthy of investigation.

The eyes of all the regiment were upon the scene. Sergeant Paschall, of "E," was promptly on the spot, and his return for tools and assistance indicated a discovery. Paschall, who returned with two companions and an axe, was closely watched. The sound of blows stoutly administered, as if upon a barrel head, soon followed. This was a sufficient indication that spoil of some sort had been found and, with simultaneous rush, the entire regiment broke for the timber. The rush carried every-

thing before it, even to the brush heap. Paschall meanwhile had succeeded in knocking in the head of a barrel of sorghum molasses which had been concealed by the loose boughs and twigs. The eager and expectant crowd pressed closely upon him, and, heedless of his assurance that he would see it fairly distributed, continued to press so closely as he sat astride the barrel head that finally barrel, Paschall, molasses and all rolled in sweet confusion on the ground.

No such sight as Paschall had ever presented itself. The tarred and feathered abolitionist of the olden time was but a circumstance to him. Covered with the sticky, mucky stuff, he rolled over and over on the sooty ground, and from head to foot, hair, clothing, everything was a mass of sooty blackness. His most trusted friend scarce knew him, and before he could conceal himself the whole brigade indulged in boisterous shouts at his expense. If Paschall had been let alone all would have been well, a bountiful supply of a very desirable diet secured, and Paschall himself would have escaped the very disgusting condition into which his impatient comrades had placed him. But Paschall was not the only victim. Tom Gabe, of "K," dipping his cup into the tempting syrup, was forced into it and came away only a little better off than Paschall. Many others were more or less involved. The molasses raid was long remembered. It served happily to enliven arduous occupations, and even those who suffered individually, when relieved of their discomfiture, were willing to have borne the ills they suffered to have contributed to the amusement of their tired companions.

At Bellefield, before the cavalry entered, an entertainment had been in progress that drew together a goodly company of gay society. The male guests were mostly of the army, and at a warning of the approach of their foes had hurriedly disappeared. In the deserted house of the host the piano still lay invitingly open. An officer, nimble with keys, entertained for some hours a rollicksome crowd, wild with the novelty of the situation. Ultimately a few heartless vandals consigned the instrument to destruction.

The return march began at 7 A. M. on the 10th. General Griffin's division guarding the trains, followed General Irvin Gregg's brigade of cavalry sent ahead to clear the way and watch the side roads. General Mott's division followed Griffin. General Ayres and General Crawford brought up the rear. The column moved by the road leading to Sussex Court-House, and the division halted for the night near that place, having marched a distance of twenty-one miles. A storm of sleet which had lasted through the night before caused men and animals much discomfort. The icicles, before they began to lessen with advancing day, presented a scene of winter grandeur almost unknown to the latitude. But with the moisture from the dripping as they thawed out in the warmth of noonday, the sentiment of this winter picture was absorbed in the annoyance of uncomfortable realities.

The soldier detailed to the charge of Colonel Herring's pack-horse had a sorry time of it. The load it bore was of larger proportions than that borne by such animals generally. The packing was done hurriedly, as the movement was urgent. It was early in the morning, and the frosty night had frozen everything stiff. The tent was rolled so unshapely that the load, packed poorly, was bulky and did not balance. As the day advanced the ground thawed, the mud deepened and the animal plunged, halted and hesitated, until finally he stopped, stuck hard fast, immovable. The man urged, coaxed, beat and swore, but to no avail. Battalion after battalion swept by, until at last all the infantry had gone. Anxiety gave way to fear, appeals for assistance were in vain. Then a battery or two passed on a trot. Some of the artillerymen generously suggested "to get out of this, or you and your old horse are gone, sure." At last there came a really kind, good man, and of the artillery, too. The old horse was of no great value, he had ceased to be useful except as a drudge and another would be readily found to replace him. The value was in the furniture, tackle and apparel. So the batteryman considerably offered to carry them. He cut the straps—there was no time for

anything else—and loaded everything on a limber chest. Our soldier, so gladdened with the thought of saving at least the colonel's traps, wholly forgot to inquire the name of the man or the designation of his battery, and, of course, the man never told him. Still hopeful that, relieved of his burden, the horse might be persuaded along, he lingered to urge him. He stuck to it manfully until an officer about the rear of the whole command ordered him to abandon the animal. Satisfied that such authority was a sufficient immunity, he gladly obeyed, and then, for the first time, the difficulty presented itself as to how the rest of his charge should be accounted for. He suddenly remembered he knew neither the artilleryman nor his battery.

Men in such employment had but little sympathy; the colonel's man was no exception. He was missed and did not rejoin the regiment until the morning afterwards. Entering camp without the animal and its burden, he was hooted, jeered and twitted. But this was nothing to what awaited him. His explanation went for naught. What had gone was really a serious loss, one not to be replaced except by communication with Washington, and that was not always practicable. A few days in the guard-house and a return to the ranks was the punishment. The latter the soldier accepted cheerily, as his detail had been forced upon him and he had obeyed it reluctantly.

The enemy followed up the cavalry to the junction of the Halifax Road and the road the infantry followed to the Court-House. General Gregg kept the Halifax Road to protect the left flank, and the enemy, continuing after the infantry, were held in check by General Chamberlain with the 1st Brigade of our division and afterwards by General Crawford. Their artillery, however, did not cross the Three Creeks where the bridge had been destroyed. General Gregg was unmolested by any force in his rear, but was harassed by cavalry and artillery near Jarrett's Station, which he forced back and came on without loss.

The division moved at 7 A. M. on the 12th, guarding the pontoon train. At Freeman's Ford, on the Nottaway, it laid a pontoon bridge, crossed the river and went into bivouac beside

the Jerusalem Plank Road, two miles from the left bank of the stream. Here a junction was made with General Potter's division, of the 9th Corps, which, relieved temporarily from the Petersburg entrenchments by General Wheaton, of the 6th, had been sent to General Warren's support in consequence of a well-accredited report prevailing that General A. P. Hill had been despatched to attack General Warren.



SERGT. THEO. B. FRYER, CO. K.

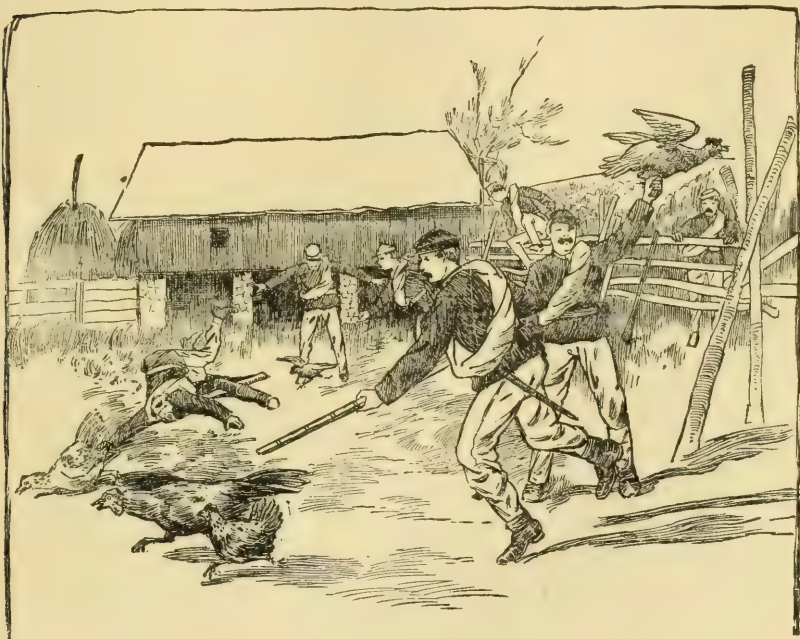
Throughout the entire route scarce a man was to be found among the inhabitants. Houses were deserted or at most contained only helpless women and children. There were, though, indications that men had been lurking in the woods.

The dead bodies of soldiers were found along the roadside; in one case, it was said, with the throat cut, and other instances were reported of still more revolting barbarities. The stories of these cruelties aroused a spirit of vengeance, and in retaliation the torch was applied to almost every house along the route. The efforts of the officers to stop this incendiarism were but partially successful.

During the night of the 11th it cleared and the weather set in bitter cold. In the morning the roads were frozen stiff, so that the trains moved easily, but the men, with feet sore and blistered, some even barefooted, suffered severely.

Captain Ashbrook, ordnance officer, with Nugent, his ser-

geant, was riding with the trains. Two ladies with mournful countenance stood in the doorway of a house by the roadside. Ashbrook rode towards them to inquire the cause and to proffer his services if it were within his power to relieve their manifest distress. They pointed to the neighborhood of the barn, where a dozen or more soldiers pursued with felonious purpose a goodly flock of turkeys, all that was left of animal food of the



OFTEN THE CASE.

much-depleted household supplies. No suggestion was needed. The captain's gallantry was aroused and he spurred for the pilfering crowd. His eye fell first upon his own cook, just seizing the finest of the birds. Returning to the ladies he apologized for his failure and regretted his inability to cope singly with so great a force. Shortly afterwards a fine roast turkey graced the captain's mess.

The division moved at 7 A. M. and, having marched a dis-

tance of thirteen miles, at 3 P. M. arrived at its destination near the Jerusalem Plank Road, where, under orders for a lengthy stop, winter quarters were again constructed.

No infantry force was seen during the expedition except that entrenched on the other side of the Meherrin. The citizens, however, reported General A. P. Hill's corps as detached from the main army and likely to attack, but he did not appear.

The design of the expedition was successfully accomplished. The railroad, so destroyed as to be unavailable for present operations, was really made permanently useless, as the enemy must have been quite convinced that its reconstruction would only invite similar demonstrations.

Beside the work performed the distance travelled in the six days was about one hundred miles. General Warren, satisfied as well with results as the conduct of his troops, took occasion to make mention of them and their work in a congratulatory order.*

"It is not believed the enemy picked up any prisoners from straggling, except a few who became drunk to complete pros-

General Orders No. 65.

{ * HEAD-QUARTERS 5TH ARMY CORPS,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
December 13, 1864.

The command having returned from its late expedition, after accomplishing successfully its mission—the destruction of the Weldon Railroad as far as Hicksford—making forced marches during six days and nights, in the most inclement weather, the Major-General commanding considers it his duty to express to his division commanders—Brevet Major-General Gregg, commanding 2d cavalry division; Brevet Major-Generals Griffin, Ayres and Crawford, of the 5th Corps, and Brevet Major-General Mott, commanding 3d Division, 2d Corps—his high appreciation and commendation of their performance of the instructions issued to them by him. He desires that they will convey this approval to their commands, with such especial praise as they may deem due to individuals in their divisions.

The Major-General commanding expresses his thanks to Brevet Brigadier-General Wainwright, chief of artillery, for his efficient management of the artillery of the command; to Lieutenant-Colonel A. L. Thomas, chief quartermaster, for the thorough manner in which he conducted the trains, and to Brevet Major Van Bocklin, 50th New York Engineers, for his efficiency and promptness in the management of the pontoon train.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL WARREN,

FRED. T. LOCKE, *Brevet Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General*

tration, on apple-jack found on the way, which, to our surprise, was in almost every house in appreciable quantities.” *

The 1st Michigan were the discoverers of the inspiring beverage known by the names of Apple-jack, Dew of the Orchard, Jersey Lightning, etc. Unaware of its powerful elevating influence and the abundance of the supply, they deemed it a good thing which they ought to keep to themselves. Apple-jack, however, taken with any liberality, proclaims itself, and noisy shouting, singing and laughing soon acquainted the men of the other regiments with the fact that ardent spirits were close at hand. The whole brigade gathered for the attack. Barrel after barrel was captured, their heads were stove in, and the men rejoiced over their success. Alas! Dew of the Orchard captured the men in turn. The provost guard, hurrying to the scene, upturned the barrels and returned to Old Mother Earth her gift of fruit in another shape. The elevation extended further than the brigade. One regiment of cavalry, sent to suppress disorder in another, helped things along in such a way that it, too, had to be looked after. General Chamberlain, who had the infantry rear guard at this time, was obliged to make of half his brigade a provost guard to keep our men from running out of the column and being lost or left along the road. The expedition was known for some time as the “Apple-jack Raid.”

On the Jerusalem Plank Road, well to the rear of the operations of the investment, the regiment soon settled for a season of quiet. It was some two months before it was again called upon to bestir itself.

The winter of 64-65 is even yet remembered for its severity. Far-off southern Virginia rivalled northern latitudes in its ability to drive the mercury below the Farenheit limit for snow and ice. At times the Potomac was closed to navigation, and communication with Washington and the North was had by way of Annapolis. Neither the weather, the temperature nor the proximity to the enemy in any way interfered with the

* General Warren's official report of the operations of his command on the Weldon Railroad, December 8 to 13, 1864. MS.

means and measures heretofore resorted to for comforts, conveniences and entertainment during lengthened seasons of inactivity. Experience had bettered them, nor in the 5th Corps were they interrupted by the frequent affairs on the picket lines, which sometimes became serious, and in the aggregate entailed a loss in killed and wounded by no means trifling.

Leaves of absence and furloughs were again introduced under the conditions that had before prevailed. Because of the greater distance from home, they were lengthened to the more appreciable period of fifteen days. The Sanitary and Christian Commissions still continued a generous activity, and despite the heavy tolls exacted as their welcome supplies passed through the numerous intermediate channels, they yet reached the ranks—their ultimate destination—in fairly liberal quantities.

The brevet commissions of Lieutenant-Colonel Herring as Colonel, Major O'Neill as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captains Wilson, Walters and Ashbrook as Majors, were received during the month of December. Sergeant Robert Paschall was mustered as 1st Lieutenant of Company E, and assigned to the command of Company G.

There were several executions of enlisted men, in the 2d Division, on the gallows. It was the first administration of the death penalty, by hanging, in the corps.

The news of the splendid achievements of Sherman's army in its march to the sea was received with joyous demonstrations.

The quartette club of the regiment, led by Sergeant Haman, had secured a considerable reputation. On New Year's day of '65, by invitation, it quite acceptably entertained a large gathering of officers at General Bartlett's head-quarters. On that occasion the officers of the brigade resolved to present General Griffin with a handsome Maltese cross.

An odd-looking specimen of humanity—a light mulatto boy—presented himself at the surgeon's quarters one morning about this time, while the regiment was encamped in front of Petersburg—whether in reserve or in the trenches, all locations hereabouts were styled “in front of Petersburg”—and inquired

very politely, with cap in hand, if the officer needed a servant. He was barefooted, dirty and ragged, and his hair long and uncombed, and he was maimed by the loss of a thumb. Surgeon Thomas directed him to take soap and water, thoroughly wash himself and return. When a deep crust of Virginia soil had been removed from his body, his appearance was immensely improved. He was accepted. When his long locks were shorn off and a new suit of clothes from top to toe was prepared for him, he felt as proud as a young prince. He was very intelligent, and stated that he was the son of Robert Ruffin, a white man residing on James River, engaged in mercantile business and a prominent politician in the neighborhood. The mother of the lad was a slave owned by Mr. Ruffin. The boy stated also that he was called Robert Ruffin, and usually received kind treatment from his master, especially when no strangers were present, frequently receiving from him candy and small presents. His thumb had been lost accidentally by a pistol shot fired by his master. He proved a faithful and industrious servant.

When the army was preparing for muster out and return home, the surgeon proposed to send him back to City Point, but when he piteously implored not to be sent South, and with tears streaming down his cheeks asked to go home with the officers, the surgeon agreed that he might go.

The boy appeared to be infused with new life and scarcely knew how to contain himself. On arriving in Philadelphia, after the regiment was mustered out, he mounted one of the surgeon's horses and accompanied him to his home at Applebachville, Bucks county, about forty miles from Philadelphia. The doctor then proposed to send him to public school. On making inquiry of one of the directors whether he could be admitted, the doctor was informed that the sentiment of the community was strongly against negroes, and he was fearful that the patrons of the school would raise a storm if he were sent. Nevertheless the director concluded that he might go, and if the opposition was too strong he could then leave.

On his first day's entrance to school, the boys and girls gave him a wide berth and looked upon him as a wild and dangerous animal in the school-room. The mothers in a short time became very loud in denunciation of the "der schwarze," as they styled him, going to their school. It did not, however, take many days for the poor colored boy to make friends with the school-boys, and soon they were all anxious to sit with him. He related to them his military experience—how they built forts in the army, formed line of battle, and fought. He became quite a hero with them and had crowds of boys, big and little, around him listening to his army stories. His progress in study was rapid, and in a brief time this poor, friendless boy who at first did not know his alphabet was at the head of every class in the school. A few years after, he was sent to Philadelphia to learn a trade. He went to Sunday-school there, and in consequence of his quickness and aptitude to learn, his teachers gave him private lessons in the evenings, and the church furnished him with means to go to Lincoln University, in Washington, D. C., where he was graduated in the course of time at the head of his class, and is now in the South preaching and teaching.

The brigade was now composed of veteran regiments only, and consisted of the 1st Michigan, 91st Pennsylvania, 83d Pennsylvania, 118th Pennsylvania, 32d Massachusetts, 20th Maine, and 16th Michigan. The men called it "the best brigade in the army." General Bartlett still remained its honored chief. With a commander eminent as a fighting man among all the host of brave, distinguished leaders, and with the splendid personnel of the seasoned soldiery that filled the ranks, there was justification in the high rating the household chose to give itself. This good opinion held by the brigade of itself was not without warrant. General Warren himself, in his official report of the Dabney's Mills affair, styles the 3d the "largest and best" brigade* of the division. The pardonable pride

* "I then directed General Griffin to reinforce General Winthrop by a brigade and to take command of operations on the Vaughan Road, reserving to myself

of never forgetting one's own merits had not in this instance, at least, taken so very extravagant a shape.

As the Weldon Railroad north of Hicksford and Bellefield was never rebuilt, the opinion that its destruction in December was effectual, was a well-founded conjecture. The one or the other of these points was the nearest available railway terminal to the southward from Petersburg, and from there up the Meherrin through Dinwiddie Court-House by the Boydton Plank Road supplies were wagoned to their destination. It was concluded that it was time to stop this operation, or so interrupt this route of supply as to render its continuance dangerous.

Consequently, on the morning of the 5th of February, at three o'clock, General Gregg's cavalry division was despatched by the way of Ream's Station across Rowanty Creek to Dinwiddie Court-House. From thence it was to secure the Boydton Plank Road, intercepting and capturing supply trains said to be on it, nor was it to lose opportunity of inflicting any other injury.

Again much of the army was involved in the enterprise, the enemy developing a like activity. Again there was discomfiture, inglorious contacts, no results. Gregg found the plank road but little used and no opportunity to do injury, save in the capture of some prisoners and a few wagons. General Warren was not satisfied and was anxious to try it over again; and Lee, to stiffen the waning enthusiasm of a stricken people, heralded a pretentious victory.

General Warren, charged with the direct support of the cavalry, on the same morning, at seven o'clock, moved down the Halifax Road to Rowanty Post-Office, thence by a road direct to the crossing of Rowanty Creek at W. Perkins's, about a mile above Malone's Bridge, and from thence to a point half-way between the creek and Dinwiddie Court-House, where he was in easy communication with General Gregg.

General Griffin's 3d Brigade (*his largest and best*), which was on the right, to send to General Ayres in place of General Winthrop's if it was needed there." (The italics are the author's.) General Warren's official report of the operations of his command on the 5th, 6th, and 17th January, 1865. MS.

General Ayres's division led, General Griffin's followed, General Crawford brought up the rear. With the column following Griffin and in front of Crawford were twelve field-pieces, with eight horses to each piece and each caisson. The trains, consisting of half the corps' ambulances, fifty wagons of infantry ammunition and fifty-six wagons heavily loaded with forage and ammunition for the cavalry, followed the troops. The men took four days' rations. The column was preceded by three squadrons of the 6th Ohio cavalry, commanded by Captain Sexton.

Hatcher's Run loses its name at its confluence with Gravelly Run, and from thence still trending southward is known as Rowanty Creek. From the camps to the creek the country was fairly open for the region. What timber there was mostly skirted but one side of the road at a time. Across the creek to where the column halted, in the open ground about Hargreaves's plantation, the road passes through a heavy forest. At the point where the halt was made the Vaughan Road comes in from the north-east and continues on to Dinwiddie Court-House. Arthur's Swamp borders the run to the north of its confluence with Gravelly Run.

The crossing at W. Perkins's, which the head of the column reached at 10 A. M., was found to be smartly defended by about 100 infantry. A squadron of cavalry being unable to keep down the fire, General Gwyn's brigade was ordered up, and the fire was soon silenced and a crossing effected by swimming and wading, a few passing over on the ice. General Gwyn, by virtue of his brevet rank, had been assigned to the command of a brigade in General Ayres's division, and so remained until the end of the war. The loss on our side was slight. Some twenty-five prisoners were captured.

The stream, sixty feet wide, could not be forded by men or horses. Trees were soon felled for the men to scramble over upon; the horses were shortly able to cross by a bridge made for them, which, by one o'clock, was made practicable for artillery and trains.

At 3.45 P. M. the crossing of all was completed. As fast as the column crossed it was moved out to the Vaughan Road, the position assigned to it, and of which it took possession without opposition. At 4.30 it was learned that General Gregg, having been to Dinwiddie Court-House and his mission completed, was on his way back to Malone's crossing of the Rowanty, where he would bivouac for the night.

Two of General Humphreys's divisions—General Humphreys had succeeded General Hancock in command of the 2d Corps—had moved out from the extreme left, where his corps held the works on the morning of the 5th, and Smyth's division had handsomely repulsed an attack made upon it late in the afternoon. To prepare for any concentration which this attack apparently indicated the enemy might make in the morning, at 9 P. M. General Warren was ordered to move up and join General Humphreys at the Vaughan Road crossing of Hatcher's Run. The cavalry division was ordered to join General Warren.

General Griffin's division was first ordered in motion, but the relieving of pickets so delayed the movement that it was nearly midnight before it was fairly on the road. The trains followed General Griffin, then General Ayres's division and the artillery. General Crawford's division followed Ayres's. General Gregg joined Warren at 4 A. M. on the 6th, bringing up the rear, skirmishing with the enemy and punishing him severely when he came close enough. The troops had little rest and no sleep. The night was very cold and no fires allowed to be made, and the roads were frozen hard before morning.

The troops crossed the run at the Vaughan Road crossing at 6.30 on the morning of the 6th. At 12.15 o'clock General Warren received orders to make a reconnoissance to the south and west of Hatcher's Run and ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy. The Vaughan Road runs southerly, and the road to Dabney's Mills branching from that road a short distance below the crossing runs westerly.

General Crawford moved out the Vaughan Road to where it turns off to Dabney's Mills, and then out that road to the west-

ward, instructed to drive the enemy back and ascertain the position of his entrenched lines. General Ayres followed General Crawford with his division.

General Gregg was directed to send a force of cavalry down the Vaughan Road to the crossing of Gravelly Run. General Griffin's division was held in reserve, posted where the roads diverge, to support either columns as his services might be needed.

It is a mile and three-quarters from the Vaughan Road crossing of Hatcher's Run by that road to Gravelly Run crossing, a mile to where the Dabney's Mills Road turns off, and a mile across country to the mills. From the Vaughan Road crossing of Hatcher's Run directly west, towards Dabney's Mills, the country is open, with an occasional bog; the other half mile is heavily timbered. Just to the southward of this direct line the timber pushes out to the eastward and comes within a quarter of a mile of the run.

Lee was not content that these operations about his right flank should continue without resistance, and part of Pegram's division, of Gordon's corps, was sent out to look after matters on the Vaughan Road, while the other part, with Evans's and Mahone's divisions, were vigilant in the neighborhood of the mills. General Gregg ran into the one, General Crawford into the other.

Meanwhile General Wheaton's division, of the 6th Corps, 4500 strong, and General De Trobriand's brigade, 2500 strong, were at the Cummings House, just east of the run, ready for effective service should their presence be required.

General Crawford had not proceeded far before he encountered the enemy's entrenched picket line, which was handsomely carried by General Bragg's brigade.

General Gregg was now being sorely pressed on the Vaughan Road. General Winthrop's brigade, the only infantry force he had, it was intended should rejoin its division, but, severely attacked, it maintained itself most creditably until reinforced by a brigade of General Griffin's division. General Griffin, as in-

structed, accompanied the brigade and assumed command of the column operating in that direction. The 3d Brigade—"his largest and best"—was reserved to supply the place of Winthrop's detached from Ayres's; the other brigade of the division continued to be held as a support.

General Crawford drove the enemy to and beyond the mills. Rallying there, they forced back his left somewhat and General Ayres, with his two brigades, was sent to his support on that flank. The enemy was again driven out to some distance beyond Dabney's Mills. The firing continuing to be constant and severe, Griffin's 3d Brigade, now in close support, was all put in with General Ayres to hold our left.

The brigade, commanded by General A. L. Pearson, of the 155th Pennsylvania, in the absence of General Bartlett, had crossed Hatcher's Run as early as 6.30 in the morning. It had not reached the eastern bank after its midnight start from the vicinity of Dinwiddie until three o'clock. Moving forward a short distance, a line of breastworks was thrown up, and here there was a stop until late in the afternoon. The timber from each side of the stream was felled across it and quite a substantial bridge constructed with its trunk and branches. The permanent bridge over which the column advanced was some distance to the right of this structure.

The brigade was formed in rear of a brigade of the 3d Division and extended along to the rear of a brigade of the 2d Division, from right to left, in the following order: 32d Massachusetts, Colonel Edmunds; 155th Pennsylvania, Captain J. S. Bell; 16th Michigan, Lieutenant-Colonel Partridge; 118th Pennsylvania, Brevet Colonel Herring; 20th Maine, Lieutenant-Colonel Gilmore; 83d Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Rogers; 91st Pennsylvania, Captain Donnell; and 1st Michigan, Lieutenant-Colonel Lockley. The line had scarce formed when the enemy's shells shrieked through, lopping off the limbs and boughs from the thick timber. The ground was of a marshy nature, the underbrush close, and progress was made with difficulty.

At 4.30 P. M. the brigade advanced in line to its position of close support, and the firing continuing to be constant and severe, it was shortly moved to the heat of the action. The line halted in an open field in which was here and there a tree, and at once fell under a fierce fire of artillery.

Colonel Herring rode Quartermaster Gardiner's horse, an animal he had recently purchased, and which he desired to test under fire. First restive, then impatient, under the screech and



JOHN HAYES, JR., SERGT. CO. C.

who, in the absence of Peck, was acting adjutant, and mounting Paschall's horse continued to direct the movements of the regiment.

Beyond the point where the command had halted the ground was marshy and heavy.

Pursuant to instructions from General Warren, to whom the brigade detached from the division reported directly, General Pearson took two regiments, the 32d Massachusetts and 155th Pennsylvania, on the double-quick and went to the support of

roar of the bursting shells, the animal finally became unmanageable. Circling and rearing in every direction, it at last plunged into a hole made from the uprooting of a fallen tree. Colonel Herring was unable to disengage himself in time, and the horse fell heavily upon his foot, so severely injuring it that he was unable to walk. He at once dismounted

Lieutenant Paschal

General Ayres's left. The heavy firing from the direction in which they moved told conclusively that they had at once become engaged. Attention was still intent upon this and the heavy shelling, when General Pearson, returning hurriedly, rode up and directed Colonel Herring to put in his regiment, as the Michigan skirmishers had been severely handled, and many of them captured. The Michigan skirmishers, with the 32d Massachusetts and 155th Pennsylvania, were the first of the brigade to come in contact with the enemy, when the whole was ordered in by General Warren to secure General Ayres's left.

Moving gallantly forward, the line swept on until the boggy ground was reached, where, from the difficulty in crossing it, some confusion ensued. This was speedily overcome, the line readjusted itself of its own volition, charged up to and over a line of the enemy's rifle-pits, and under a galling fire proceeded to face them the other way.

At this point Captain John Scott, of Company A, was mortally wounded. Captain Scott, entering the service as a sergeant, had risen through the grade of second and first lieutenant to the command of a company. He was of sterling stuff, eminently courageous and thoroughly a soldier. The attempt to carry him to the rear was a failure. In the heavy pressure following the falling back, he was abandoned at his own solicitation and fell into the hands of the enemy. The next day it was learned through the enemy's pickets that he had died in their field hospital. Wm. L. Gabe, whose devotion to Captain Ricketts at Shepherdstown will be remembered, nobly stayed with Captain Scott until the latter insisted that he should leave him and save himself. Captain Bayne, while trying to assist Scott, was shot through the cheek. Happily the wound, though painful, was not mortal. Bayne was a noble officer. He was a warm friend of Scott, and like him had risen from the ranks, earning promotion by soldierly conduct.

As Captain Scott fell Colonel Herring rode up to give directions for his removal, when a ball struck his right leg just below

the knee. Sensible for a time only of the blow, and not that he had been severely wounded, he congratulated himself that the stout cavalry boot of the Philadelphia City Troop pattern, a pair of which he wore, was strong enough to turn a ball. He continued, unconscious of his hurt, to direct the fighting until



CAPTAIN JOHN SCOTT.

an officer of the 20th Maine, observing the hole in his boot and the stream of blood that flowed from it, called his attention to the apparently serious nature of his wound. Realizing for the first time the full extent of his injury, and gradually becoming faint from loss of blood, Colonel Herring formally turned over the command to Colonel O'Neill, and proceeded to work his way to the nearest point for surgical attention.

The firing at the moment was tremendous, and the under-

taking was coupled with dangers equal to those of the front. The Colonel did not dismount, but weak and sinking from exhaustion, he feared to trust himself alone to manage his horse, and a faithful soldier led it until he too was wounded, and fell. At the breastworks built in the morning, the horse fell dead. The ball which passed through Colonel Herring's leg had entered its body, penetrating a vital organ. The noble animal had borne its wounded rider from the field, as if determined to be faithful to the very last.

An ambulance bore the colonel to the Cummings House. The last sounds that came to him from the field were the yells and cheers from the desperate onslaught that broke the lines which he had struggled so manfully to maintain.

The 1st Michigan and 118th Pennsylvania were thrown together. Officers and men displayed great gallantry in resisting the advance of the enemy. Darkness coming on, the lines were reformed, and the troops laid in line of battle on their arms on open ground. During the night it rained, and as the water fell it froze on the men's overcoats and on the blankets in which some of them had wrapped themselves. A few small chip and twig fires were all that the men had to warm them. Huddled together upon the ground, they shivered with the cold through the long night. The heavy log fires which the Confederates had built within two hundred yards of the line did not increase their comfort. When morning dawned, the Pennsylvania Reserves moved out as skirmishers; the enemy's pickets fell back before them, and our line was again well advanced. The regiment covered the rear on the return to quarters.

The wound Colonel Herring had received ended his career with the regiment. All efforts to save his leg proved fruitless, and within a few weeks it was amputated. His system had become very much prostrated, and for a long time after the amputation his life was despaired of, but a vigorous constitution triumphed and he is yet among us, a noble type of the manhood that saved the nation.

With all its changes of leadership, the 118th had ever been cohesive, self-sustaining and reliable. It met with no more serious blow than the loss of Colonel Herring. Brave, conscientious, dignified and soldierly in appearance, he was a leader to inspire respect and confidence. With the culture of a gentleman and the bearing of the trained and skilful soldier, he secured that willing obedience always cheerfully yielded to intelligent control.

His devotion to his command was remarkable. Offered promotion which would have severed his connection with the regiment, he declined, declaring his unalterable purpose never to leave it. A strict disciplinarian, he had the full confidence of the men in times of danger. Every man in the ranks felt that if it were possible to save them from disaster in the field, Colonel Herring's quick observation and cool, determined courage would accomplish it.

The story of the rest of that part of the affair at Dabney's Mills in which Bartlett's brigade participated can be best told in General Warren's own language. He thus speaks of it in his official report of the operations of his corps at that time. The narrative it will be remembered was interrupted after the brigade had been for a time engaged at the rifle-pits, which under the enemy's fire it had faced the other way, and General Warren's report is taken up after he has spoken of putting in the whole of Bartlett's brigade to hold Ayres's left.

"I sent then also at once for at least a brigade of General Wheaton's division, intending to order the whole division up if affairs on the Vaughan Road would permit. Unfortunately, however, the enemy got up reinforcements faster than I could, and when a brigade of General Wheaton's division was nearing the scene of action, a charge was made by the enemy in force (according to the Petersburg *Express* consisting of three divisions), against which I had but six brigades opposed.

"Our line, despite all the exertions of the prominent officers and much good conduct among those in the ranks, gave way and fell back rapidly, but with little loss after the movement



NATHANIEL BAYNE,
Capt. Co. I.

began. Portions of the line continued to fire as it retired, and General Wheaton got his brigade in line and with it a portion of the others reformed, so that the enemy was checked before our old lines were reached by us.

“ . . . I must say, if our troops had all stood as firm at Dabney's Mills as the best [the reader will bear in mind that General Warren, in this same paper, had already noted the 3d Brigade, Bartlett's, as the *best* and largest of Griffin's division] of them did, that I had enough there to have held the enemy till any amount of reinforcements could have arrived. On the whole it was not a bad fight and in no way discouraged me in my willingness to try the same thing again with the same men. Nearly all the operations of the column toward Dabney's Mills I was an eye-witness to and can speak of the good conduct of all those officers on whom I have heretofore relied.

“ . . . I take this occasion to deny the newspaper correspondents' statement that this brigade (the brigade of Wheaton's division) fired into any of our troops. It was under my eye the whole time and did not fire except upon the enemy. I would also state that there was no ammunition wagon abandoned on the 6th. I wish further to state that our falling back from Dabney's Mills under the fire of the enemy was, in my opinion, unnecessary and was against my orders. I had force to have held on longer; the enemy did not flank us, but came square in front, and I believe we can do better next time.”*

General Warren's conspicuous prominence at the extreme front through all this action was again a theme for laudation among the soldiery. Scarce any one who saw him seated upon his splendid white horse, amid the shower of bullets, ever expected his escape.

Lieutenant James J. Donnelly, of Company E, won for himself enviable distinction. After the line broke, in command of the skirmishers, he checked the enemy so noticeably that Lieutenant-Colonel Gideon Clark, who commanded the 119th Penn-

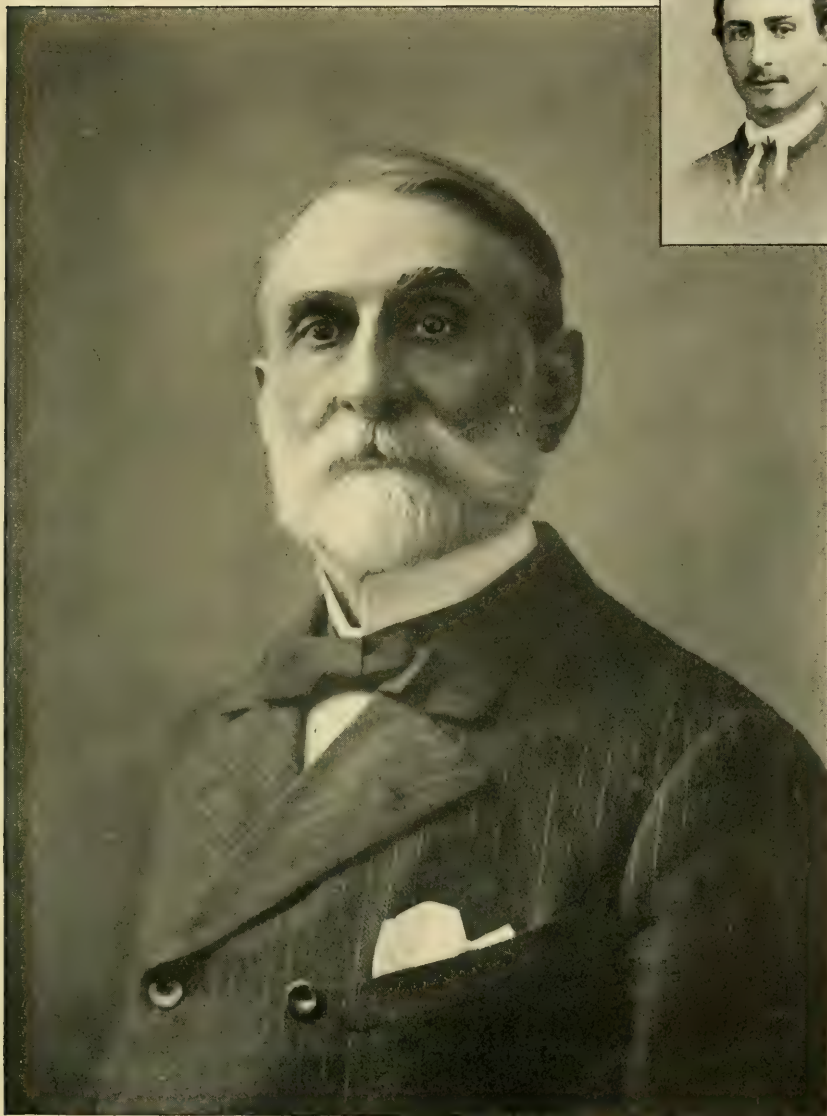
* General Warren's report of the operations of his command on the 5th, 6th and 7th of February, 1865. MS.

sylvania, one of the supporting regiments of the brigade of General Wheaton's division, made special mention to Donnelly of his excellent fighting, and General Warren also personally complimented him.

It rarely fell to the lot of the clerical force of the army to be thrown into the heat of an engagement, but it so happened to Levi Teal, of Company C, chief clerk at the head-quarters of General Griffin, at the Dabney Mills fight. A skirmish line, in the midst of the confusion resulting from the retreat, had been overlooked. To recall it, some half a mile distant, it was necessary to ride through the retreating troops of the 2d Division and under the fire of the enemy pressing them. No staff officer was at hand, and Teal was despatched on the mission. He successfully accomplished his errand, bringing the skirmish line in safely. Teal was one of those serviceable aids to the business of a head-quarters on whom, in the absence of the general and all his staff in the active operations of the field, great responsibilities rested. On this occasion he proved himself as available for the field as he was invaluable at the desk.

A regiment such as the 118th was looked to supply more than its proportionate share of that very essential need to the conduct of army affairs—a skilled clerical force. Among the most efficient selected for such duty was Albert Haverstick, of "H." After the battle of Shepherdstown his merits were first discovered by his company commander. Papers of the very excellent character, which he prepared, in travelling through the different head-quarters, necessarily attracted attention. As was invariably the case, the company commander soon lost the services of his very efficient clerk and some superior secured them. Haverstick rose to the chief clerkship at the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac, was retained by General Meade after the regiment was mustered out, and after that was for a time on duty with the general at Philadelphia, while in command of the military division of the Atlantic.

The brigade remained in position on the west bank of the



LEVI TEAL,
Co. C.

run during the 7th, and that night, the weather becoming bitter, stinging cold, all troops operating on the west bank withdrew to the east of Hatcher's Run.

During the winter in front of Petersburg the 5th Corps more than any other experienced the inconvenience of frequent moving, and now, relegated to the extreme left of the army, for the third time housed itself in permanent quarters.

About the middle of March Generals Grant and Meade reviewed the corps. It was quite a gala day; the ladies of the families of the distinguished officers and others graced the occasion with their presence. The 118th happened in a prominent position, the right of the brigade, and spruced itself accordingly. With but three divisions, aggregating ninety-three men, it was not very noticeable for strength, but made up in appearance what it lacked in numbers.

The provost-marshal was authorized to pay a fixed price for all muskets brought in by deserters from the enemy. On one occasion on the picket line in our immediate front a deserting teamster drove in a six-mule team, for which the provost-marshal was said to have allowed him \$1100.

But there was to be no more house-building; reviews, parades and ceremonies were over. March was rapidly disappearing in good and cheering weather, and everything was apparently in readiness for the final plunge.

APPOMATTOX CAMPAIGN.

5th Corps, commanded by Maj.-Gen. G. K. Warren.
1st Division, commanded by Brig.-Gen. Chas. Griffin.
3d Brigade, commanded by Brig.-Gen. Jos. J. Bartlett.
1st Maine Sharpshooters, Capt. Geo. R. Abbott.
20th Maine, Lt.-Col. Walter G. Morrell.
32d Mass., Lt.-Col. James A. Cunningham.
1st Mich., Lt.-Col. George Lockley.
16th Mich., Bvt.-Col. Benj. F. Partridge.
83d Penna., Col. Chauncey P. Rogers.
91st Penna., Lt.-Col. Eli G. Sellers.
118th Penna., Lt.-Col. Henry O'Neill.
155th Penna., Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Alfred L. Pearson.

CHAPTER XX.

WHITE OAK RIDGE—GRAVELLY RUN—FIVE FORKS—
APPOMATTOX.

NOTHING can cover his high fame but heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him.



AS the army had hoped against hope so long, it naturally doubted whether the spring campaign would end in final success. But when, as March was waning, in the spring of '65, two great army corps, with all the cavalry, swung over Hatcher's Run, there was something in the air itself that gave assurance that the end had come. The anxiety that grows as the goal is nearing gave way to a determination to see it out, with all its risks and chances. Veterans who had gone through all without an ailment or a wound drowned their anxious hopefulness in fixed resolve. There was no hesitancy. Men who a year since would have halted before the dread advance were up and at them ere the bugle sounded forward. After a sharp repulse there was a quick rebound. The enemy's staggering blows of desperation ended in his hopeless rout. His mad races were fruitless. Outstripped at every turn, blocked on every highway, famished and weary, he yielded and the patriot army's work was done.

General Griffin's division at the opening of the campaign numbered 6,547 men. Its three brigades were commanded respectively, the 1st by General J. L. Chamberlain; the 2d by General Gregory, and the 3d by General J. J. Bartlett. Ours,

the 3d Brigade, was the same in organization as mentioned in the preceding chapter.

The 5th Corps moved from its camp in the vicinity of the Vaughan Road crossing of Hatcher's Run at three o'clock on the morning of the 29th of March, General Ayres's division leading, General Griffin's following, General Crawford bringing up the rear. The movement did not reach Griffin's division until a time much later than the starting hour, and it was six



FIRE! FIRE! TOTAL LOSS—NO INSURANCE.

o'clock before its camps were broken. The route east of the run lay through Arthur's Swamp to the crossing of Rowanty Creek at W. Perkins's, where the corps had crossed in February. This point is better known as Monk's Neck Bridge. Thence the movement continued by the old Stage and Vaughan roads until the Chapple was reached, about two miles from Dinwiddie Court-House, a position which the order of march designated as its termination. At 4.45 A. M. the head of the column had reached

Rowanty Creek, where a few shots were fired by the enemy's lookouts, and by eight was at the point of destination.

The country through which this movement had been made and the operations about to follow were to be conducted "was of the forest kind common to Virginia, being well watered by swampy streams. The surface is level and the soil clayey and sandy, and, where these mix together, like quicksand. The soil after the frosts of winter first leave it is very light and soft, and hoofs and wheels find but little support." *

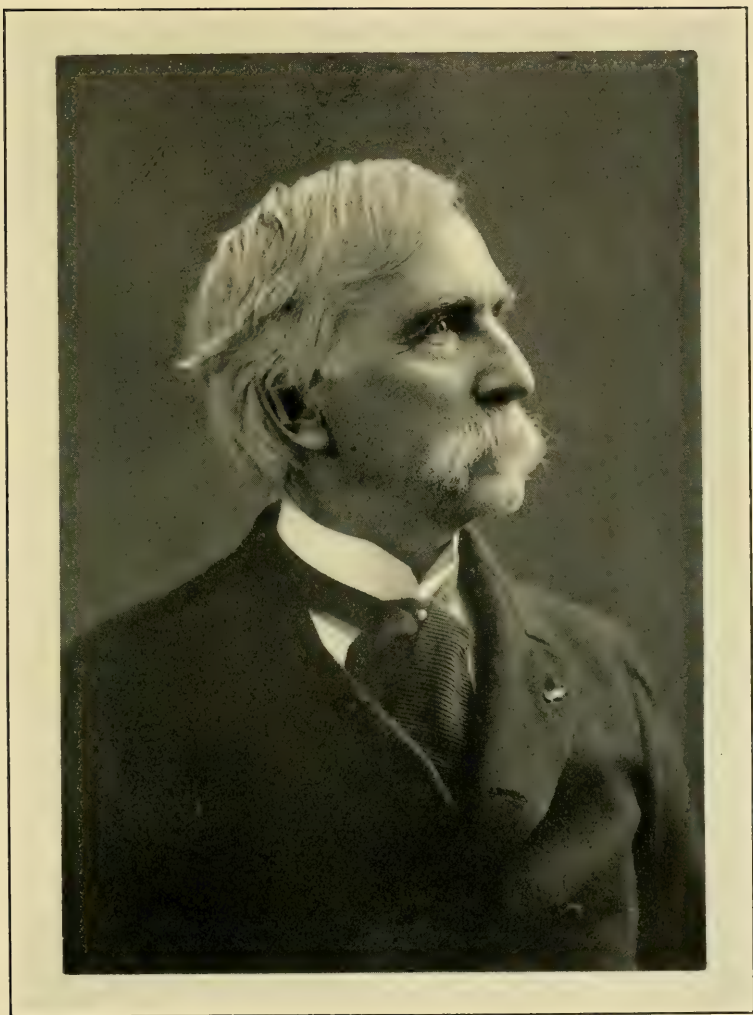
The pleasant weather prevailing for a time disappeared. During the late afternoon rain set in hard and the little support afforded hoofs and wheels seemed lost altogether. This unfortunate change in the weather materially affected the movements of the next few days.

The few clearings were so infrequent as scarce to leave impression that the marching and fighting of the day had been other than through the same dense, interminable forests which were everywhere. The point at the Chapple had been secured without opposition, and at noon General Griffin was directed to return by the Vaughan Road to the junction of the Quaker Road, move down it towards the Boydton Plank Road and connect with the left of the 2d Corps.

General Chamberlain's 1st Brigade led the column. Immediately after crossing Gravelly Run he met the enemy's skirmishers, drove them steadily to the Lewis House, where, after a spirited engagement, lasting some two hours, he managed, with that surpassing skill and resistless energy which General Chamberlain had always at command, to drive the forces he had met—portions of Johnson's and Anderson's divisions supported by Wise and Wallace's brigades—completely from the field. At one time when Chamberlain was sorest pressed the 16th and 1st Michigan and the 155th Pennsylvania, of the 3d Brigade, were sent to his assistance and rendered most efficient aid.

General Chamberlain thus speaks of them: "The line was falling back in front of the Lewis House when Lieutenant-

* General Warren's Report. MS.



JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN,
Major-General U. S. Vols.

Colonel Doolittle, of the 188th New York, came up, gallantly leading his regiment, as also Colonel Partridge with him, 16th Michigan. The 155th Pennsylvania and 1st Michigan came on in the most handsome manner, passing to my front, Brevet Brigadier-General Pearson grasping his colors and dashing straight against the enemy's line."

It was a very sharp fight. The loss in Chamberlain's brigade was heavy, but that of the enemy was far greater. The general himself had warm work in the whirl and fury of the struggle. His horse was shot under him, his left arm disabled, and a minie ball, striking him fair in the breast, glanced just over his heart, and left a painful wound and a disreputable-looking coat. He did not relinquish his command or leave the field.

Promptly, as General Chamberlain's success was assured, the whole skirmish line of the division was advanced, closely followed by the line of battle. General Warren, as usual, was prominently conspicuous with the skirmishers. "The line did not stop its advance until it drew the enemy's artillery fire from his main line of works, covering, it was supposed, the White Oak Road, about a half mile north of the junction of the Quaker Road with the Boynton Plank Road. The last position at which there was any determined stand was at this junction, and from this position, where "the two roads join," says General Warren in his Official Report, "the 118th Pennsylvania drove the last of the enemy."

There was a house at this point in the middle of a large clearing, called, by General Warren, J. Stroud's farm, from which a body of sharpshooters were picking off the men with considerable accuracy. Captain Moore and Lieutenant Godwin were ordered forward with a line of skirmishers. Godwin reached the house among the first and entered as the enemy left. Some of the men rushed for the windows and fired from them. The enemy brought up a piece of artillery, and although our shots seemed to be well directed, no attention was paid them particularly by a Confederate officer who stood on the

works directing its movement. The first shot went over the house, the second struck it, and the third exploded in the chimney, taking off the right arm of Corporal Charles S. Calhoun, of "K," and the left of David Stockel, of "A." Two days after Stockel died at City Point. Brick and plaster flew about thick, enveloping the new occupants of the structure in dust and rubbish. The men were then ordered away from the house and deployed to its right and left as skirmishers.

Upon the farther side of a large open field, which the advance had reached, was a strong, well-manned line of the enemy's breastworks. Here, night nearly on, we advanced, the line halted, and, in obedience to orders, threw up a line of works which were not completed until after midnight. The sky was black and at times the rain poured in torrents. It had been a day of hard work, some danger and much anxiety; a wet, cheerless and comfortless night followed. It was a sudden and not a very refreshing change in a single twenty-four hours, from good weather and quiet camps to the risk of battle by day and the comfortless exposure to a heavy storm of rain by night.

Under cover of darkness we advanced and built a line of breastworks close to the rebel line. It rained hard next morning; the rebels stood upon their works looking over at us. Not a shot was fired. Some of our men stuck loaves of bread on bayonets and held them up, saying: "Hey, Johnny! Come over and get some fresh bread and coffee." They did not come. Shortly after an officer on a white horse dashed along their line and they retreated and we advanced out.

The tempest continued during the day and the roads became impassable, so that all operations for the 30th, except those so far advanced that their continuance was essential, were suspended. But, so far at least as its skirmish line was concerned, the 118th was billeted for pretty active work.

The division still retained the position it had taken up the night before. As early as six o'clock in the morning, General Warren sent the following instructions to General Griffin:

"Have General Bartlett's skirmish line feel the enemy in his

front and ascertain if they are in the same position as last night, if he has not already determined it, and send me a report in writing."

General Bartlett was quick in his response; in fact, he had doubtless anticipated his instructions, for at 7.30 A. M. General Griffin sent the following to General Warren:

Since the fog has lifted a little, I find the right of my skirmish line within one hundred and fifty yards of a complete line of rifle-pits, now held in, as far as developed, the usual force for such a line. I have made a demonstration with my skirmish line, which is in the open field, and am satisfied the position will be hotly contested. I send a diagram of my line and the lines of the enemy with the supposed line of advance of the 2d Corps. No connection has yet been made with me on my right or left either by lines of battle or skirmish line.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOS. J. BARTLETT, *Bvt Maj.-Gen. Com'g Brigade.*

Since the above was written it has been reported the 2d Corps connects.

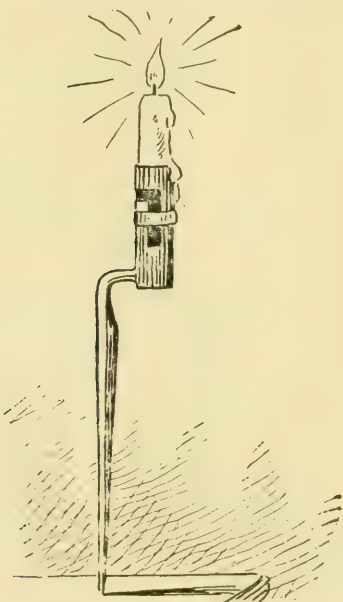
CHARLES GRIFFIN, *Brevet Major-General.*

About noon the skirmish line was advanced, that of the enemy having fallen back. This act on their part was due to the advance of General Humphrey's skirmish line with some of the right of the 5th Corps line, which made the enemy's skirmish line untenable. Under General Warren's supervision, he finding that the line of battle could be advanced to a good position, it was now moved forward some half mile across the open field to the point where the road from Dabney's enters the Plank Road. During this movement the enemy opened with artillery from breastworks near the Burgess Mills. A subsequent reconnoissance showed the battery, which at first was supposed to be on the south side of Hatcher's Run, to have been at the junction of the White Oak Road with the Plank Road.

This was the same locality where General Hancock had attempted to secure a permanent lodgment in the previous October, and from which he eventually rescued himself from most perilous surroundings. The White Oak Road was the shortest route of the enemy's to Five Forks, a point which once secured

must ultimately force the enemy's abandonment of his Petersburg entrenchments. On the White Oak Road his permanent works terminated, just to the westward of Burgess Mills, and to hold it there and beyond against the threatening attitude of the 5th Corps and the cavalry, he was bending all his energies. Hatcher's Run to the north of Armstrong's Mill changes direction and courses westerly.

The pickets advanced some distance beyond the line of battle.



From the picket line it was discovered, General Warren personally making the observation, that the enemy's breastworks were well located and constructed and defended by infantry and artillery. Trees prevented their being seen at all points. The timber had been well slashed to give effect to the fire, and where the fallen trees did not obstruct the ground *abatis* had been laid. During

these operations it rained hard.

Sergeant Stotensburg, as usual, pressing ahead saw an opportunity to pick up a few prisoners, and dashing out in front of the advancing pickets brought in four men, who evidently had not expected to be so actively pursued.

General Ayres, while General Griffin was operating in front of Burgess Mills, had moved out to the northwestward, to a position where he could see the White Oak Road, and General Warren was quite anxious Humphrey's should take care

of Griffin's front, that he might use Griffin to co-operate with Ayres and Crawford.

About four o'clock Wilcox's division made a demonstration against Griffin's front but was easily driven back. A few prisoners fell into our hands, mostly broken down men who had but a short while before been forced into the service.

The enemy were utilizing the White Oak Road actively. During the day Pickett's division had been seen to pass along it. His whereabouts were developed during the night, and what he accomplished by his short route and rapid march was quite apparent in his operations the following day.

Near midnight General Griffin reported that he was unable to form any definite opinion as to the practicability of an assault on the enemy's works. His skirmish line encountering a skirmish line of the enemy in superior numbers was unable to press forward. He hoped that things might be changed in the morning; but before that time came General Humphrey had been ordered to send a division to relieve him and he was ordered to move down the Boydton Plank Road to General Ayres's old position.

Within the time after daylight on the 31st that it took to accomplish the movement, General Miles's division of the 2d Corps had relieved General Griffin's, and Griffin was massed a short distance east of a branch of Gravelly Run, across a wood road running from near Mrs. Butler's to W. Dabney's on the White Oak Road.

General Ayres was still at W. Dabney's, within sight of the White Oak Road, with the enemy's pickets on our side of it, and General Crawford was between him and General Griffin. The divisions were so assembled, with their lines refused, that they could fight in any direction, and attention was being devoted to getting the road through the woods in order.

While the enemy's communication was continuous along the White Oak Road with his pickets still south of it, there was some anxiety for the safety of the position of the entire corps, more particularly as the pause arising from the suspension of

operations which was directed to continue through the 31st would give the enemy time to gain knowledge of our force and position. It was essential also that a greater distance should be secured between our pickets and the line of battle, "to give the latter time to fully get under arms so soon as any pressure of the advancing enemy showed itself at the advance posts." Consequently at 9.40 A. M. word was sent out to General Ayres to try and drive off the enemy's pickets and develop with what force the White Oak Road was held. "To prevent any relaxation of vigilance until the position of the corps should be made secure, General Warren gave no notice to his command of the order suspending movements."

When Griffin's division had reached its position across the wood road arms were stacked, knapsacks unslung, and the men set about the preparation of the morning meal. The sun, shining warm and bright, broke through the scattering clouds; blankets were spread out to dry, and everywhere was that feeling of soldier buoyancy always so distinctively dominant during the short rifts in seasons of continual contacts. The buoyancy was born to short duration. A thunder of cannonading and rattle of small arms burst out most unexpectedly, and for the moment Griffin's division looked as if it might be absorbed in the confusion and demoralization of the divisions in advance of it, suddenly rolling back upon it in rude disorder. But Griffin, awake to better thoughts, reserved his men for substantial work.

This is the way it came about. General Winthrop, with his brigade of General Ayres's division, was advancing about 10.30 A. M., when simultaneously an attack, which had been in preparation by the enemy against Ayres's division, fell upon Winthrop in heavy force both from the north and west. General McGowan had not completed his movement across Ayres's left flank when firing across his front began, and he at once ordered a charge. The assault in front had been precipitated by the conduct of a lieutenant of General Hunton's brigade—subsequently promoted for his gallantry—who rushed out in

front of his company, waved his sword and cried: "Follow me, boys!" With that the three brigades of McGowan, Gracies and Hunton threw themselves headlong into the charge, the full formation for which had not yet been consummated.

Seeing he had a much superior force to encounter, General Winthrop faced his brigade about and marched back across the field in good order. Not so with the rest of the division. Repeated attempts were made to check the advance of the enemy and to hold the troops, but to no avail. The retreat of Ayres communicated itself to Crawford, and both divisions disappeared in disorder, only rallying at last in rear of Griffin's division, which still held itself firm along Gravelly Run.

At the sound of the firing heard in his front General Griffin at once put the right of his division in motion towards it. He had scarcely reached the bank of Gravelly Run when he was met "by the 3d Division running to the rear in a most demoralized condition, soon after followed by the 2d Division." *

The command, "Fall in! fall in!" ringing out simultaneously with the crash that came from the front, was obeyed with alacrity. Muskets were quickly taken and the line moved forward with vigor to a rise of ground overlooking the run. As the torrent of fleeing soldiers drove through it, General Griffin's voice could be heard plainly as it rang: "For God's sake, let them through, or they will break our line." The enemy could be seen descending a hill, moving over the swale that separated the rise which they had left from that which the division had secured. They evidently intended to cross the run. Mink, who served his guns so handsomely at Pegram's Farm, was in battery on the right. His guns thundered, musketry crashed, severe fighting followed. The hillside, dotted with the enemy's dead and wounded, told of effective work.

The skirmishers detailed from the regiment were hard at it most of the day; some of them expended eighty rounds of ammunition. At one time, when the ammunition was about exhausted, Colonel O'Neill asked for a volunteer to carry it to

* General Griffin's report. MS.

the line. It was a perilous undertaking. Sergeant Stotensburg responded. He ran along from man to man, dropping a quantity in rear of each one, was shot at vigorously, but discharged his dangerous mission successfully and returned unharmed.

At this juncture General Griffin and General Warren rode down to Chamberlain, who, with his brigade and the artillery, was holding our extreme left, where we expected an attack, and, stating the imminent danger, asked him if, suffering as he was from his wounds, he felt able to try to stem the torrent of this repulse. Their language in this exigency was very strong. Chamberlain felt the critical situation and instantly threw his brigade across the branch and, pressing the advantage already gained by our skirmishers, pushed the way steadily over the ground lost by Crawford and Ayres, when, reaching the open field in front of the enemy's works, he formed a solid line of battle, and, putting General Gregory's brigade, which had been sent to him in the woods, on his right, to make a wheeling attack, taking the enemy in flank, he charged straight at them across the open field. He swept everything before him, snatching the enemy's battle-flags out of their hands in the works, capturing them and securing the White Oak Road. Thus McGowan's, Gracies' and Hunton's short-lived triumph was turned to disaster.

The opportunities for achievements with a flying corps are measurably greater than those of troops forced to sit down solidly in front of formidable entrenchments. The chances that came to General Chamberlain during this campaign came to one of conceded high soldierly abilities, whose unswerving sense of honor and justice impelled him to the exercise of those abilities fully and fairly, no matter what the duty, what the danger, what the fatigue. If any one in the 5th Army Corps maintained a spotless name and won enduring fame during the operations of that corps from the 29th of March to the 9th of April, 1865, more than commensurate with the range of the command he held, that one was Joshua L. Chamberlain. General Warren fixed the seal of official commendation on all of



G. K. Warren

Major-General U. S. A.,
May 3, 1863, to May 27, 1865.

Chamberlain's deeds, his brother officers gave them the approval of their high appreciation, and his soldiers honored him as he deserved.

General Sheridan, who, on the 29th, had crossed the Rowanty below Warren, was, on the 31st, while part of the force was moving towards Five Forks and the rest remaining in position in the vicinity of Dinwiddie Court-House, most seriously attacked by Pickett's infantry and all the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. Against these severe odds, detached and alone, he most gallantly maintained himself.

As the sounds of the firing from Sheridan's battle gradually receded, it was a source of much consideration at the headquarters of the 5th Corps, and at five o'clock General Warren, of his own motion, ordered General Griffin to send General Bartlett directly across country to attack the enemy on his flank.

Strangely the sound of the firing created a contrary impression at the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac. There it was believed to be growing nearer, and later on, when General Warren was directed to send a force down the White Oak Road to open it for General Sheridan, he was instructed to caution it to take care not to fire into Sheridan's advance, and to advise it that, as the firing was so near, it would not likely have far to go.

The artillery of the corps had all been left on the Boydton Plank Road on account of the mud, and three regiments of the brigade, under General Pearson, had been detached to support it.

It was nearing dark when the brigade passed through the picket line, moving in the direction of the distant battle sounds, yet distinct, though the day was disappearing. Pertinent inquiries from the pickets as to the intended destination were unanswered. The moving column was as ignorant—save that the direction trended battleward—of its place of stoppage as were the inquirers. The route was part way by a narrow roadway, lined on either side by a growth of young pines. The move-

ment was conducted cautiously, and the men, realizing that they were detached from the army, knowing they were in dense woods in the midst of approaching darkness, pressing toward a battle-field, manifested the anxiety naturally attendant in such conditions.

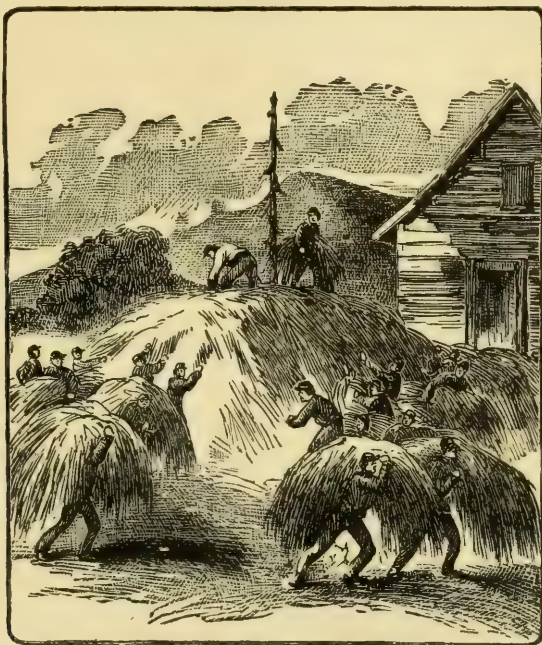
The movement of General Bartlett is best described in the language of Major Cope, a staff officer of General Warren, who accompanied Bartlett's column.

"About 5 P. M. you directed me to lead General Bartlett's brigade by a direct route, if possible, toward the sound of firing in the direction of Dinwiddie Court-House and attack the enemy in the rear. I immediately reported to General Bartlett, who had his column put in motion. The left of the corps rested in open ground. We came out from the left and crossed this ground for half a mile; then we came to a small branch of Gravelly Run in the edge of the timber. Here we found a wood road that ran in the right direction. We followed it one mile through this wood, over rolling ground, crossing three branches of Gravelly Run. At the south edge of this timber, and in open ground on a hill, stands Dr. ——'s house, and here our skirmishers became engaged with the enemy's pickets. The ground slopes from here to Gravelly Run and is open in front all the way down. The enemy, after considerable skirmishing, were driven down the slope and across the run three-quarters of a mile from the house. The house is near a main road leading north from Dinwiddie Court-House to the White Oak Road. General Bartlett established a line of pickets along Gravelly Run crossing this road. He also kept vedettes out on his right, watching this road and other approaches in the rear. It was much after dark when he had made the proper dispositions of his troops, and then we began to turn our attention to the number and extent of the enemy's camp-fires. They seemed to stretch for miles on the south side of the run, and we could distinctly hear them chopping, moving wagons and talking."

General Bartlett's position close up against the Gravelly Run

Church Road, nearly down to its crossing of Gravelly Run, directly on the enemy's flank, prevented him from communicating by that road during the night, and would compel him, if he desired to reinforce his troops at Dinwiddie, to make a considerable detour to do so.

With Bartlett in this controlling position, with his three regiments and the corps artillery holding the plank road tow-



BIVOUAC NEAR A HAYSTACK.

ards Dinwiddie, it may well be understood how exceedingly Warren regretted, as in his official report he says he did, the step shadowed in the confidential despatch received from headquarters of the Army of the Potomac at 8.40 in the evening, intimating the probability of contracting the entire lines during the night of the 31st. In a previous despatch General Warren had already foreshadowed, what actually did occur, that with Bartlett where he was, if Sheridan kept on fighting, the

enemy could not remain between him and Dinwiddie, but must fall back to Five Forks. As to the confidential communication shadowing a withdrawal, he remained of the same belief, pointing out in his reply how Humphreys, with the 5th Corps artillery already there, could hold the plank road, asserting that unless Sheridan had been too badly handled, there was yet a chance for an open field fight, and urged that he be allowed to move down and attack the enemy at Dinwiddie Court-House on one side while Sheridan did so on the other.

There was insistence upon the contracting movement, except that a division should reinforce Sheridan, indicated from General Meade's head-quarters, as Griffin's orders from army and corps head-quarters had both been published providing for it. But at 10.15 P. M. the advance was again ordered to be resumed, in a communication virtually accepting Warren's suggestion, to be permitted to press down on one side of Dinwiddie while Sheridan should close up on the other. The ground secured by the two days' hard fighting was not to be abandoned.

The night was dark and stormy, and the difficulty of communicating in the dense woods was so great that although the order withdrawing the division by the plank road had gone to the troops from corps head-quarters an hour and a half before the order directing a resumption of the advance was issued, yet the latter order reached them first. The troops had been sorely tried and needed rest. The proximity to the enemy forbade the use of drums or bugles to rouse the men, and every order had necessarily to be communicated personally from the commanding officers to their subordinates until it eventually reached the non-commissioned officers. Fatigued to the limit of endurance, the sleep of the soldiers was deep and heavy, and the task of the non-commissioned officers to arouse each one individually was not light. The moon set after midnight, on a dark, starless night in the gloomy forests; the search first for commanding officers and then for the soldiers was no easy one.

MAP OF DABNEY MILLS AND WHITE OAK ROAD.



In March of 1864 the 1st Corps was transferred to the 5th and Gen. Warren was assigned to the command. The 1st and 2d Divisions of the 5th Corps were consolidated, forming the 1st Division under Gen. Griffin. The 3d Division (Crawford's) remained unchanged. The 1st Corps now became the 2d and 4th Divisions of the 5th Corps under command of Generals Robinson and Wadsworth.

In this reorganization the 5th Corps contained 67 regiments of infantry and 9 batteries of light artillery, numbering in all 25,695 men and officers present for duty equipped.

The losses of the 5th Corps at the Wilderness, May 5th and 6th, were 487 killed, 2817 wounded and 1828 missing. Total 5,132.

From the 5th to the 20th of May a bloody and almost constant battle had been waged by both armies. The chance for rest was small, and the hardships and nerve strain put upon the troops engaged were terrible. The loss on both sides was in keeping with the desperate nature of the fighting.

The number of killed, wounded and missing since the campaign opened at the Wilderness is estimated by General Humphreys to have been 33,110. Of these the killed and wounded are estimated at 28,207.

Total losses at Spottsylvania, 17,723. Enemy's loss not known.

The losses of the Army of the Potomac had now reached the terrible figures of 60,000 men since starting out on this great adventure across the Rapidan. The losses of the Confederate army, it is said, did not foot up to 20,000.

After this statement may I not inquire without criticism if the advantages gained justified these disproportionate losses? If not, was not General Grant balked and outgeneraled up to this time? It may at least be safely asserted that it is not often that a commander is so situated as to afford such terrible and unequal losses and not feel them. The overland route and the system of attacking in brute masses marked out for General Grant by the wise ones at Washington proved a failure, and, considered as a whole, were fruitless.

At 9.35 P. M. General Bartlett's brigade was withdrawn to rejoin the division. Whilst awaiting his return the orders for concentration were changed, and Ayres's division was sent instead of Griffin's, by the plank road route to report to Sheridan, Griffin and Crawford being directed to move across country over the same route Bartlett had travelled, to strike the enemy's flank at daylight. Their route was much shorter than Ayres's, and though Griffin did not move until five on the morning of the 1st of April, his advance, led by General Chamberlain, came up to Sheridan at Crimps at 7 A. M., where, at that hour, General Sheridan stopped the corps until one in the afternoon.

Sheridan had planned for great achievements, if the conditions had remained as he had hoped. "Do not fear my leaving here," said he to Warren. "If the enemy remains I shall fight him at daylight." But as Warren had intimated, "if Sheridan keeps fighting him" and I remain on his flank, he cannot maintain himself and must fall back. Such was what the daylight showed. In the darkness of that starless night, Pickett stole away to meet, behind his Five Forks' entrenchments, the end laid out for him in the open fields about Dinwiddie.

The corps had halted; Crawford at J. Boiseau's, near where the Gravelly Run Church Road joins the road to Dinwiddie, and Griffin across the road a half mile to the southward of Crawford. Ayres was still about three-quarters of a mile south of Griffin at J. M. Brooks's, at the junction of the road which leads from the Boydton Plank Road to the main road from the Court House to Five Forks. It was on this road a staff officer of General Sheridan had turned him off during the night while pursuing his route directly along the plank road to the Court-House. From Crawford's position to Five Forks was about four miles.

That eventful April morn broke clear and frosty. The bodies of dead horses and men indicated considerable severe fighting even this distance from the Court-House. As the command halted, General Sheridan and his staff emerged from a neigh-

boring wood. His appearance had not become familiar to the soldiers of the 5th Corps, nor had they yet been impressed with that personal magnetism which roused all fighting men with whom he came in contact. His famous deeds, however, assured him enthusiastic demonstration.

The enemy's works at Five Forks covered the White Oak Road, their variations from a straight line following the bends of the road, and terminating to the eastward with a return angle about eight hundred yards west of the junction of the Gravelly Run Church Road and the White Oak Road. Their western end rested on the junction of a road which diagonally



REBEL BATTLE-FLAG.

connects the White Oak Road with the Ford Depot Road above C. Young's field, and their entire front, including their irregularities, covered a distance of a mile and three-quarters. The return extending northward to a depth of about three hundred yards was known to exist, but its exact location was supposed to be at, or nearly at, the Gravelly Run Church Road junction. It was against this mistaken location that the main infantry attack was directed.

About two o'clock the column was put in motion, and moving the entire route through timber, came out within a mile of Five Forks, in the open country about Moody's. Be-

tween this small space of open ground and what has passed into history for the purpose of designation as the open ground about Gravelly Run Church, there is still a belt of woods. Covered by this timber, the corps was formed in line of battle, Crawford's division on the right, Ayres's, the smallest, on the left, and Griffin's in Crawford's rear, with his right brigade in echelon to the others.

The order for the advance was given at four o'clock. The ground was rough and cut up with numerous ravines. Ayres struck the angle far west of its supposed position, instead of Crawford, as was designed, and after some gallant fighting captured the return work, securing a large number of prisoners of Ransom's brigade of Johnson's division and taking many battle flags. This work was the key of the position.

Immediately after crossing the White Oak Road Griffin's division changed direction to the left, as did the whole corps, to strike the enemy in flank and rear. After advancing about a mile and finding nothing in his front save a few cavalry vedettes, the heavy volleys of musketry from Ayres's fight attracting General Griffin's attention, the division was halted. His personal examination showed that the discomfited battalion that had garrisoned the return works and the main line to the right of it, outflanked by their retreat, were moving up the White Oak Road. Meantime Chamberlain, who was on the right, had moved his brigade by the flank towards the sound of the heavy firing on his left. The division was then immediately faced to the left, and moving some three or four hundred yards in the new direction, south and west, its direction was again changed to bring it perpendicular to the line of battle. Griffin and Crawford were now completely in the enemy's rear, but Crawford, nearly half a mile to the north, still continued to press westward towards and through the open fields of Young's farm.

At the point where the direction had been changed to the perpendicular to the line of battle, the enemy had thrown up slight entrenchments upon the crest of a hill, connected them

with their main line and manned them with Ransom's and Wallace's troops to oppose the sweep that Griffin was making down their rear. General Bartlett with three regiments of his brigade, and General Chamberlain with his whole brigade, moved up rapidly under the crest of the hill, charged the works, struck them obliquely in flank and reverse, the right of Chamberlain's line passing down the rear of the works, and his left in front of them. General Bartlett struck further up, met a very heavy flank fire on the right, which somewhat broke up both commands. The extreme right fell back, and the remainder of the line showed a strong disposition to swing to the left into the works upon the crest, from which the enemy had just been driven. To have permitted this would have rendered the whole line powerless against the heavy flank attack, which the firing on Bartlett's right indicated as just then commencing. Bartlett's right, the 20th Maine and 1st Michigan, was in imminent peril. Two of Chamberlain's regiments swept down their rear, and Gregory's brigade—which had been ordered to report to General Chamberlain for the rest of the campaign—also moved forward in the same direction to break this attack and relieve Bartlett's right. "In the attempt to do this the regiments of the several brigades became somewhat mixed, but a new direction was given the line and the enemy completely put to rout." * Some of this confusion resulted from the troops exchanging shots with the cavalry who were coming up in front of the enemy's works. This affair lasted about half an hour; the resistance was stubborn and the enemy's fire quick, sharp and decisive. Some fifteen hundred prisoners and several battle flags were captured. The position from which Griffin had dislodged this force was in the southwest corner of the Sydnor field. He was yet half a mile from the junction of the Ford Road with the White Oak Road, where the Five Forks battery was located.

Following Crawford's path, indicated by his dead and

* General Chamberlain's report of the operations of his command from the 29th of March to the 9th of April. MS.

wounded, General Warren found him on the Young farm in good order, facing westward. He at once changed his direction to the southward, and moving down the line of the Ford Road met at the edge of the wood on the south side of the farm a sharp fire from a force that had formed line across the Ford Road. This was a force—Terry's brigade, Colonel Mayo commanding—turned back by Pickett to make head against these rear attacks, and also some of Ransom's troops just dislodged by Griffin from the Sydnor field, and four guns of McGregor's battery which had eluded capture at the return. Part of Bartlett's brigade here joined Crawford. The other troops of Griffin and Ayres had not yet reached the point. The resistance was brief, and McGregor's four guns were captured.

After a few minutes' delay, Griffin's lines were restored and a direction was given them perpendicular to the line of the enemy's entrenchments. Generals Chamberlain and Bartlett personally collected a large number of men who had sought the edge of the woods for shelter. In this connection General Chamberlain makes special mention of Captain Robert M. Brinton, then an aide on the staff of General Griffin. "The confusion of the battle at this time was great. Different commands were completely mingled, but our own line was still good."* General Chamberlain, who had been authorized by General Sheridan in the midst of the fight to take command of any of the troops which had lost their place in the confusion, put General Gwyn's brigade of Ayres's division in at a critical moment when the issue trembled in the balance, and it did effective work. The division was then pushed forward along the main line of entrenchments, capturing prisoners and driving the enemy, who took advantage of every rise of ground, until the three brigades had advanced to Five Forks, where the cavalry (Colonel Fitzhugh's brigade of Devier's division) and infantry met, capturing five guns—the Five Forks battery—and several caissons. Bartlett's brigade of itself, on the Ford Road, took an entire train of wagons with supplies, etc., and ambulances belonging to Pickett's division.

* General Chamberlain's report. MS.

The pursuit was kept up until after dark, when, the cavalry having pushed to the front out of sight and hearing of the infantry, a halt was ordered. The division was then withdrawn some three miles, and at eleven o'clock at night went into bivouac near Gravelly Run Church.

A report prevailed that the prisoners, to whom but little attention had been paid, had again armed themselves and were prepared for further resistance. The 118th was ordered to look after them, which it did. Upon investigation the report proved to be without foundation. The Confederates who still retained their arms threw them down the moment the demand was made to do so. Captured arms were so plentiful that next day they were used to corduroy the road, that the wagons and artillery might pass over the mud upon them.

As the evening shades were gathering, Pickett threw a force across the west side of the Silliam field, a wide expanse of open in front of the centre of his works, to attract attention whilst it should give a little God-speed to his scattered hosts, pouring in disorder to the northward. Crawford was formed upon the west side of this field, his right resting in the woods north of the entrenchments. Some little hesitancy to advance quickened Warren's impetuous zeal, and seizing the corps flag he led the division across the open, closed up tight on the entrenchments under a severe fire, and sent the only remnant of all of Pickett's brave battalions from its last abiding place. And with this culmination to so many deeds of conspicuous personal gallantry Warren's career as a distinguished soldier in war closed forever on the battle-field, with a sad intimation that his capacities did not equal the occasion. The flush of victory was still bright on his brow, his eye yet flashed the vigor of his brilliant impetuosity, when the harsh direction that severed his connection with the 5th Army Corps reached him, and sent him for the few days yet left of the Rebellion into what was an undeniable, if not an apparently dishonorable, seclusion.

After many years the wrong was righted. Worn and weary with the anxieties of delay, enfeebled with patient waiting, a

stout heart and manly frame yielded readily to disease, and General Warren lived but a short while to survive an honorable vindication.

As Warren gave forth his last official utterance of the doings of that eventful day that made the victor worse than vanquished, he closed in choice and modest phrase, in sentiment of deepest earnestness pleading for the common justice afterwards so long



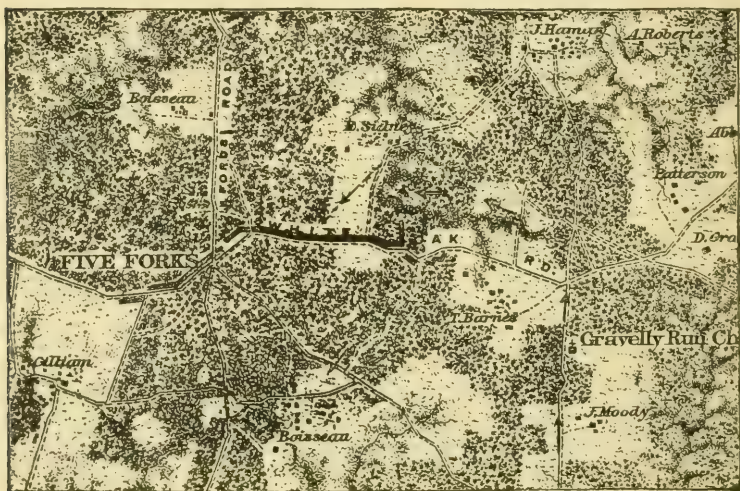
CLOSE QUARTERS.

denied him. "I trust, therefore," said he, "that I may yet receive some unequivocal acknowledgment of my faithful services at the battle of Five Forks that will forever free me from opprobrium, even among the superficial."

But historic parallels are not wanting of the sacrifice of great and good soldiers in all times. Kleber was left to die in Egypt; Kellerman was forgotten for Marengo; Moreau was punished for Hohenlinden.

Among the killed of the regiment was Corporal B. E. Fletcher, of Company E. He had just reached his majority; had participated in every engagement from Shepherdstown to Five Forks. He was noted for his courage, and though wounded at Chancellorsville he had refused to leave the field. As an obedient, dutiful soldier he was relied on by his officers and had the esteem of his associates.

Twenty-seven commissioned officers and 2,574 enlisted men were captured by General Griffin's division; 8 commissioned



FIVE FORKS, SHOWING 118TH GOING IN.

officers and 849 enlisted men of whom were credited to General Bartlett's brigade, and about 1,200 to Chamberlain's brigade.

General Griffin's elevation to the command of the corps in place of General Warren relieved, advanced General Bartlett to the command of the division and General Pearson to the brigade. Adjutant Peck was detailed for duty on the staff of General Pearson, and Lieutenant Godwin was selected as the acting adjutant of the regiment.

During the night great guns boomed ominously away off to

the right; their flashes in the dim distance, so close together, pierced the heavens like the bursts of an aurora.

On the morning of the 2d at the Five Forks between three and four thousand stand of arms and several caissons and wagons were destroyed, there being no means available for their transportation.

Early on the same morning General Chamberlain led a reconnoissance up the Church Road, whilst most of the corps moved down the White Oak Road to the vicinity of W. Dabney's, where it remained until eleven o'clock, when it returned to the vicinity of Five Forks. General Pearson's brigade, however, did not leave its night bivouac until the afternoon, when, with the rest of the corps, it moved across Hatcher's Run on the Ford Road, then across the Southside Railroad to the Coxe Road, camping for the night at Williamson's house, at the intersection of the Namozine Road with the River Road. General Chamberlain, in advance, captured a train of cars at the crossing of the Southside Railroad, in which were a number of Confederate officers and men, and also drove a body of about 1,500 dismounted cavalry off the Coxe Road.

About four o'clock Robert M. Brinton, a staff officer, dashed along the column waving his hat and shouting: "Boys, Petersburg and Richmond have fallen, and Lee is in full retreat towards Lynchburg."

We shouted in reply: "Tell it to the marines!" "Put him in a canteen!" "Give him a hardtack!" and various other derisive yells. This was the first news that reached us of the evacuation of Richmond. We had great difficulty in plodding along on account of the mud.

The news was received incredulously. What was almost the truth went begging. It was rather believed that urgency demanded an exhausting march, and this incentive was thrown out as a stimulant to exertion. The officer had in fact anticipated events. Petersburg was not abandoned until three o'clock on the morning of the 3d and the surrender of Richmond followed a few hours later. But enough had transpired

to warrant a reasonable exaggeration at even this little distance from the actual conflict.

The 2d, 24th, 6th and 9th Corps had all gallantly stormed the massive entrenchments in their several fronts; had closely pressed the enemy from all his interior works, and the fate of the long beleaguered city hung upon what might be done while yet the daylight lasted.

And now began the famous race. Our eminent chieftain, not satisfied with pursuing alone, had planned a more effective measure. His soldiers must out-march his fleeing adversary, cross his path, cut him off from succor and supplies and force him to submission. Lee's weary, straggling, hungry battalions were struggling for Amelia Court-House for concentration, but Grant, away beyond it, before Lee's famished legions reached there, had blocked the route to Danville.

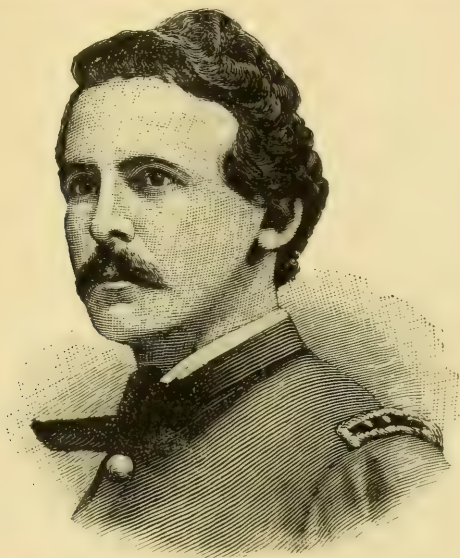
The 5th Corps, closely following the cavalry, moved out early on the morning of the 3d of April along the River Road to the Namozine Creek, bivouacking for the night in the vicinity of Deep Creek. The roads, difficult for the column, were almost impassable for the trains, and the infantry for this and the two following days worked at putting them in some passable order.

On the 4th the march was resumed at five o'clock in the morning and continued until after dark, when at Jetersville a line of battle was formed, the left of the corps extending across the Danville Railroad. Jetersville is a station on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, some miles southwest from Amelia Court-House and a little greater distance northeast from Burksville Junction, where that railway is crossed by the Petersburg and Lynchburg. Lee's ultimate destination was Danville. A line of Union infantry crossed his way, and he must await darkness and the opportunity to step off in a new direction.

Preparations were made to attack the enemy's trains in this vicinity. Indications of his presence in force were apparent; earthworks were thrown up and the troops remained on the alert during the night.

On the 5th, under arms all day, preparations were active to receive or make an attack. About one o'clock a portion of the corps moved out towards Amelia Court-House to support the cavalry who, bringing up a large number of prisoners, were severely attacked on the road. The detachment returned to camp and the entire corps remained all the night of the 5th in the position it had taken the previous evening.

On the evening of the 5th, at 7.40 o'clock, General Griffin—



LIEUTENANT SYLVESTER CROSSLEY.

his corps having been serving directly under General Sheridan from the time General Warren reported it to him on the morning of the 1st—in obedience to instructions from General Sheridan, reported back to General Meade for orders, and at six o'clock A. M. on the 6th, in compliance with directions from head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac, marched from Jetersville along the Danville Road in the direction of Amelia Court-House to attack the enemy. After moving a distance of about three miles to a place called Smith's Shop, undoubted

evidence was received that the enemy had left and gone westward. The 5th Corps then moved to the northward on the Paineville Road, and from thence held the right of the army, General Bartlett's division leading the corps, and General Chamberlain's brigade the division. The route was continued via Paineville to Ligontown Ferry and Sailor's Creek.

Near the vicinity of the latter, after crossing a distance of thirty-two miles, darkness having set in, the command went into bivouac. The march was very rapid and tiresome; no opposing forces were met save small detachments of cavalry. About three hundred prisoners and many wagons were captured, and a large number of gun-carriages, caissons and army wagons that had been captured by our cavalry or abandoned by the enemy were still burning as we passed.

The sounds of distant firing late in the afternoon indicated what afterwards proved to be the brilliant affair of Wheaton's and Seymour's division of the 6th Corps and Merritt's and Crook's cavalry division with Ewell's and Anderson's troops at Little Sailor's Creek, resulting in a loss to the enemy of 6,000 killed, wounded and prisoners, and the capture of Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Custer Lee, Dubose, Hunton and Corse. The total loss to the enemy on the 6th in his actions with the 2d and 6th Corps was not less than 8,000.

Throughout the march the evidences that the army of Lee was breaking up were so apparent that much excitement prevailed and the troops forgot their fatigues in their enthusiasm. Tales of the exploits of the cavalry reached the infantry column, and the stories of the perilous doings of Sheridan's scouts were amazing.

On the morning of the 7th, at five o'clock, the corps moved up the road by Sailor's Creek for Farmville, crossing the Lynchburg Railroad at Rice's Station, arriving near High Bridge, then destroyed, at 9.30 A. M., and halting there. Orders were received to pass in rear of the 2d and 6th Corps and move with all possible despatch to Prince Edward Court-House, which point, after a march of twenty miles, was reached at 7.30

in the evening. Thence the 5th and 24th Corps were to follow on the flank of the enemy and get in front of him, while the 2d and 6th Corps were to press his rear.

The country through which the army was moving had seen nothing of the war. It was a fertile, productive region, and the well-stocked larders of what were yet thrifty plantations paid handsome tribute to the exorbitant exactions of the hungry soldiers.

On the morning of the 8th, pursuant to instructions from the lieutenant-general, the 5th Corps was ordered to follow the 24th up the Lynchburg Road, starting at six o'clock. The column struck the Lynchburg Pike at Prospect Station at noon and thence followed the 24th Corps towards Appomattox Court-House, bivouacking along the road at two o'clock on the morning of the 9th within two miles of that place. The distance covered was twenty-nine miles, and was a hard, tiresome march, and many men fell out exhausted along the road. From Prospect Station the march was very slow and tedious, the roads being obstructed by the repeated and long halts of the 24th Corps.

After dark the roadway narrowed, entering a deep forest. Troops of all arms of service crowded the crooked path, presenting a scene of apparently inextricable confusion. Each insisted on the right of way. Unoffending artillery horses were belabored by angry infantrymen, their masters resenting the assaults with violent profanity and defending their steeds with sharp whip cracks. The luckless generals leading the column came in for the usual share of threatening invective accompanied by interrogating appeals, big with oaths, to stop the march. There was no disposition to prepare a meal, and without food the tired soldiers quickly sought a rest.

But the rest was of short duration. A despatch had been received from General Sheridan, and great things were to be expected and done that day. At four o'clock the bugles sounded the "general." Non-commissioned officers pulled at and aroused the worn-out men, and by six o'clock the head of the

column had reached General Sheridan at Appomattox, where very soon after the cavalry were reported heavily engaged and hard pressed.

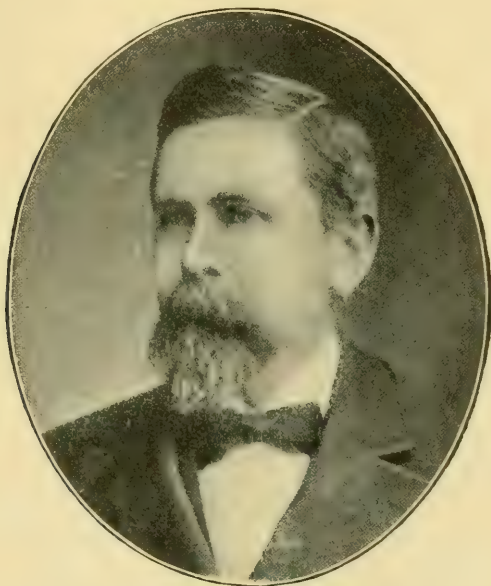
A staff officer rode along the column with the word that, if the infantry would "rush up," Lee's capture or capitulation was assured. He also bore the cheering information that two trains of cars, loaded with subsistence for the almost starving Confederates, had been captured at Appomattox Station.

Thus stimulated, the fatigues of the long night's march were forgotten and the troops pressed along with great rapidity. Daylight had broken bright and beautiful, with all the invigorating freshness of early morning in the April spring time. An issue of rations was promised at nine, but its fulfilment was lost in events so momentous that hunger, appetite and exhaustion were of secondary consideration.

General Ayres, moving on a line parallel with the 24th Corps, towards the firing, occasioned by the pressing back of the cavalry, faced his division into line of battle and immediately pushed forward on the double-quick, deploying the 190th and 191st Pennsylvania, armed with Spencer rifles, as skirmishers. General Bartlett's division, that had halted in the field with the men cooking coffee, was ordered to "fall in" quickly, minus their coffee, tired, disgusted and hungry, and came up rapidly in Ayres's right in two lines of battle, with the 155th Pennsylvania and a portion of the 198th Pennsylvania and the 185th as a skirmish line.

General Chamberlain, who had been detached from the column by a message from General Sheridan to push forward to his relief at once, had already reached the front line and had relieved our cavalry then sustaining the attack of the "Stone-wall Jackson" corps, and was now on the right of our line, with Gregory's brigade next and the 3d Brigade connecting on the left. The 118th was in the front line. The cavalry line of battle and the cavalry pickets, now all relieved, moved off by the flank at a trot, with sabre glistening in the sunlight, flanked by a herd of pack animals, and formed on the right of the corps.

left of the regiment, and riding directly to a group of soldiers, composed of Corporal William L. Gabe, Corporal Anthony Huver, and Corporal John L. Smith, who were standing in the lane about ten feet in front of their company (K) line, and who promptly halted him, he asked: "Where is your commanding officer, General Sheridan?"



CAPT. ROBERT MOORMAN SIMS,

Bearer of Flag of Truce, April 9, 1865, at Appomattox.

Died December 8, 1898, at Shandon, S. C.

They pointed to their right, saying, "Over there," and the truce-bearer went dashing away through the regimental line in that direction at breakneck speed.

This was on April 9, 1865, about 6 A. M., and whilst the regiment was advancing in line of battle, and we were halted when the flag of truce was seen coming.

In connection with this momentous event (as it occurred so quickly), when some years after I tried to ascertain the name of the officer who carried that flag of truce, it took over sixteen years of search and work before I succeeded in establishing that it was Capt. R. M. Sims, an aide on Gen. A. P. Hill's staff, but serving that day on Gen. Longstreet's staff.

Of further interest, the following autographs of that group are given below:

Wm. L. Gabe

Anthony Heaver

John L. Smith

J. H. Sleshultz

Capt. Co. K. 118 Regt P.V.

Sergt. A. Layman

Emerging from a small strip of woods into a clearing, the troops had a full view of what apparently awaited them. The enemy's skirmish line was in plain view, his battalions were in battle array on the hill-tops and several pieces of artillery were in position facing our right. Preparation and indication pointed to a heavy engagement. An occasional shell boomed out from the menacing guns. One killed an officer in General Chamberlain's brigade, the last soldier who fell in the division. All the recollections of hairbreadth escapes, dangers braved, hardships breasted, crowded memory in weighty volume as these brave men for the last time faced a soldier's death.

All the division now moved forward and attacked the enemy, pushing him back and driving both his artillery and infantry from the hills westward through Appomattox Court-House, taking a number of prisoners, several wagons and caissons. On our left a portion of the skirmish line had entered the town, its right being at the house of Mrs. Wright. The line of battle, rapidly moving up and closing in, was strongly supporting it, "when a message was received from General Sheridan that hostilities would be suspended, as General Lee was about to surrender," says General Griffin. "When a flag of truce came in with an aide of the commanding officer of the opposing forces, who was referred to the major-general commanding," says General Chamberlain. But the men had caught sight of the emblem and heard the welcome words to stay the fight a goodly while before their orders bade them do so.

At maddening gait a single horseman dashed up the lane towards the Union lines and struck them immediately in front of the 118th. As he rode he swung violently above his head an article white in color, longer than it was wide. As he drew nearer a red border was plainly seen around the edges of his flag. It was, in fact, a towel improvised into a flag for the occasion, and the two great armies that for four years had so fiercely contended for the mastery were at last, in this quiet Virginia vale, brought to terms by this most innocent and essential of all domestic articles. The horseman approached the

The following is a copy of an extremely interesting and characteristic letter received from Capt. Sims after I had reached him through the kind assistance and suggestions contained in letters to me from Gen. James Longstreet and Senator Wade Hampton:

(Copy.)

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 22, 1886.

MR. J. L. SMITH:

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of May 1st, enquiring as to detail of carrying the flag of truce at Appomattox, has remained unanswered longer than I intended from pressure of business, sickness in my family and general reluctance to write on this subject and disinclination to write at all on any matter or subject.

The flag was a new and clean white crash towel, one of a lot for which I had paid \$20 or \$40 apiece in Richmond a few days before we left there. I rode alone up a lane (I believe there was only a fence on my right intact), passing by the pickets or sharpshooters of Gary's (Confederate) Cavalry Brigade stationed along the fence, enclosing the lane on my right as I passed. A wood was in front of me occupied by Federals, unmounted cavalry, I think. I did not exhibit the flag until near your line, consequently was fired upon until I got to or very near your people. I went at a full gallop. I met a party of soldiers, and among them or near them, two or three officers. One was Lieut.-Col. Whitaker, now in Washington, and the other a major. I said to them: "Where is your commanding officer, General Sheridan? I have a message for him." They replied: "He is not near here, but General Custer is, and you had better see him." "Can you take me to him?" "Yes." They mounted and we rode up the road that I came but a short distance, when we struck Custer's division of cavalry, passing at full gallop along a road crossing our road and going to my left. We galloped down this road to the head of the column, where we met General Custer. He asked: "Who are you, and what do you wish?" I replied: "I am of General Longstreet's staff, but am the bearer of a message from General Gordon to General Sheridan, asking for a suspension of hostilities until General Lee can be heard from, who has gone down the road to meet General Grant to have a conference." General Custer replied: "We will listen to no terms but that of unconditional surrender. We are behind your army now and it is at our mercy." I replied: "You will allow me to carry this message back?" He said: "Yes." "Do you wish to send an officer with me?" Hesitating a little, he said: "Yes," and directed the two officers who came with me, Lieutenant-Colonel Whitaker and the major, whose name I don't know, to go with me. We rode back to Gordon in almost a straight line. Somewhere on the route a Major Brown, of General Gordon's (Con.) staff, joined me, I think after I had left Custer.

On our way back to Gordon two incidents occurred. Colonel Whitaker asked me if I would give him the towel to preserve that I had used as a flag. I re-

There was at first a disposition not to be convinced that the situation was what it purported to be. Men cautioned each

plied: "I will see you in hell first; it is sufficiently humiliating to have had to carry it and exhibit it, and I shall not let you preserve it as a monument of our defeat." I was naturally irritated and provoked at our prospective defeat, and Colonel Whitaker at once apologized, saying he appreciated my feelings and did not intend to offend. Passing some artillery crossing a small stream, he asked me to stop this artillery, saying: "If we are to have a suspension of hostilities, everything should remain *in statu quo*." I replied: "In the first place, I have no authority to stop this artillery; and, secondly, if I had, I should not do so, because General Custer distinctly stated that we were to have no suspension of hostilities until an unconditional surrender was asked for. I presume this means continuing the fight. I am sure General Longstreet will construe it so."

When I reached General Gordon he asked me to go in another direction, almost opposite to the one I had been, and take the flag to stop the firing. I replied that I could not so go, as I must go to General Longstreet; besides some of his (Gordon's) staff were now with him. He directed Major Brown to go. Major Brown came to me and asked me to loan him the towel. I took him off to a private place and told him I would let him have the towel on condition that he would not let the Federal officer get possession of it and that I would call in the afternoon for it. He took the towel, and in going into your lines (so he reported to me that afternoon) Colonel Whitaker asked for the towel to display to keep his own people from firing on him, and, as soon as he got into the lines, he mixed up with the others and disappeared with the towel.

I learned a few years ago that Mrs. General Custer has the towel. When I reached General Longstreet, after leaving General Gordon, I found General Custer and he talking together at a short distance from the position occupied by the staff. Custer said he would proceed to attack at once and Longstreet replied: "As soon as you please," but he did not attack. Just after I left Custer he came in sight of our lines. He halted his troops and, taking a handkerchief from his orderly, displayed it as a flag and rode into our lines. He was surrounded by some of our people and was being handled a little roughly when an old classmate of his recognized him and rescued him.

Upon frequent applications from General Gordon to General Longstreet for reinforcements, he (Longstreet) sent me to say to General Gordon that General Lee had rode down the road to meet General Grant and that if he thought proper he could send a message to General Sheridan, who was in command in his front, asking him for a suspension of hostilities until General Lee could be heard from. I found General Gordon without a staff officer near him, and he begged me to take the flag, which I did. Major Brown, of his staff, joined me somewhere on the route, I think as I was returning from General Custer.

Pardon the hurried manner in which this is written. Let me hear from you again. What part were you in this surrender?

(Signed)

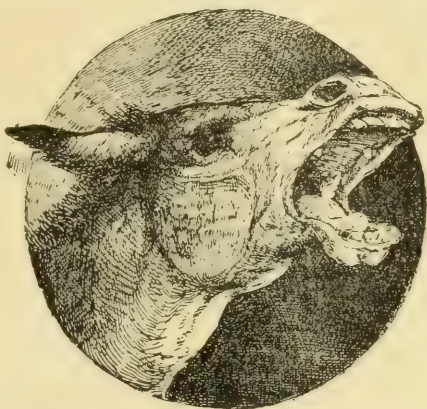
R. M. SIMS, late Captain C. S. A.

other to accept what they saw with allowance, to remember that like deception had before been successfully practiced, and that while the authorities were dallying with a flag of truce Lee's broken columns might be quietly disappearing towards Lynchburg. Besides the transition was too sudden for realization. It could not be said it was unexpected, but that the supreme moment was actually at hand required some time for comprehension. But all doubts vanished, all hesitancy was stayed, as, moving to the hill-top and stacking arms, the soldiers saw spread out before them the worn, weary and broken battalions of the hard-fought Army of Northern Virginia. But, by-and-by, the sound of distant cannonading dissipated for the moment even these convincing proofs. It was the guns fired for rejoicing, but Grant, determining there should be no outward demonstration over the fallen foe, soon ordered it stopped. But he could not stop and did not attempt to check the heartfelt thankfulness with which the soldiery gladdened in their convictions that fight, battle and bloodshed were of the past.

The line was now thrown into column of divisions and they were speedily covered with a heavy cordon of sentinels. No one was permitted to pass beyond them, and the men, so long delayed from opportunity to feed themselves, set about with what little subsistence yet remained to prepare a much-needed meal. In the desperate march the troops had far outstripped the trains and the supplies were miles and miles behind. It was wise, therefore, to carefully husband the little rations still in the haversacks. The order forbidding men to pass beyond the lines did not include a prohibition to come within them, and soon the bivouac swarmed with the rebels, disposed on friendly converse and suppliants for a stay of the famishing hunger that for days had been gnawing at their very vitals.

The nibbling, mincing diet of the past few days had pinched the Union soldiers too. But a soldier kinship is a fellowship, liberal, self-denying, stintless in generosity, boundless in sympathy. Impressed with the same spirit of liberality as was their great commander, when he ordered the issue of 25,000

rations to Lee's enhungered troops, the soldiers of Bartlett's division shared their provender with their whilom foemen until every haversack was empty. The sweet aroma of real coffee staggered the Confederates, condensed milk and sugar appalled them, and they stood aghast at just a little butter which one soldier, more provident than his fellows, happened to have preserved. A Johnny looked at the bit of butter a moment, as if trying to remember where and when he had been acquainted with its like before, and then asked in astonishment: "Do they give you rations like that?" Gracious for such, to them, bountiful entertainment, the visitors lingered about for hours, comparing incidents of fight and march and bivouac and exchanging trinkets and scrips to be retained as mementos of the occasion. There was no further familiarity permitted; all intercourse was afterwards confined to the strict formalities attending the details of the surrender.



SONG OF THE MULE AT FEED TIME:
"Oats we eat (O, it's sweet) to be remembered,"

There was nothing but the country to look to for food. An extensive slaughter of old cows yielded such garlicky meat that even hungry stomachs rebelled.

On the night of the 11th the division was marched out, it was said, to complete the details of the surrender. It was understood that Lee had requested, to avoid mortification, that these be perfected in the darkness. Whatever was the fact, the matter was delayed until the following day and the troops moved back to camp again.

On the 12th of April, 1861, the first gun of the war wickedly belched its rebellious venom on Sumter's fated walls, and, as

if in human retribution, the last gun of the war was laid down in submission on its anniversary day, just four years afterwards.

There had been bustle and activity from early morn, and about nine the division was drawn up in line (for to Bartlett's division solely was delegated the honor of receiving the surrender), with its left resting near the fence which enclosed the grounds surrounding the now celebrated McLean House. The 118th was on the left of the brigade close to the fence. In the McLean House the paroles were being prepared and signed. Here the soldiers expectantly awaited the appearance of the surrendering army. The troops had spruced up to appear to their best advantage, and arms, accoutrements and clothing showed but little of the rough usage they had been subjected to in this hard campaign. Soon a column of gray was seen wending through the valley, away off to the right, and the line was brought to "attention." A thrill of excitement ran along it and every man exerted himself to his uttermost to appear a soldier. General Evans's brigade, of Gordon's corps, led the Confederate column. As its head reached our extreme right it was wheeled into company line.

General Griffin and General Gibbon had sent for General Chamberlain on the night of the 11th and informed him that he was to command the parade on the occasion of the surrender of Lee's army. The general then asked for his old command, with which he had been constantly identified until he was detached to command the 1st Brigade at Petersburg, where he was so severely wounded. General Griffin at once assigned him to the 3d Brigade, and these were the troops which he found in line of battle on the morning of the 12th to take the last view of Lee's army. General Bartlett, commanding the division, sent the 1st Brigade and also General Gregory's 2d Brigade, which had served under General Chamberlain during the entire campaign, to take their places in the parade. These were found not in the same line, but close by.

Our bugle sounded and our solemn and eager lines were

brought to the manual of the "shoulder"—now called the "carry"—as a mark of respect. Acknowledging the courtesy by similar movement, the column wheeled to front us. Then each regiment stacked arms, unslung cartridge boxes and hung them on the stacks, and finally laid down their colors. And then, disarmed and colorless, they again broke into column and marched off again and disappeared forever as soldiers of the discomfited Confederacy.

The rebs showed discipline and marched well. Their arms were of all patterns and designs, many of them of English make. Their colors were all faded by the weather, some torn to shreds and many of them mounted on richly ornamented standards, while others were fastened to rude poles. Many a brave Confederate soldier turned from the old colors they loved so well and for which they had endured so much with tears in their eyes. No conversation was allowed between the two armies while the surrender was being made, but occasionally a pleasant word would be exchanged. One of a regiment which stacked its arms in front of us asked: "What regiment are youuns?" "The 118th Pennsylvania," was the reply. "Didn't we give it to you at Shepherdstown?" came back. "It took a whole rebel division to do it," we replied. We received them with every courtesy that could be possibly extended by a victorious army, with a single exception. A brigadier-general riding along at the head of his brigade attracted the attention of our regiment. He was a small, thin man, with a red face and a shrill, sharp voice. His uniform was all of the Confederate color, with the exception of his coat, which was blue and covered with gold braid. He rode a large horse and looked like a grim, sour man. We saw that he was not admired by his men. His brigade had halted in front of the 118th and their commander gave the necessary orders to have them placed in position to receive our salute. Their line not being dressed up in time, he abused the men for being so tardy. They must have had the same abuse before, but now that his authority was broken they would not stand it. Turning an-

grily towards him, they tauntingly replied: "Look at him! he is brave enough now, but he never was so near the Yankees before in his life." Without giving a reply he rode to the right of his command. "Who is he? Who is he?" came from a number of our boys. "Oh, he's General Henry A. Wise!" was the reply. For a moment we could hardly comprehend this. We thought of brave old John Brown and of the imperious Governor of Virginia who had ordered his execution, and here he was as a rebel general surrendering his command to the despised Yankees. Our men couldn't let the opportunity pass without firing a few hot shot at him and greeted him with such expressions as: "Who hung John Brown?" "Where did you steal your coat?" "Hang him to a sour apple-tree!" "Shoot him!" If there was a disgusted-looking man that rode from Appomattox that day it was ex-Governor Wise.

After the rebels had stacked their arms they marched to head-quarters and signed their paroles and rapidly departed for their homes, so that on the following day scarcely a rebel could be found on that historic field.

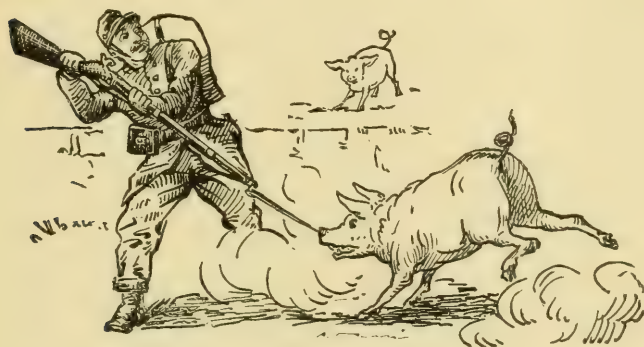
Much work was left for us to do after the rebs had left, in gathering up the stores and munitions of war. In the woods where the rebel army had encamped, muskets were scattered upon the ground in every direction. We found where whole battalions had stacked their arms and left for home, taking no part in the surrender, not even signing their parole. There is no doubt that many thousands went away in this manner, which, if added to those who marched in and stacked their arms, would have swelled Lee's army to over fifty thousand men, who surrendered on the 9th of April. It was a thankless and wearisome job for us to gather up those munitions of war. Major Jos. Ashbrook, who was division ordnance officer, destroyed immense quantities of them.

The railroad bridges had been destroyed, so that trains could not reach us, while the condition of the roads made it impossible for wagon trains to move. Our rations were exhausted.

We were without food for two days. Foraging expeditions were sent out with poor results; a little beef was secured, but it was poor and tough, and so tainted with garlic that it was almost unfit to eat. Even this was soon exhausted. Some of the men were fortunate enough to find where corn had been fed to horses and mules; this grain was gathered up, parched, and eaten with great relish.

There were many relics carried from the field. Among these was the historic apple-tree, which was all appropriated, even the ground being dug up to secure its roots.

On April 14 the rain poured down in torrents. Many of



‘A FRIEND IN NEED.’

the men had no tents, we had no rations, it was cold, muddy, and the picket line of our camp was maintained. Captain Seesholtz, of “K,” posted the last picket line previous to our departure. On the 15th, about noon, we began our return march to Richmond. We had all heard of “conquering armies” and “flying banners,” and their majestic appearance, but it was not so with our division on that day. We had often marched from fields of defeat with more martial display; it was raining hard, the mud was ankle-deep in the roads, our uniforms were ragged, and the men were hungry and sour. No attempt was made to keep in the ranks, but at a rapid pace we straggled along the muddy roads, each man taking his own way as best he could.

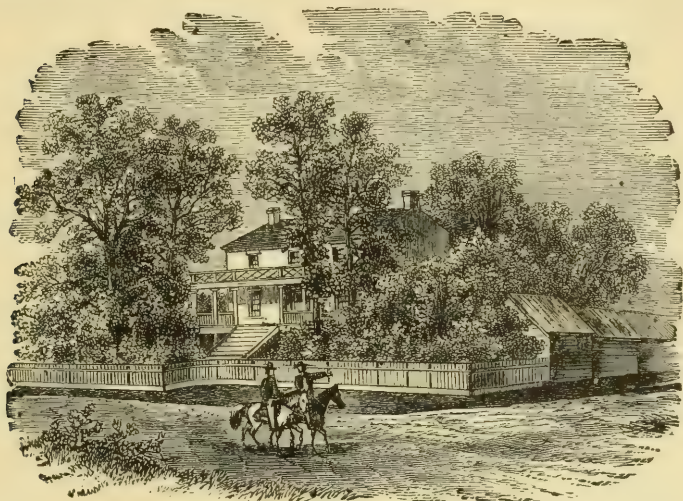
We were to draw rations that night, the officers said, and with that thought to inspire us we pushed bravely on. Darkness came that afternoon at an early hour, but no halt was ordered until after dark. We then received the cheering intelligence that "some one had blundered," and that we had marched the last two miles on the wrong road (old story). With many expressions of anger we retraced our weary steps until we reached the turnpike which, by mistake, we had left. Here we received the somewhat sarcastic order to break ranks and make ourselves comfortable for the night. The ground was so thoroughly soaked with water it stood around our feet as we walked about. We had no means with which to build fires. We could only spread our blankets on the soggy ground and endeavor to sleep. The rain poured down upon us all night.

The next day was cold and raw; the mud had reached consistency to give the roads the appearance of mortar-beds. Still no rations in sight. It was reported we would get them at Farmville. Many of the men straggled up the railroad track. At noon we crossed the Appomattox River on a temporary bridge, and soon reached the village of Farmville. The rebels here had had great hospitals.

The rain had ceased falling and the clouds had cleared away; the scene spread out before us was beautiful, and, what was better, we saw our wagon-train and knew that we soon would have our rations. We stacked arms and laid around, and for the first time realized that the war was over.

About 4 P. M. a despatch had been received announcing the intelligence that President Lincoln had been assassinated. At first we could not believe it, but when the news was authenticated, the men were deeply moved by it, and a gloom cast over the whole army. The people of Farmville were also much affected by it. It is impossible to describe the feeling that existed; we had all loved Lincoln so much; the color bearers of the various regiments, to drape their flags in mourning, resorted to the device of dyeing white handkerchiefs or other fabrics at command, from ink secured from the men, proving the old adage, "necessity is the mother of invention."

On Monday morning we broke camp and marched to Burksville, and then proceeded along the line of the Danville Railroad. On the following morning we found that "some one had again blundered" and we had to return to Burksville, and near that place we encamped, remaining there all the following day. From this point we proceeded slowly in the direction of Petersburg, and on Sunday, April 23, we stacked arms at Southerland Station. A ludicrous incident occurred here. A



MAJOR McLEAN'S HOUSE.

Major McLean lived at Manassas at the time of the battle of Bull Run. His house was used as headquarters of Gen. Beauregard during the battle. He then moved here to this quiet nook. It was his fortune to have his house used at the beginning and the ending of the conflict.

halt was ordered, and we supposed it was for a rest. In front of us was a colored cavalry regiment from Massachusetts which had reached the field just as the war was closed. The officers of this regiment were all white, the men all black. A number of our men went up to the tent of their regimental sutler and found he had a large stock of goods such as army sutlers usually sell. The colored soldiers were proud of their new uniforms and put on many airs. Our boys were ragged and rough

and had no money—were ready for any kind of a skirmish. They crowded around the sutler's tent. Three negro soldiers on guard ordered them to fall back, but the men didn't feel so disposed and kept increasing in numbers. The corporal of the guard, a big black fellow, wishing to magnify his office, came up and undertook to arrest our men for disobeying orders. The result was that Sergeant Brightmeyer landed the corporal on his back; in a moment all was excitement. The ropes of the sutler's tent were quickly cut, and the men rushed in and carried off boxes of canned peaches, canned tomatoes, sardines, tobacco, cheese, cookies—everything disappeared in a moment. The 20th Maine, 1st Michigan and our boys all had a hand in this plunder. The officers of the colored regiment rushed down with drawn swords to arrest the offenders, but by the time they arrived on the ground there were entirely other men there seeking plunder and participating in the fight with the negro guards (they having now been called out). The officers' swords went flying in the air, and their new hats with cords and tassels were being kicked about like footballs by the men. If the cavalry officers had acted wisely they would have let the matter drop, but, to our surprise, we heard their bugles calling "boots and saddle," and saw the colonel with two or three squadrons of his men come dashing down on the regiments. That officer, in a loud voice, asked for the commander of the regiment. He stepped forward and asked what was wanted. The colonel of the cavalry demanded that these men be arrested and punished, and if they were not he would arrest them himself; and suiting the action to the word, he pressed his line forward till their horses stood between our stacks of guns. The boys of the 1st Michigan and 20th Maine had received orders to take arms and fix bayonets. The result was the cavalry was handsomely repulsed with the loss of a number of horses. The colonel's had been bayoneted six or eight times and had to be shot, along with others. The brigade commander advised the cavalry colonel to move his regiment away or some of them might get killed.

We then went into camp and remained there until May 20.

On the following day we marched through the city of Petersburg. This was a very interesting day's march to us. For several miles before we reached the city our line of march was inside the rebel defenses, and there we saw the lines of forts and breastworks which had so long defied our advance. In the distance we could see long lines of fortifications behind which we had so long laid, and also the signal tower our engineers had erected near Hatcher's Run. As we were passing through Petersburg we had the pleasure of seeing our beloved commander, General G. K. Warren, standing in the crowd who were reviewing us. The men of the 5th Corps were wild and rushed out of the ranks and seized him by the hand.

The corps had not been satisfied with his removal, considering it both cruel and unjust. There were a great



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

many rebel officers in uniform standing in the crowd.

We were soon upon the turnpike that connects Petersburg with Richmond. It was a broad pike and in good condition. At night we halted within ten miles of Manchester, a small city situated on the banks of the James River opposite Richmond. Next day we marched to Manchester and encamped just at its edge, where we had a fine view of the city of Richmond. Here occurred another sutlery downfall.

An enterprising sutler had worked his way to the vicinity of the night's bivouac. His energies assured him better treatment. He evidently belonged to another regiment; among

strangers and anticipating a "raid" he had applied to Colonel Edmunds for protection. Lieutenant George W. Williams was sent with a detail, in compliance with the request, but, tardy of movement, by the time he reached his destination there was nought to look after save two kegs of nails. The "soldiers" had cut the tent ropes and rolled up clerks and proprietor in the canvas. It was a well-stocked store, and from the supplies of canned goods, cakes and other dainties scattered through the regiment it was quite apparent the 118th had not suffered by the operation.

The following leaves from the diary of H. H. Hodges give an interesting account of the homeward march of the regiment.

"May 6.—Moved at 7 A. M., crossing the James River; from the bridge we had a good view of Belle Island and Libby Prison. Marched through the principal streets of Richmond and past Libby Prison and Castle Thunder in company front, reviewed by Generals Meade and Halleck, every man on his mettle, doing his best. The streets and windows of houses were filled with spectators, whose sullen looks plainly told their feelings towards us. The frequent halts and delays of column consumed much time, and it was long after noon before we were clear of the city. Soon it became evident that the time lost in Richmond was to be made up from the rapid manner in which we were pushed along; it looked as if the desire of our corps commander was to reach Washington, if possible, by daybreak. The report that a wager between the 2d Corps staff officers and our own as to which corps would reach its destination first was the cause, whether true or not; gladly we heard the well-known voice of General Meade, as he rode by, exclaim, 'Why, any one would suppose the war in full blast, with the rebels at your heels! Turn in the first field!' Quickly we obeyed; it was a beautiful, moonlight night; we went into bivouac at 10 P. M., near Hanover Court-House, on a portion of the old battle-field, fully convinced that General Griffin would hold the right of road.

“ May 7.—Moved at 9 A. M. Passed through Hanover Court-House; crossed the Pamunkey River on pontoons, and bivouacked at 7 P. M.

“ May 8.—Moved at 7 A. M. Crossed the Mattaponi River and bivouacked near Bowling Green at 5 P. M.

“ May 9.—Moved at 7 A. M. Passed through Bowling Green, and crossed the Rappahannock River near (below) Fredericksburg; went into bivouac at 4 P. M.

“ May 10.—Moved at 8 A. M. Passing near our old camp of the winter of '62, the temptation was too strong, and breaking from column many sought their old quarters for a last look. How changed! the tall weeds, rank grass and undergrowth overran everything. Here and there the ruins of a chimney, or one still standing, around which we had listened to the merry jest and cheering words of many a comrade, who at times looked forward with fond expectations that they too would be permitted to return with us, but, alas! have fallen on every battle-field from Fredericksburg to Appomattox; freely they gave their lives for their country, causing us to close up ranks, press forward, until every foe should swear allegiance to the old flag, without one star or stripe being missed from its folds. As we looked below, to the left of our old camp, the burying ground was in view, containing the remains of our comrades whom we laid away during our first winter's service. Memories of the past crowded fast upon us; faces and forms were readily recalled of those 'who were, and are not.' With heavy hearts we left the scene, rejoined the column, and bivouacked near Dumfries at 6 P. M.

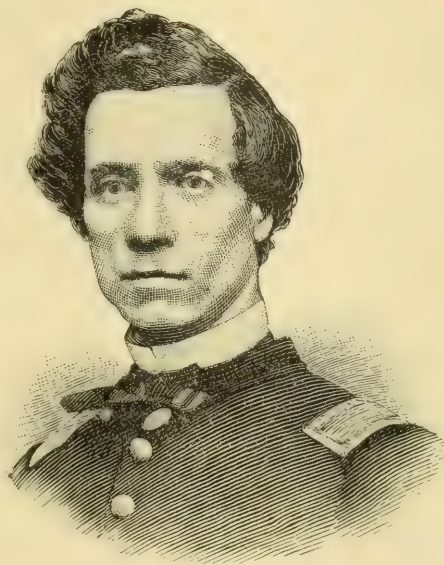
“ May 11.—Moved at 8 A. M. This proved to be the severest we had yet performed on our homeward march. The column moved rapidly until reaching the Icaquan, about 4 P. M.; here one of the heaviest thunder storms experienced during our term of service broke upon us. The stream quickly assumed the proportions of a mighty river; pontoons were thrown across to facilitate crossing, the approaches to which were nearly knee-deep in mud; crossing and climbing the steep hill on the north

side, the sacred soil appeared to have become smooth as ice, for with all his care and caution the big-footed fellow above would slip, and in downward course bring three or four with him; with curses loud and deep, as they arose from mud and water, they would cry, 'Shove that lazy, big-footed devil to the rear!' Bivouacked at 8 P. M. near Fairfax Station; it proved to be about the worst night during our term of service. Rain, mud and cold combined, causing repeated efforts in the morning to drive the stiffness from our limbs.

"May 12.—Moved at 8 A. M. Beautiful, clear morning, with a cold northwest wind against us. Moved off at a rapid pace; soon passed Fairfax Station and Court-House; convinced that our tedious march was rapidly drawing to a close, eagerly we looked from every hill for the dome of the capitol at Washington; at length our attention was called to cheering from head of column; gaining the point from which the cheers had come, there, in full view, it stood, its white dome reflecting the rays from the sun, backed by the blue sky in the distance, presenting a beautiful sight to our view; with hearts full of gratitude, we thanked God for the privilege of again beholding with our eyes what our arms had helped to preserve for coming ages, 'A free and united country.' Passed Falls Station, on Alexandria Railroad, and went into bivouac about a mile from the station at 4 P. M. Here, for the last time, camp was laid out, company streets made, shelter tents pitched, etc., and rest enjoyed. Our weary marches, dangers, toils and privations were of the past; but one more, 'Home.' Our stay at this place was pleasant, mails regular, full rations, passes readily obtained to visit the other corps. Here for the first time we saw the great army of General Sherman, which had arrived and encamped on the heights above Alexandria. A spirit of rivalry sprang up between the two armies; each vied to outdo the other. The illuminations of camps after dark presented a picturesque appearance, the hillsides dotted with white, lit up with rays from thousands of candles, the loud cheering, shrill notes from bugle and soul-stirring fife and drum left impressions that

time cannot obliterate. The government decided that before the two great armies lying within sight of Washington were disbanded, a grand review should be held in the capital of the nation; preparations of the most elaborate kind were made for that event, on the morning of May 24. The grand old Army of the Potomac, which for four long years had bared its breast to rebel foes, crossed Long Bridge and received a royal welcome from those it had safely defended. What a sight we saw!

Everywhere our national emblem was displayed. The artillery sent forth its thundering notes. The stirring music of the bands; loud and long continued cheering of the people, who thronged every available space; even innocent childhood was there to greet us with flowers, and our guardian angels, loyal and true womanhood, received us with their kindly smiles and words of welcome.



CHAPLAIN W. J. O'NEILL.

With steady tread we marched over the broad avenue, receiving one continued ovation. Recrossed the Potomac River, and arrived at camp early in the evening. From this time rumors of being mustered out were freely circulated. Soon the rolls were being prepared. Officers on staff duty and detailed men rejoined their companies. June 1 was our jubilee; what we had long looked for was at hand. Brevet-Major T. D. Chamberlain, mustering-out officer, arrived in camp; the com-

panies assembled in their streets; anxiously each waited for, and eagerly answered to his name as called, and in a short time we were mustered out, our drafted men and substitutes being transferred to the 91st Pennsylvania Volunteers. On the following day, June 2, we answered 'Fall in,' for the last time on the so-called sacred soil and started for home. As we approached Long Bridge, we found the 1st Michigan drawn up side of the road to give us their parting salute. The old cheer of the Wolverines broke out loud and long, as we filed past; their enthusiasm was unbounded; it touched our hearts. 'Twas the God-speed of true and loyal men for those who had stood shoulder to shoulder through three long years of strife and conflict. Never separated, always brigaded together, we soon learned their worth; equal to any emergency; bravest of the brave; loyal to the core; proved by their three terms of enlistment, and justly the peer of any regiment that ever marched or fought in defence of our country's flag; with hearty cheers we returned the compliment; a lingering look, and we parted. Crossed Long Bridge; shook the dust of Virginia forever from our feet, and soon reach the cars; here, while waiting, several regiments of Sherman's army bound west in cars, commenced to chaff us almost continually from their encampment near Alexandria; they were bragging of what they had done, and firing sarcastic remarks at the Army of the Potomac. As this was their last chance, they could not let it pass by; they hailed us: 'Hello, what regiment's that?' 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers. 'Where you going?' To paradise, home. 'Bringing us from the west to wind this thing up.' Oh, that's it, is it? You bummers have lived on the fat of the land. 'You fellows ought to have had Sherman with you, he'd settled it.' What! why it took Grant and Sheridan a year to do it. No fourth-rate general about Bobby Lee,—fortunately the cars moved, at this point, in opposite directions. Left Washington about one o'clock, and reached Baltimore at 5 P. M., somewhat surprised to find, on leaving cars, the citizens awaiting our coming with ice-water and sandwiches. Passed through Balti-

more in twos to depot, and embarked for last ride in comfortable cars, forming quite a contrast to the cattle cars from Washington. Arrived at Broad and Washington Street Depot about 2 P. M. on the morning of the 3d. Marched down to the Cooper Refreshment Saloon, stacked arms, and partook of a hearty breakfast, the first square meal enjoyed for years. Resumed line of march for Camp Cadwallader, passing the residence of Lieutenant-Colonel Herring on Vine street, who was still suffering from loss of leg at Hatcher's Run, but on appearing at window received the hearty cheers of those who so often had followed his command. Reached our destination about noon, turned in arms and accoutrements, were speedily dismissed with orders to report for pay on Monday morning, June 5. Promptly we appeared and fell in for pay, and by two o'clock the regiment was paid off, as we thought to meet no more; but those who had raised the regiment and so generously contributed in every possible way for our comfort at the front, The Corn Exchange Association, willed otherwise. A grand and elegant banquet was prepared on the evening of June 9, at Sansom Street Hall, in honor of our return, at which many distinguished citizens were present. Major-Generals Meade and Patterson spoke in the highest terms of praise of our services in upholding the honor of our country in its darkest hour. Next day, June 10, we participated in the review and reception of returned Philadelphia veterans, thence to the Cooper Refreshment Saloon, where the regiment was finally disbanded."

Thus ends the history of the Corn Exchange Regiment of Philadelphia.

Since its pages were begun, the fearless soldier and courteous gentleman, Colonel Charles M. Prevost, its first commander, has passed away. For a quarter of a century he suffered from a disabling wound received at Shepherdstown, while advancing in front of the regiment with the colors in his hand.

Could the remnant of the regiment stand upon parade in the field at Indian Queen Lane, each in his place as he stood when

mustered into the service of the United States, how many and wide would be the gaps! Many, many more than those who survive have been mustered by Death into the ranks of the numberless, silent army.

When the regiment was passing through Washington in 1862, moving towards the front, one bystander, looking upon them, said to another, "These are MEN!"

From Antietam to Appomattox, whether facing the withering fire and outnumbering ranks of the enemy at Shepherdstown, or bravely plodding through the mud with Burnside; whether moving over the plain beyond Fredericksburg, swept by the fires of hell, or breaking their way, pelted by musketry and solid shot and shell, through the dense undergrowth of the Wilderness, Chancellorsville or Gettysburg; whether scaling the heights of Manassas, or crouching, shivering in the pitiless cold in the woods, facing the fortifications at Mine Run; whether holding the thin line firmly against the fierce attacks of more than double their number, or building breastworks and bomb-proofs around Petersburg—during three years of peril and cold and hunger and weariness—there was not a moment when the words could not have been repeated with emphatic truthfulness, "These are MEN!"

Soldiers, comrades and others: The curtain is rung down, and the footlights are put out; the audience has all left and gone home; the gaudy tinsel that appears before the footlights is exchanged for the dress of the citizen. Coming generations and historians will be the critics as to how we have acted our parts.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOUTHERN PRISONS.

COMRADES known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Brothers ever let us be.

Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us;
But whatever fates betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we.

SERGEANT THOMAS J. HYATT, who was captured in the first day's fight in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, furnishes the following account of prison-life in the South. After detailing the circumstances of his capture, and his adventures on the way to Danville, he says:

"We were marched through the town, that its inhabitants might glory in the valor and success of the Confederate soldiers. Men, women and children crowded around to gaze upon us. Among the rest was a gray-haired man who, by a badge upon his well-worn and tattered hat, informed us that he belonged to the Confederate Sanitary Commission. Judging from his appearance the commission was a dilapidated affair. Whatever of comfort or help he may have bestowed upon the sick and wounded of his own side, curses and denunciations were all he gave to us. He finally became so foul-mouthed in his bitterness that an officer ordered him away. He went.

"Soon a gloomy tobacco warehouse was pointed out to us as our quarters. We entered. Two hundred and fifty men were crowded into the third floor of the building, and an equal number upon the second. A ration of corn-bread was served out, and eaten with great eagerness, most of us having been without food for two days.

"Upon making our sleeping arrangements we found that after the two hundred and fifty men had lain down as close together as possible there was left a passage about a foot wide around the room. The window sashes were nailed down, and wooden bars nailed across the outside of the windows. One of the prisoners, shortly after our arrival, went close to one of

the windows and looked down. A guard saw him, raised his musket, and fired; the ball struck one of the outside bars and, lodging in the top of the window frame, remained there as an evidence of good intentions and bad marksmanship.

"The place allowed us for exercise was a yard about twenty feet wide by ten deep, in the rear of the warehouse. Twenty out of the five hundred confined in the building were allowed in it at one time during the day. Our drinking and washing water was brought from the river Dan, a muddy creek which ran through the town.



SERGEANT THOMAS J. HYATT.

"During our sojourn at Danville our rations were a half loaf, or about a pound and a quarter, of corn-bread, a piece of bacon about two inches square, and a half pint of thin bean-soup for a day.

"Although confined but a week in this place, the want of ventilation and the crowded condition of the rooms told sadly upon the health of the men.

"One evening we were ordered to be ready to move at six o'clock the next morning. A Confederate major

came into the prison, and said that we would all certainly be exchanged in less than two weeks. The gloom that had settled upon us was dispersed in an instant; some laughed, some exchanged congratulations, and all were glad and merry.

"The next morning we were furnished with two days' rations of corn-bread and bacon, and then marched to the cars. On the way we passed a high pole from which flaunted the stars and bars. It made us feel our condition as captives most keenly.

“The cars were ordinary freight or box cars, and from sixty-five to seventy-five were forced into each car. There was not room for all to sit down, even when crowded together so closely that the knees and chins of those who were sitting nearly touched each other. Those who were standing when the cars first started got the chance of resting themselves when others rose to ease their joints, which had become numb and painful by remaining in the uncomfortable sitting posture. We soon found that we were going in a southerly direction, which made our situation still more unbearable, for it destroyed all hope of exchange for the time being.

“We stopped at a station. There was a Confederate hospital at the side of the railroad. The guards upon the car we were in had jumped off, stepped over to the hospital, and were talking to some of the patients who were standing near the door. I was sitting on the floor of the car in the doorway, my legs dangling down outside, when a boy, seventeen or eighteen years of age, in Confederate uniform, with his right arm in a sling, came up to the car and said to me,

“‘What State are you from?’

“‘Pennsylvania.’

“‘God bless you! I wish I had got this, fighting on the other side.’

“‘What State are you from?’ I asked.

“‘North Carolina. I did not want to come, but they made me. I have not heard from father or mother since I left home. I am afraid it has killed my mother.’

“His eyes filled with tears; he turned abruptly and went away.

“A few miles farther on the cars stopped at a station for water. Venders of pies and corn-cakes gathered around, and the prisoners looked with interest and affection upon the edibles; but as the pockets of most of them were empty they were compelled to be content with gazing. One, however, of a contemplative turn of mind, with more shrewdness than honesty, produced a brass imitation of a gold dollar, received two sweet-

potato pies, a corn-cake and five dollars in Confederate money in exchange. He satisfied his appetite with the pies and corn-cake, and his conscience with the motto that 'all is fair in war.' Perhaps so. The Hebrews while they were yet in captivity spoiled the Egyptians, and by excellent authority.

"We at first supposed that our destination was Salisbury, North Carolina, then the best, but afterwards the worst prison in the Confederacy. Salisbury was reached and passed, and then the conviction came to us that we were destined for Georgia.

"We questioned the guards, and they said that we were to go to Andersonville.

"After four or five days of close confinement in the cars we arrived at our journey's end. From the railroad we obtained a view of the stockade and its inmates. The ground was thickly studded with shelters of all descriptions and materials.

"We arrived at Andersonville on the 22d of May, 1864, a day that the few survivors of the eleven hundred men that entered the stockade on that day will never forget. After leaving the cars we marched by a circuitous route to the cleared land just outside the stockade. Here we were halted and kept in line for over two hours, under a blazing sun, while Captain Wirz was cursing us and counting us off. The men were divided into detachments of two hundred and seventy, the detachments into messes of ninety men each. Ours was the 52d detachment, showing that there were, at that time, about fourteen thousand men in the stockade. After being counted off, we were taken inside and assigned the only vacant part for our quarters.

"The hospital had recently been removed to the outside of the stockade, and its former location was the spot given to us. Sinks had been covered up with earth, and it was over these filth-holes that we put up our shelters—shelters which did not shelter. Three of us had the two halves of an army blanket stretched over stakes for our tent. At night we laid upon the bare ground without covering, except the clothes we wore.

Although the days were hot the nights were cool, and in the morning we were chilled through.

“ In damp and rainy weather—and during the month of June it rained nearly every day—the ground would be covered with maggots emerging from the filth beneath the surface, and at all times the most loathsome vermin could be seen crawling in every direction. It required incessant care to keep even moderately free from them.

“ Our rations at first were corn-bread and bacon ; six loaves of corn-bread a day for every ten men, and a piece of bacon to each man about two inches square. The bacon, though often sweet and good, was frequently alive and strong. The bread was made of unsifted corn-meal and water, with occasionally a little salt. The outside of the loaves would be baked brown, while the middle was uncooked.

“ The stockade was built of unhewn pine logs from a foot to eighteen inches in diameter and about eighteen feet in length, the lower ends firmly embedded in the ground. There was an inner fence around the enclosure, at a distance of about twelve feet from the outer wall, made of narrow boards nailed upon the tops of posts. This was the dead line, and the guards' orders were to shoot any one who crossed it.

“ There was a gradual descent from each end to the centre of the stockade, where the swamp was situated. The creek from which drinking or washing water was obtained ran through this swamp, and for some time after our arrival we were obliged to wade through mud almost up to our knees to get to the water. In July a causeway was built to the creek, of logs taken from the upper end of the stockade, when it was enlarged.

“ The cook-house was built just outside of the stockade upon the edge of the creek where it ran in. When the boilers were washed the greasy refuse was thrown into the creek, floating upon its surface in scales, and making the water so nauseous that the prisoners would abstain from drinking it till intense thirst compelled them.

“The swamp covered about one-sixth of the enclosure, and was as filthy a place as can possibly be imagined. At the time of our entering the prison no sinks had been dug, and the whole surface of the swamp was covered with human excrements. The exhalations that arose from it were of the most sickening and poisonous character, the stench being at times almost stifling. If a prisoner had the slightest scratch upon his feet or ankles, sores, which eventually gangrened, and often caused death, were the almost certain result of passing to and fro through this mass of corruption, which it was necessary to do, before the causeway was laid, to obtain water. Some of those whose limbs were thus poisoned would become unable to walk, and could not, for some reason, obtain admission to the hospital. It was not an uncommon sight to see one of these sufferers lying in the swamp, on the border of the creek, waiting for death to release him from torture, the worms eating his festering flesh before life was extinct.

“There were a number of the Belle Isle prisoners at Andersonville, who had been transferred there before our arrival. It seemed hardly possible that men could be as fleshless as some of them were, and yet live. The skin seemed to be drawn tightly over their bones, their eyes were sunken, their cheeks hollowed, their ribs prominent, and the muscles of their arms and legs wasted and shrivelled by starvation. We were hopeful and listened with credulity to the oft-told tales of parole and exchange, but hope had died in them, and they looked forward to death as the only escape from captivity.

“Shooting prisoners for crossing the dead line was not an unfrequent occurrence. It happened, generally, at the place where the creek ran into the stockade. At this point the fence forming the dead line had been carried off in the night, probably to assist in making a shelter. The filth from the swamp oozed into the creek just inside where the fence had been. To get purer water the prisoners would reach a little beyond where the dead line had stood. Some of the Confederate sentries, more humane than their superiors, pretended not to see them,

but most of them seemed to take delight in shooting a Yankee. Under the circumstances the shooting in these cases was simply murder.

“Cleanliness, among men situated as we were, was an impossibility. A few of the prisoners, who had managed to secrete their money before entering the stockade so effectually that the Confederate officers did not find it, could afford to purchase soap. The others could only wash themselves and their garments in the greasy water of the creek. During the ten months of my imprisonment rations of soap were issued three times, the whole amount to each prisoner not exceeding a quarter of a pound.

“Twenty-five cents in Federal money would buy a piece of soap about an inch and a half square and half an inch thick. A ration of corn-bread and bacon would procure the same quantity. It was home-made, and a very inferior article. In digging some of the wells a greasy clay was found and used as a substitute. Corn-meal siftings were also used, and with good effect.

“The tents or shelters of the prisoners were made of almost every material. Those who were fortunate enough to have blankets stretched them upon stakes after the manner of tents. Some ripped up their overcoats and all other clothing that could be spared, and then stitched the pieces together, that they might have something to protect them from the intense heat of the sun by day, though still exposed to the chilling air of the nights. Some, by saving daily a part of their rations, and selling it, procured pine slabs about four or five feet in length and eight inches wide from the colored prisoners. These were taken out to work every day, and brought the slabs in with them when they returned at night. The slabs were used in the construction of huts, or shebangs as they were called in the dialect of the stockade. A hole the surface size of the intended hut, and from one to three feet deep, was dug, crotched sticks were driven into the ground at the centre of both ends of the excavation, and a cross-pole placed in the crotches. The lower

ends of the slabs were buried in the ground, the upper resting upon the cross-pole. The slabs were covered with a layer of earth three or four inches deep, and a front and rear wall of mud built up, with an opening in the front wall for a doorway.

“During the early part of our imprisonment at Andersonville there were few without shelter of some kind, but the number of prisoners increased so rapidly during the month of June, that even were they supplied with the means, there was not room enough in the dry part of the stockade to put up tents for all. Numbers, driven by the heat of the sun to seek shelter, dug up the grounds in the high portion of the swamp, and built huts of the mud, living there in the midst of the filth and stench.

“Thousands were without protection from the sun by day, and the heavy dews and chilling air by night. From the 1st until the 22d of June it rained every day—sometimes only a shower, and again a continuous rain for ten or twelve hours—and the shivering forms of those who were without shelter might be seen at any time during the night pacing the passages between the tents, or crouching over a fire made of a few splinters of pine wood, for which they had exchanged half of their ration of the previous day.

“About half way up the hills, on both sides of the swamp, there was a passage wide enough to admit a wagon, extending from each of the two gates to the opposite side of the stockade. These streets were called ‘Broadway.’ With the exception of Water street, which ran along the side of the stockade next to the gates, from the Broadways to the creek, these were the only thoroughfares in the stockade.

“The two Broadways were the business streets of this city of enforced population. On pieces of boards in front of the shelters the stocks of the dealers were displayed.

“Many of the articles offered for sale had ‘run the blockade;’ that is, had been smuggled into the stockade by the Confederate sentries for a consideration. The sergeants who came in to superintend the roll-calls, and thus prevent the drawing of

rations in dead men's names, were most of them inoculated with the trading fever with which every Yankee is infected. A trader wanted a bag of Ghooka peas, onions, or some other commodity. The sergeant told him at what post and at what hour of the night the bargain could be completed. To that post and at that hour the trader went, the money for the purchase fastened in a long white rag tied to a stick, so that the parcel could be easily seen in the darkness. After attracting the attention of the sentinel he would throw the stick over the stockade. The sergeant, in waiting, picked it up, and, if the amount of money was found to be correct, mounted the sentinel's tower, and threw the article or articles purchased and the stick and rag back into the stockade.

"One of these dealers, or 'sutlers,' as they were called, had half a dozen onions, about the size of a walnut, which he offered at the rate of three for a dollar (greenback). Onions were scarce, and their value was greatly enhanced by their usefulness in scurvy, a disease with which more than one-half of those in the stockade were afflicted. Another had a bag of Ghooka peas, a few plugs of tobacco, and a quarter of a bar of soap cut up into small pieces. Some had buckets of corn-beer, made of soured corn-meal and water, which they retailed at five cents a cup. Here and there was a shirtless, shoeless, hatless, cadaverous Belle Islander, holding a ration of bacon on a pine splint, endeavoring to sell it, that he might purchase an onion or potato to counteract the effects of the scurvy.

"In front of some of the tents were men with boards, known among those conversant with gambling as 'sweat-boards.' As it is not to be supposed that the reader is at all acquainted with such things, I will describe the game. Figures from one to six are marked along the lower edge of the board. The player places the money he wishes to bet upon one of these figures. The banker, or owner of the board, throws three dice from the box upon the board. If the uppermost side of any one of the dice has the number of spots upon it represented by the figure upon which the player has placed his money, he wins, and the

banker pays him a sum equal to that which he has staked. If two of the dice have the number uppermost, the banker pays him double the amount of money he has ventured.

“At these boards there were many illustrations of the terrible fascination of gambling. Prisoners sold their rations and clothes to obtain money for stakes. Several times, in the course of a few days, I noticed a thin, delicate young fellow playing at one of the boards. His soul seemed to be in the game. Going to the creek one day for water, I saw him lying on the edge of the swamp, dying. Doubtless he had starved himself to obtain the means of playing.

“Most of the bankers kept the dice upon the board with the box over them while waiting for customers. One of the prisoners, who had doubtless been accustomed to sharp practice at home, bit the biters in the following manner: Holding a five-dollar bill between his thumb and forefinger over the box, hiding the box from the banker, he would ask the banker if he could change the bill, at the same time tipping the box up with his little finger, so that he could see what numbers were uppermost. If the banker answered in the affirmative he would bet two or three dollars upon the number he had seen, receive his money and walk off to play the trick upon some one else.

“Besides the regular shops, or sutlers, on the Broadways, itinerant venders were scattered through the streets. One had half a dozen needlefuls of thread, another a penknife, a pocket-book, a spoon, or a tincup for sale; some had bean-soup, others rations of corn-bread or bacon; others offered various articles of clothing—the property of a dead comrade, or the proceeds of a robbery committed the night before.

“Theft was a common occurrence, and constant vigilance had to be exercised to prevent the loss of clothing and blankets by those who were fortunate enough to possess them. The thieves, of whom there was an organized band, emboldened by long success and immunity, became more and more daring in their operations. The corner of a tent would be lifted up and blankets pulled off of the sleeping inmates. A man who

had a watch or other valuable article would wake in the night and find a person leaning over him and holding a razor at his throat, threatening to kill him if he made the least outcry or resistance, while the companions of the thief would take his money and whatever else suited them. At different times the dead bodies of men who had been robbed and murdered were discovered.

“This band of thieves, or raiders, as they were called, had their quarters near the southern gate of the stockade. One day some lately captured prisoners came in. Among them was a sergeant who had a watch. The raiders attacked and beat him and robbed him of his watch. The sergeant went to the gate and asked to see Captain Wirz. The captain came; the sergeant stated his case, and asked if redress could not be obtained. Wirz sent half a dozen guards with him, and said that if he could point out the men they should be arrested and tried. When the prisoners heard this, those of them who had been robbed pointed out different members of the gang and aided the guard in taking them. Over one hundred were arrested; the ground under their tents was dug up and a large quantity of stolen property recovered. In digging under the tent of the leader of the gang the bodies of two men who had been murdered were found.

“A jury was impanelled from the sergeants of the detachments, and after a fair trial six of the raiders were sentenced to be hung. A scaffold was erected inside the stockade, near their former quarters, and the sentence was carried into effect. This salutary punishment checked, to a great extent, the depredations of the remainder of the gang.

“When one of these fellows was caught in the act of pilfering the cry of ‘raider’ was raised, the offender secured and put under guard until morning. He was then taken to one of the barber shops and the hair and beard, if he had any, cut and shaved from one-half of his head. This gave him a very singular appearance and marked him unmistakably as a thief. After this operation he was mounted on a rail, or any fitting

substitute if it had a sharp edge, and carried through the streets and passages, the prisoners pelting him with mud or anything that was handy. If the raider was foolhardy enough to have the other half of his head and face shaved to avoid the shame, he was forthwith paddled. A shingle, bored with holes about an inch apart, was vigorously applied to his person, in such a manner that it was not pleasant for some time afterwards for him to rest himself by sitting down. It was a painful punishment, as every blow raised a number of blisters.

“Before the hanging of the ringleaders there were many fights between the raiders and the rest of the prisoners, in which the raiders, from being organized, were generally the victors.

“Frequent attempts were made by individuals and parties to escape. In some few instances they were successful. Every day twelve or eighteen men from each detachment went out, under guard, to bring in the wood allowed to the prisoners. Some of these squads disarmed the guards sent with them and made their escape; but the alarm was soon given, the bloodhounds put upon their track, and their equally brutal masters, aided by these ferocious beasts, were generally successful in recapturing them. One of the prisoners who had escaped in this manner and was retaken was punished by being put in the stocks for twenty-four hours and then sent into the stockade. He told me that he and a companion in his flight had stopped at a house, to which they were tracked by the hounds. There was a balcony to the house, and as their pursuers entered at the door they ran out upon the balcony, intending to jump to the ground; but the hounds were in front of the house and they saw that escape was impossible. Their captors ascended to the balcony and forced his comrade to leap down among the dogs. One of them seized him by the leg, tearing the flesh and muscle from the bone. His brutal captors laughed at his sufferings and taunted him by remarking that he would not be likely to run away again.

“Many of the men who were paroled to work outside of the

stockade, in the cook-house and to cut wood for the use of the prisoners, ran away, and a few, after secreting themselves for weeks in the daytime and travelling at night, subsisting upon berries and roots, and occasionally getting food from the colored people, who aided them as far as lay in their power, succeeded in reaching our lines in safety.

“Several times there were tunnels dug under the stockade, and some escaped in this manner.

“Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; Judas betrayed the Saviour of the world for thirty pieces of silver. When a tunnel was nearly finished some traitorous scoundrel would sell his brethren to the Confederates for a plug of tobacco, a piece of bacon, or a parole of *honor* to work outside.

“The way of tunnelling was as follows: The occupants of a tent near the dead line would be sounded as to their willingness to make an attempt at escape. If they were favorable to the project, a number joined together and gave one or more rations of bacon apiece, to be fried out and used for lighting the excavators while at work. The grease from the bacon was put into a tincup, with a wick of cotton material placed in the centre; this formed the lamp. A meal bag was procured, if possible, and if that could not be obtained, a bucket, pieces of cloth sewed together, or anything that would hold the earth was used. Commencing in the centre of the tent, the tunnel was dug perpendicularly, or with a slight inclination, until it reached the depth necessary to pass under the stockade. It was then dug horizontally to a distance of thirty or forty feet beyond the stockade, and then up again to the surface. Each man who had an interest in the tunnel worked two hours every night, one filling the receptacles with earth and others carrying them to another part of the stockade to mislead the Confederates in case they suspected the existence of the tunnel.

“Another method was to dig a well. After getting to the depth of thirty feet or more, a tunnel was dug in the side, the earth from which was thrown into the well at night and taken

out the next day. The Confederates were informed of them before they were completed, and, consequently, a search was made for shovels and the digging of wells was prohibited.

“At one time there was a combination of over a thousand prisoners, bound by a solemn oath not to reveal the project to any one until everything was ready for its consummation, who had formed a plan for the release of all the prisoners in the stockade. A tunnel was to be dug large enough for three men to pass out abreast. A hundred of the strongest and bravest were to creep out first, capture the artillery and turn it on the Confederate camp. Then the prisoners were to make a general attack upon the guards. After overcoming them and getting possession of the camp and arms, a forced march was to be made to Smithfield, to take possession of the rebel arsenal and stores there, and then make for some point on the coast of Florida where a United States squadron was stationed. The leaders, it was said, had communicated with the fleet through prisoners outside the stockade who were upon parole, and had received from the commander assurance of all the assistance it was in his power to give.

“The tunnel was started; men worked in it night and day. It was nearly completed, when a Confederate lieutenant and several men marched into the stockade and went straight to the spot where the tunnel commenced. Some one had violated his oath and betrayed his comrades. Had the tunnel been finished and the first hundred men got out the plot would, probably, have been successful.

“During the whole time of our imprisonment at Andersonville wood was scarce. At first cooked rations were issued to all the prisoners, and the want of wood was not felt so severely as afterwards, when raw meal instead of corn-bread was served out to us. A piece of pine wood eighteen or twenty inches in length and three or four inches broad was worth twenty-five cents. A large stick of pine cord-wood was a day's ration for ninety men. Imagine a stick of cord-wood cut up into ninety pieces, and one of those pieces made to cook a day's ration of

meal. It required economy of the closest character, and we were often compelled to eat the mush or the cakes that we made hardly warmed through.

"Sometimes an extra quantity of wood was obtained by trading a ration of bacon or some article of clothing for it, and the possessor would indulge in the luxury of dumplings and coffee. The dumplings were made by mixing the corn-meal with warm water, moulding them into little lumps, and then dropping them into boiling water; as soon as they floated they were done. For coffee the corn-meal was browned on a tin-plate and then boiled.

"For upwards of two months our rations were corn-bread, bacon, a little boiled rice, and a very little salt. This diet, the exposure to the weather, and the vermin which infested our clothing tended to weaken us and produce disease. One after another sickened and died. Scurvy, which had hitherto been confined mostly to the Belle Islanders and those transported to Andersonville from other prisons, became prevalent among the men who had entered the stockade with us. About one-half the prisoners had diarrhœa. The minds of many gave way under the suffering to which they were subjected; they made no effort to keep their persons clean or to free themselves from the vermin which increased upon them with fearful rapidity; they sank into a state of listless apathy, and, knowing that Death was striding towards them, welcomed him as a friend, instead of shrinking from him as from an enemy.

"No medicines could be obtained for the sick unless they were taken outside of the stockade into a pen built for the purpose and were prescribed for by the doctor. After the morning roll-call the sergeant of each mess collected the sick together and took them to the south gate of the stockade. Those who were able walked and those who were not able were carried—some in blankets, some on boards, and some on the backs of their stronger comrades. There were sometimes several hundred of these poor sufferers waiting for hours in the broiling sun for the gate to open that they might be admitted

to the pen. Some fifteen or twenty of the weakest would be admitted to the hospital; the rest, after being prescribed for, returned to their tents. Almost every day some of those carried to the gate died before reaching their shelters again. In the afternoon the sergeants went to the pen to receive the medicine. About half the time they were told there was none. When they did receive it, it was in such small quantities or of such inferior quality as to do but little good. Vinegar, acids, and a tea made of sumach berries were the remedies for scurvy; white-oak bark tea and opium pills for diarrhœa.

“The prisoners carried their dead comrades out of the stockade to the dead-house, a small brush structure which could be seen from the northern hill of the prison. There the corpses which were collected during the day were left till next morning, when they were taken away in open army wagons. The bodies were stripped of every article of clothing that was of any value; they were then thrown into the wagon, one above the other, until it was full—heads, legs and arms often hanging over the side and scraping against the wheels as they revolved.

“The burial ground was a large field. Trenches seven feet wide and six feet deep stretched across it. The bodies were laid side by side in the trench and the earth thrown over them. Those who are buried there were the victims of a systematized cruelty that would have disgraced the dark ages, perpetrated in a Christian country and by civilized men. Libby, Belle Isle, Andersonville, Salisbury and Florence, have made crimson stains upon the fair name of the South that can never be erased. It is but just to say that the sufferings and deaths of the prisoners in these places lie at the doors of the civil authorities of the Confederacy, of whom Jefferson Davis was the chief, and that the brave men who were fighting her battles at the front were not in the least degree responsible for them.

“Those who carried the bodies of their comrades to the dead-house were allowed, as they returned, to pick up pieces of wood and carry them in. Wood was so scarce that when it became evident some poor fellow was about to expire a crowd

would gather around, disputing, before life was extinct, as to who should have the privilege of assisting in carrying him out. To those who have never felt the terrible gripings of hunger or shivered over the blaze of a few splinters, this may seem inhuman and repulsive, but I have seen sensitive and refined men so hardened by the sufferings they had undergone and the misery they had witnessed as to strip the dead bodies of their clothing and sell it to procure food.

“From the 23d of May to the middle of June the prisoners increased in numbers from fourteen to upwards of thirty thousand. Every place upon which it was possible to put up a tent or shelter was covered, and thousands were compelled to sleep in the passage-ways between the tents, on the two roadways, or on the edge of the swamp near the creek. Those who were driven to occupy the latter sleeping-ground were obliged to strip themselves in the morning and shake the maggots from their clothes, that locality being alive with them.

“An addition to the stockade was built at the northern end, and on the 1st of July an opening was made through the upper end of the old stockade into it, and a number of detachments, among them the one to which I belonged, were assigned quarters there. There had been a number of large pine trees standing in the new part when it was enclosed; these had been cut down and laid upon the ground, and as soon as we were admitted there was a general rush for the wood. For a time we had a good supply, and carried on our cooking operations proportionately. During the night of the 1st the sound of chopping did not cease. In the morning there was nothing to be seen of the old northern end of the stockade.

“There was an attempt made to have the tents in the new stockade put up in regular rows, with streets running north and south between each mess, and wide avenues running east and west between each detachment. It was a failure, and the prisoners located themselves where they pleased to, without regard to the detachments or messes to which they belonged.

“Almost as soon as the new stockade was opened some of

the detachments began to dig wells. Several of them were completed, but the rest were stopped by order of the Confederates, tunnels having been found leading from some of them. There was a kind of red clay taken from these wells which was used for building ovens. The occupants of the tent, or shebang, next to us commenced putting up one of these ovens, but a report spread that the Confederates would begin to parole us on the 5th of July and continue until we were all paroled. Our neighbors discontinued work until that time. The oven was never finished.

"After a while the supply of wood again became short. The trees were all burned up. Squads of men dug up and split up the stumps that had been left in the ground, following the roots and unearthing them until they were not half an inch in diameter. Every morning before sunrise men went around the camp picking up chips that were not more than half an inch square nor thicker than a twenty-five cent piece.

"The prisoners now began to die off so rapidly that the authorities changed our diet somewhat. Rations of fresh beef, that sometimes looked very much like mule flesh, molasses, and occasionally corn-vinegar, were issued. A quarter of a pound of fresh beef, or a gill of molasses, a day was allowed to each man. Rations of boiled beans were also issued. They were not screened or picked, but were emptied into the boilers just as they were in the bags. Pieces of pods, worms, bugs, sand and beans were boiled together. Fortunately we were not epicures. The beef was fly-blown and tainted, oftentimes, when it was brought into the stockade. Unless its odor was too strong it was eaten.

"By the 4th of July, on which day we sang patriotic songs with the mirth of despair, our clothing was more than shabby. Many of us were without shirts, the sleeves of our blouses hanging in shreds above the elbows, our pantaloons patched in every part and scarcely reaching to the knees. We were also without shoes or stockings.

"On the 4th of August I went down to the creek to wash.

After washing I had gone but a few steps on my return when I was seized with excruciating pains, dizziness, and faintness. A man belonging to a detachment located near my own offered to help me to my quarters. He put his arm around me, but after we had gone a few steps I begged him to stop and leave me where I was while he went to inform my tentmates. There was a tent occupied by some sailors near where he left me. They helped me out of the sun into the shade of their tent and brought me a drink of water. This was an unusual act of kindness to a stranger, for want and suffering had made the most generous selfish. Two of my tentmates came. With their assistance, going a few steps at a time and then resting, I finally reached the line of the old stockade, completely exhausted. There they left me in the tent of a friend, Sergeant Thomas, of the 20th Maine. After resting for some time, with the help of the sergeant and one of his comrades, I reached my quarters about two o'clock in the afternoon. I started from the creek at eight o'clock in the morning, and had been six hours in getting a distance of about a quarter of a mile.

"I soon became unable to walk, and moved around by sitting on the ground and hitching myself along by the aid of my hands. Jack Atkins, of the 76th New York, whose tent was opposite ours, was like a brother to me. In that place, where money represented life, he gave me onions, grapes, Irish potatoes and other things which had been smuggled into the stockade, and which only money could obtain.

"Every day some of my comrades raised me up until I stood on my feet, but after taking a step or two my legs became rigid. Then they laid me down on my back. This simple effort caused the most acute pain while on my feet, and suffering for hours after; but I could not bear the thought of losing the use of my limbs, and determined that, if I did, it should not be due to want of exertion on my part.

"From the 4th to the 29th of August I was carried, about every other day, to the south gate of the stockade to be prescribed for; a weary labor of kindness for those who conveyed

me thither, and a tedious, painful, and dreaded journey to me. Lying in a blanket or stretched upon a plank, slowly and tenderly my overburdened comrades bore me through the narrow, winding passages between the tents down the hillside to the swamp, along the causeway, across the bridge, and, stopping now and then to rest, up, up, up to the gate, there to lie in the sun until Confederate humanity or pleasure opened the gate and permitted them to carry us out into the pen where the physicians prescribed for us.

“The scene at the gate cannot be described. It seems to me now more like a horrid dream than a reality. From one to five hundred sick were brought there every morning. The bloated faces and swollen limbs of the scurvy patients, the skeleton forms of those wasted by fever and starvation, the ulcer-eaten, gangrened limbs, the filthy, tattered garments, the despairing, upturned looks of the anguish-stricken sufferers, formed a picture which the arch-fiend, gloating over human misery, must have gazed upon with frenzied delight.

“On the 29th of August I, with others, was admitted to the hospital. It had been a pleasant place before it was put to its present use, and even now the green trees which stood here and there casting their shadows over the tents, and the view of the wooded swamp with its tangled undergrowth beyond, were so different from the barren, shadeless stockade that, weak and exhausted as we were, a strange thrill of hope and pleasure shot through our frames.

“The prisoners in the hospital were better clothed than those in the stockade. As comrades died the wardmasters, who were appointed from our own men by the Confederates, distributed among the most needy of the survivors the clothing left by the dead. By this means many of those who were almost naked when they came into the hospital were quite comfortably clad by the time they were returned into the stockade cured.

“There were four divisions in the hospital and five wards in each division. The doctors were extremely negligent. While

each doctor was supposed to visit his patients every morning, two and sometimes three days intervened between their professional calls. Frequently they merely looked at a tentful of patients and ordered the medicine they had been using to be continued, regardless of their condition. There was one exception, Dr. McCants, of Florida, who visited every patient under his charge once, and those who were very low twice, a day, and had a kind, cheering, or sympathetic word for each. His voice was music and the sight of his face a bit of sunshine to the sick prisoners.

"About the 10th or 12th of September a member of Company I of the 118th was brought into the hospital and placed in a tent opposite to mine. He was suffering from dropsy and the doctor gave him little hope of recovery. He grew worse rapidly. It was evident his end was near. One morning, about one o'clock, I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder and saying: 'Come, sergeant, get up; mother is just out here by the wagon; come and see her.' It was poor Fullerton, delirious. I soothed him, led him to his tent, and persuaded him to lie down. At daybreak I went to his tent again, but the battle of life was over and he had received his discharge.

"About this time one of the men in our tent who had so far recovered that he was able to walk relapsed for want of nourishing food and died. He was delirious through the night and was constantly asking for food. 'Oh, Mary, I am so hungry; do cook that quickly for I can't wait. Give me just a little more. What have you got in the house to eat? I am almost starved! They starved us there.' Muttering fragments of the Lord's Prayer, intermingled with horrible profanity, he passed away.

"In the month of September the removal of prisoners from Andersonville began. A few were exchanged, the rest transferred to other prisons. As each detachment went away its sick were put in barracks inside the stockade which had been recently built. They were barn-like buildings about fifty feet

long and eighteen feet wide, with two rows of bunks upon each side. The description of their condition after the sick had been in them a week, as given by an eye-witness, is too disgusting to be repeated.

“The occupants of the barracks were admitted to the hospital as room was made for them by death. The barracks were warmer than the tents in the hospital, and the vitality of the poor, emaciated sufferers was so slight that the chill night-air produced a stupor in which most of them slept away their lives in a few days.

“Every morning there would be a number of corpses exposed in the streets between the wards, nearly nude, having been stripped of their garments to clothe the living. Their faces, haggard and gray, and their limbs and bodies gaunt and shrunk in life, were still more ghastly in death.

“About the 1st of November a number of convalescents, including myself, were taken from the hospital at Andersonville to the stockade at Millen, Georgia. It was a two-days' journey. It was a different place from Andersonville. Though there were eight thousand prisoners in it when we arrived, not more than one-sixth of the enclosure was occupied by their shelters. A swift stream of pure, cold water, which had its source in springs just outside the wall, ran through the centre. It was bordered by no reeking swamp whose poisonous vapors polluted the air, but its grassy banks were lined with grand old trees, beneath whose overhanging branches the prisoners promenaded during the day and evening. The water of the creek near its entrance was used for drinking and cooking, farther along for washing and bathing. Wood was plentiful. Nearly all of it being pitch-pine, our faces and arms were soon dyed with the greasy smoke. Our original color after a few days was a matter of conjecture.

“After a sojourn in this comparative land of delight for two weeks we were again packed in the cars and taken to Black-shear, near the borders of Florida. Three days of abundant rations of corn-meal with some fresh beef, and then a thousand

of us held up our hands, swore not to take up arms against the Confederate States of America until duly exchanged, and were taken to Savannah to be put on the Union vessels lying outside of the harbor. Here the Confederates told us we would be under our own flag in two hours. A train came alongside of the one we were in. Put aboard of it, with despondent hearts we proceeded towards Charleston. Reaching that place, another train took us to Florence, South Carolina, a place, if possible, worse than Andersonville.

"I became a partner in a dug-out, or shebang, with two others, a Kentucky cavalryman and an Iowa infantryman. It was a dwelling of a better class than was usual at Florence. The daily ration was small. A little more than a pint of corn-meal, apparently cob and corn ground together, and about once a week a teaspoonful of salt. This could be eaten at a meal and not satisfy the craving hunger, which daily grew greater. I remember staying awake all through one night trying to catch a mouse.

"One day a Confederate major came into the stockade with some friends. One of them had a dog. When they started to go out the dog could not be found. The next morning his tail lay on the ground near the swamp.

"One afternoon—the last Thursday of November—we had received our daily ration of meal, to which by this time had been added about three tablespoonfuls of ghookas, or cow peas, had cooked and eaten them, and were sitting on the ground floor of the shebang, our eyes listlessly turned towards a rude bas-relief upon the chimney, which was meant to represent a human figure. In a moment of art enthusiasm the Kentucky cavalryman had fashioned it when the chimney was put up. It would have made a tobacconist's Indian split its wooden sides with laughter. But our thoughts were as sallow as our faces.

"After a time the Iowa man spoke: 'Boys, it must be Thanksgiving Day at home, and my folks are just about through their dinner. I don't believe they cared much for it.'

"We were silent a while. Then I spoke: 'Well, boys, we mustn't think about home, or any one there. That means, if we keep it up, death and a place in the trench. I want my bones laid in Pennsylvania. I know we have had a mean Thanksgiving dinner, and it does seem as though we had to look around a little to find something to be thankful for; but we are alive yet, and we may get home, after all. Thanksgiving's gone, but if we live until Christmas we can have a dinner and won't be hungry after we have eaten it.'

"'How?' inquired my two companions, eagerly.

"'We won't feel much hungrier than we do now if we each put by a spoonful of meal and a spoonful of ghookas every day from now until Christmas, and I think our savings will make a dinner that will be satisfying.'

"After some discussion as to the relative strength of our appetites and our wills, it was decided to lay by our six spoonfuls of food every day, all agreeing that the spoonfuls should not be heaped, but even. I dreamed that night of feasting on all the good things in the way of food that I had ever heard of or eaten. The next morning we made two bags of generous size. In the afternoon, when our rations came, we put three spoonfuls of ghookas in one bag and three spoonfuls of meal in the other. Every succeeding day the bags received their portion, and were felt of affectionately to find out how much they contained.

"Christmas morning, after being long waited for, came at last. The first faint light of the morning found us stirring. We had hoarded our fuel, saving a little every day. It was not an easy thing to do, for the daily fuel ration of ninety men was three sticks of pine cordwood of average size. To this supply we had added by picking up every splinter as large as a toothpick, and every chip as large as a ten-cent piece, that we discovered in our wanderings around the stockade.

"The occupants of a shebang near our own, in addition to the usual cooking utensils—quart kettles and tin or sheet-iron pans—possessed a gunboat. This was a piece of old roofing-

tin made into a pan more than a foot long and about six inches wide and deep. The corners where the tin had been cut off or turned in were soldered with corn-meal. It was not sightly, but was convenient. We had bargained beforehand for the use of this gunboat.

"The fire was lighted. The ghookas had been soaked the night before and were now put in the gunboat, covered with water, and the gunboat was set over the fire upon two mud bricks made for the occasion. A watched pot may not boil, but a watched gunboat did; for three heads bent forward, and six eyes gazed intently upon the contents of the vessel over the fire, until the water was bubbling and the peas dancing in and out among the bubbles.

"At short intervals a few peas were taken out in a spoon and allowed to cool, and a pea was tasted by each of us and judgment given as to its being done. Finally we were unanimous in the opinion that the ghookas were cooked enough. Meal was brought forth and stirred in, and the pudding was allowed to remain on the fire until it had thickened, so that there was danger of its being scorched. The peas were dark-skinned and had given the pudding a purplish hue. The gunboat was lifted off and set on the ground to cool. While we were waiting the fire was renewed. Corn-meal, saved for the purpose, was put in a pan and thoroughly dried and browned. This corn coffee was divided into three portions, put in three quart kettles and boiled.

"At last our dinner was ready. The gunboat was put on the ground in the centre of the shebang and we sat around it. Two of us had small tin pans and one a flat piece of sheet-iron for plates, and each had a spoon. Not one of us would have been called a religious man, but we hesitated, looked at one another, bowed our heads and were still. Only a moment; and then the Kentuckian volunteered to act as host and helped us and himself.

"When dinner was over the contents of the gunboat and quart cups had disappeared, and it was just noon. After such

unusual exertion we lay down, drew our blankets over us and slept. We were awakened near night by a neighbor, who called to us that we might get our rations. After returning to the shebang the Iowa man said: 'Boys, I'll think of that dinner as long as I live. Why, I ain't hungry yet!'

"But the dinner was only a momentary flash of light, and the gloom and despondency settled upon us again.

"It was customary for the very sick prisoners to go outside of the dead line every morning at nine o'clock. The doctor would come in from the Confederate quarters outside and pass along in front of them. If he stopped and faced one of the prisoners that one was sure to be paroled if he asked the doctor to parole him. One morning I went outside with others. The doctor came along the line. Before he reached me he had paroled but two out of perhaps forty. When he came to the spot where I stood he turned around and faced me. Thoughts of home and all that the word means rushed into my mind. I tried to speak but was powerless. My emotion choked me. After gazing at me a moment the doctor passed on. I staggered back to my shelter and threw myself, face downwards, upon the ground. For once will, hope, love of life, deserted me.

"From Florence the prisoners were taken to Wilmington, North Carolina, thence to Goldsboro, back again to Wilmington, just as Fort Fisher was attacked, and the same day returned to Goldsboro. After reaching Goldsboro the second time, while marching to the camp prepared for the prisoners, I fell in the street, unable to go farther. One of the guards said: 'Come, Yank, get up or I'll stick yer!' at the same time feinting a lunge with his bayonet. As I did not move, in fact could not, he and the rest passed on and left me. An ambulance soon came and took me to the Confederate hospital at Goldsboro, where, had I been in the hands of my own relatives, I could not have received more tender care than I and other prisoners did from the attending doctors and the ladies of Goldsboro. Every nourishing delicacy that was attainable was

provided. For two weeks I did not leave my cot. Then by the aid of a stout stick I managed to totter around the hospital for a few minutes every day. While in this condition, one of the doctors came into the hospital one morning and announced that all who could walk to the depot would be paroled. They would carry us, he said, but all the horses had been taken for the army.

“It seemed to me that it was now or never. Getting off my cot and dressing myself with shaking hands, stopping now and then and sitting down to get my breath, I succeeded in that operation. Then grasping the stick I set out. How I got to the depot I scarcely know. I do know that I had to drop on the sand after every few steps and rest, and that the latter part of the journey, the whole of which I do not think was a half mile, was exceedingly painful. I reached the cars—freight cars—and lay upon the floor, hardly heeding that the train had started, when some one cried: ‘There’s our flag!’ I did not know that I had loved it as much as I did until that moment.

“Some colored soldiers came with a stretcher, laid me upon it and bore me towards our boat. In a moment, as I lay upon the stretcher, I caught sight of the Flag—*our* Flag! It was a moment of supreme gratitude and happiness.

“I reached Wilmington, and after staying there some weeks, gradually improving, I began to be impatient for my turn to come to be put on board of a vessel and taken to Fortress Monroe. It did not come. One morning I quietly walked up the gang-plank of a steamer that was going to start that day and got on board without being questioned. From Fortress Monroe I was taken to Camp Parole and went home on a thirty-days’ furlough.”

During May, 1864, which period of time includes the prolonged study of Confederate intrenchments at North Anna, the Army of the Potomac lost 395 officers killed, 1,343 wounded and 211 missing. In the same month 5,189 enlisted men were killed, 27,140 wounded and 7,239 were missing. From May 31st to October 28th, the day on which the campaign practically ended in the Potomac army, 401 officers were killed, 1,453 wounded and 564 missing. During the same period 4,587 enlisted men were killed, 24,110 were wounded and 15,844 were missing. The aggregate losses after the fighting at North Anna were 46,986 men and officers. At the battle of Spottsylvania, May 8th and 13th, it lost 657 killed, 3,448 wounded and 375 missing. Total, 4,480. During the hard fighting and bloody assaults at Cold Harbor the 5th Corps was in line at Bethesda Church on the extreme right, where it was engaged, and sustained a considerable loss. In the assaults on Petersburg, on June 18, 1864, it lost 389 killed, 1,899 wounded and thirty-eight missing. On February 5, 1865, it was engaged at Hatcher's Run and Davney Mills, with a loss of 1,319 killed, wounded and missing.

On March 31, 1865, the morning reports showed the corps' strength to have been 17,073 present for duty. In the closing battles, from March 29th to April 9th, including Gravelly Run, White Oak Road and Five Forks, the loss in the corps was 2,465 killed, wounded and missing.

At Five Forks, under Warren, the corps captured 3,244 men, eleven flags and one battery of artillery in the charge.

This was the greatest war of the century. The losses on the Union side were 110,000 men killed in battle, while 249,458 more died from diseases, accidents, in military prisons, or other causes. Including both sides, over half a million lives were lost. For four years the echo of the picket's rifle never ceased.

SKETCHES.

WAKE in our breasts the living fire,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free,
To die for her is serving Thee.

Charles Mallet Prevost, Colonel of the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers and Major-General of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, was born in Baltimore, September 19, 1818. His paternal descent was from an old Huguenot family which was compelled to leave France upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and took up its abode in Switzerland, and from that descended the Sir George Prevost who commanded the British forces in Canada, and also the American branch. General Augustin Prevost, Sir George's father, distinguished himself at Savannah during the revolutionary war. General Prevost from youth manifested a deep interest in everything pertaining to military life. For several years he was on the staff of his father, General A. M. Prevost, of Philadelphia. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion he assisted in the formation of the Gray Reserves, taking the position of Captain of Company C. He was subsequently appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of Volunteers on the staff of General Frank E. Patterson, and served through the Peninsula campaign, participating in the battles of Yorktown, Williamsburg and the seven days' battle, down to Harrison's Landing, whence, prostrated by the fever then prevailing, he was ordered home. During his convalescence he was selected by the Corn Exchange to command the 118th Regiment, which was being recruited. In the disastrous fight in which the 118th was engaged at Shepherdstown he received a terrible wound from which he never recovered. He rejoined his regiment and served through the Chancellorsville campaign, but was compelled to leave soon after. He was then commissioned Colonel of the 16th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, and had charge of the Confederate prisoners at Elmira, New York, and subsequently of a large rendezvous camp at Springfield, Illinois. He was honorably discharged June 30, 1865, and received the brevet

of Brigadier-General United States Volunteers. After the war he was appointed to the command of the First Division, National Guard of Pennsylvania, with the rank of Major-General. He died November 5, 1887, as the result of his wound, having been for some time previous to his death partially paralyzed and deprived of his sight. His heroic endurance of suffering excited the love and admiration of his friends.

Brevet Major-General James Gwyn was born in Ireland, at Londonderry, November 24, 1828. His parents were Protestants and he received a liberal education at Foyle College, and emigrated to the United States, selecting Philadelphia for his residence. Here he entered the employ of Stuart Bros., of which George H. Stuart, famous during the war as President of the Christian Commission, was senior member. In April, 1861, he served as Captain in 23d Pennsylvania Regiment on the Peninsula and in front of Richmond. July 22, 1862, he resigned to accept commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Corn Exchange. He was mustered into service with this regiment as Lieutenant-Colonel, August 16, 1862. He participated in its first engagement at Shepherdstown, Virginia, where the regiment fell into an ambuscade and was fearfully decimated; he also participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. At the close of these campaigns he was promoted to Colonel of the regiment, November 1, 1863, having succeeded Colonel Charles M. Prevost, who had been seriously wounded at Shepherdstown, September 20, 1862, and resigned, September 30, 1863. May 5, 1864, in the first day's fight in the Battle of the Wilderness, he was severely wounded in the right thigh. He rejoined his regiment in front of Petersburg, Virginia. At Peeble's Farm, September 30, 1864, Colonel Gwyn as senior officer commanded the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Army Corps. He led forward his men with gallantry and captured two earthworks and a fortified line, and for this meritorious behavior he was breveted a Brigadier-General. At Five Forks, April 1, 1865, in the famous charge, General Gwyn's brigade captured a large number of prisoners and many battle-flags, and as a reward he was promoted to the rank of Brevet Major-General. At the close of the war he was mustered out of service with the regiment, June 1, 1865. He then returned to mercantile pursuits with his old employers, Stuart Bros., but after

a time, failing in health, he retired and is now in the Soldiers' Home at Hampton, Virginia. Brevet Major-General James Gwyn enjoyed the reputation of having been a patriotic citizen, a gallant soldier, a handsome and accomplished officer, and a bold and aggressive leader. He was by nature impulsive and sometimes revengeful, with likes and dislikes, characteristic of his race, strong and exacting. These traits won him many warm friends, and at the same time made him many bitter enemies in the regiment.

Charles P. Herring, Colonel of the 118th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in the city of Philadelphia. Until the opening of the rebellion he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. In June, 1861, he became Second Lieutenant of Company C of the Gray Reserves, commanded by Captain Charles M. Prevost. In May, 1862, he acted as Adjutant of the battalion under Colonel Charles S. Smith in its service in quelling the Schuylkill county riots. In August, 1862, he was commissioned Major of the 118th Regiment and commanded the camp for recruits in Indian Queen Lane, near the Falls of the Schuylkill. After recovering from the wounds which terminated in the loss of a leg at Dabney's Mills, February 6, 1865, he sat upon a general court-martial convened in Philadelphia, and soon after his muster out of the service in June, 1865, was appointed Brigade Inspector of the National Guard, in which capacity he was influential in resolutely maintaining a high standard of excellence. In a remarkable degree he had the confidence and friendship not only of his own command but of his superior officers. General Barnes, in allusion to his loss of a limb, said: "You bear with you the evidence of the peril of the field. This gives me no cause for surprise; for I had seen you at Shepherdstown, at Fredericksburg and Gettysburg." "Gallant and ever reliable as an officer," says that bold soldier, General Griffin, "he was humane and considerate towards those under him, always being solicitous for their welfare. On the field of battle, or in camp, his manly bearing won for him the friendship of all. His record is one that he not only should feel proud of, but his State should prize as belonging to one of her sons." "With a moral courage," says Major-General Chamberlain—late Governor of Maine—who served with him, "scarcely excelled by his physical daring, he won and held my perfect confidence and love."

Lemuel L. Crocker was born near Albany, New York, in 1829. He was educated for a commercial life. In 1851 he came to Philadelphia. August 16, 1862, he entered the service as lieutenant of Company C, and after the death of Captain Saunders at Shepherds-town, succeeded to the command of Company K. Captain Crocker's record was a most honorable one throughout the period of his service and won for him the respect of his fellow-officers and the love of the soldiers of his company. He resigned, February 26, 1864. Shortly after the war he removed to Buffalo, New York, and took charge of the Central Railroad cattle depots. He also engaged largely in the manufacture of fertilizers. He died a few years since. Crocker was a man of the highest integrity, a citizen devoted to all public interests and a friend whose heart was not to be surpassed for kindness, benevolence and that charity which overlooketh faults.

Surgeon Joseph Thomas was born near Doylestown, Pennsylvania, June 15, 1830. He received his education in private schools. From 1847 to 1853 he was engaged in teaching. He then commenced the study of medicine under the preceptorship of Dr. Wm. Hunt, of Philadelphia, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in the spring of 1855. He at once commenced the practice of medicine. About two years before the war he organized a military company called the Applebachville Guards and was commissioned captain. In the early part of 1861 he offered his company for active service. The offer was accepted, and it became Company H, 3d Regiment, of the famous Pennsylvania Reserves. At Charles City Cross-Roads Captain Thomas was seriously wounded in the breast. His life was saved by the ball striking and perforating a book which he carried in his pocket. He resigned from the service at Harrison's Landing, July 7, 1862. Recovering from his wound, he was, August 15, 1862, commissioned as surgeon of the 118th. He served with the regiment as chief medical officer and surgeon of the brigade until the spring of 1863, when he was assigned to the field hospital of the 1st Division, 5th Corps, as surgeon in charge. He displayed great energy and ability in organizing this new branch of the medical service. Dr. Thomas's attainments as a surgeon commanded wide recognition. He added to this a reputation for true courage. Probably no officer of the regiment commanded a

larger measure of respect and confidence. His deportment was always marked by intelligence and dignity, and he was consequently approached with that deference which was due to his rank, but his genuine kindness won the friendship of all who knew him. He was mustered out with the regiment June 1, 1865, and re-entered the service for a short period as surgeon of the 82d Pennsylvania Volunteers. After finally leaving the service he was appointed Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue and continued in that position for five years. During this time he moved to Quakertown and resumed the practice of medicine. In 1870 he was made Cashier of the Quakertown Savings Bank. In 1879 he was made President of the Quakertown National Bank, which position he still retains. In 1879 he was elected to the State Senate, in which position he made an honorable and distinguished record. Dr. Thomas is remembered affectionately by the regiment, and his appearance among them is always greeted with enthusiasm.

Henry O'Neill was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1828, and was educated at Lisborn, near Belfast. In 1847 he joined an infantry regiment stationed at Madras in the service of the East India Company and was in this service twelve years, serving through the Sepoy rebellion. After the termination of this war he received his discharge and in 1860 came to this country.

Other mention of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel O'Neill than has been so fully set forth in this volume would be surplusage.

John L. Smith, born in Philadelphia, March 19, 1846; enlisted November 10, 1862; entered Company K as private; promoted to corporal; slightly wounded at North Anna and Bethesda Church; was with the regiment in all its battles, marches and skirmishes; mustered out July 10, 1865; at present publisher of maps and atlases, Philadelphia.

Corporal William L. Gabe was born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, September 12, 1830; enlisted August, 1862; wounded severely and taken prisoner at Shepherdstown, Virginia; rejoined the regiment four months later and served through the balance of the war. Present address: Water Department, Roxborough, Philadelphia. He is one of the noble men who figure conspicuously in the pages of this work.

Henry K. Kelly entered the 118th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, August 20, 1862, as 1st Lieut. Co. F; became Captain Co. G of same Regiment May 3, 1863. Taken prisoner at the fight at Bethesda Church, Va., June 2, 1864, and confined in Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., for two weeks. Thence sent to Camp Ogelthorpe Stockade, at Macon, Ga. Early in July was transferred with others to the City of Charleston, in hopes of stopping the fire upon that city by the Swamp Angel and Morris Island Batteries, then in possession of the United States forces. After a confinement of two months in Charleston Work House, was sent to Camp Sorghum, prisoners' rendezvous near Columbia, S. C., and finally exchanged at Savannah, Ga., December 20, 1864. Resigned and honorably discharged January 5, 1865. Captain Kelly participated in all the engagements in which the 118th took part, dating from September 17, 1862, at Antietam, Md.

Alfred Macqueen was born in England, March 24th, 1840. Philadelphia has been his residence the last forty-five years. He enlisted at the formation of the regiment and took part in every battle and skirmish in which the regiment was engaged. He was wounded at Shepherdstown and Fredericksburg and had his haversack shot away in the Wilderness. His present occupation is the manufacture of heaters and ranges at 3935 Lancaster Avenue.

Captain Francis Adams Donaldson was born in Philadelphia, June 7, 1840. He was enrolled as a sergeant of the 71st Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers (Baker's California Regiment), May 26, 1861, and was mustered into the service June 4, 1861. He was taken prisoner at Ball's Bluff, October, 1861. His conspicuous gallantry in this engagement was rewarded by promotion to a second lieutenancy, May 1, 1862. He was severely wounded at Fair Oaks, May 30, 1862. Upon his recovery he was mustered out to accept the captaincy of Company H, 118th. He was honorably discharged, January 14, 1864.

Sergeant James H. Haman was born in Montgomery county, Pa., June 17, 1841; enlisted April 26, 1861, in Company F, 20th Pennsylvania Volunteers, to serve three months; was discharged August 6, 1861; enlisted in Company E, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers August 7, 1862, as a private; was promoted to first sergeant; was wounded at Shepherdstown and Peebles' Farm; mustered out with the regiment June, 1865; resides in Philadelphia.

Joseph Ashbrook, sergeant 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, August 4, 1862; wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., September 20, 1862; second lieutenant, March 26, 1863; first lieutenant, June 6, 1864; captain, November 8, 1864; brevetted major United States Volunteers, July 6, 1864, "for gallant and distinguished services at the battles of the Wilderness and Bethesda Church and during the present campaign before Richmond, Va.;" served upon the staff of General Bartlett, commanding 3d Brigade, and subsequently as ordinance officer upon staff of General Griffin, commanding 1st Division. Major Ashbrook, although a young man, was possessed of those qualities which made it easy for him to secure promotion; well educated, with attainments, of fine soldierly bearing, his presence commanded respect and his courage admiration. As ordinance officer he had the distinction of being detailed to receive all the arms and munitions of war of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox in April, 1865.

Albert Henry Walters. Private, 23d Pennsylvania Volunteers, August 2, 1861; discharged for promotion, August 31, 1862; first lieutenant, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, September 1, 1862; captain, February 10, 1864; resigned and honorably discharged, February 13, 1865.

Brevetted major United States Volunteers July 6, 1864, "for gallant and distinguished services at the battles of Bethesda Church, North Anna, and during the present campaign before Richmond, Va."

Major Walters was specially fitted for a soldier's calling. Some of his performances were really the work of a master in the profession of arms. At the time of the war, just of the age for gallant deeds, he possessed the sterling courage for their execution. Walters' record with the 118th Pennsylvania entitled him to most honorable mention. He had come to the regiment with some knowledge of war gathered in the 23d Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Albert Haverstick. Enlisted as a private in Company H, 118th, August 15, 1862. He was honorably discharged at Headquarters Army of the Potomac, June, 1865. He served with his company and regiment until January, 1863. On detached service in charge of Adjutant-General's office, 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps, until the fall of 1863, when, by order of General Meade, he was assigned to duty at Headquarters Army of the Potomac, and

after a few months' duty as clerk was assigned as chief clerk in charge of Adjutant-General's office, Army of the Potomac. He was present at all the subsequent battles, being assigned to the special service of writing and transmitting the orders of General Meade to the several corps, for the movements of troops. Nearly every order during the years 1864, 1865, for the movement of divisions and corps was written by him, from orders written or dictated by General Meade. At the close of the war, by special order of the Secretary of War, he was assigned to duty with General Meade at Philadelphia, in preparing and arranging the records of the Army of the Potomac before their transmission to the War Department.

Captain Joseph Wattson Ricketts was born January 16, 1836, in Baltimore, Md. He was educated at the Military Academy at Sing Sing, N. Y.; was a member of the 1st Regiment National Guard of Pennsylvania. He recruited Company K and was its captain. He was killed at Shepherdstown, Va., September 20, 1862.

The captain had a presentiment of his death just before crossing the Potomac on the morning of the battle. He called a few of his friends around him and said, "The regiment will soon be in battle, and I shall not live to recross the river, for I certainly shall be killed." He requested that his effects be looked after in just as cool a manner as if at home dictating his will. His death occurred precisely as he had previously described.

Captain John Scott was born in Glasgow, Scotland, June 11, 1829. While yet a child his parents emigrated to this country. He was by trade a carpenter. At the breaking out of the rebellion he left at home a wife and three children while he entered the service to defend his country as a private. He passed various grades to captain of Company I, 118th Regiment. During his military career he was much esteemed by his men and the officers of the regiment as a soldier and gentleman. At the battle of Dabney's Mills, February 6, 1865, he was mortally wounded, and his body fell into the hands of the enemy and was never recovered. His wife and one daughter still survive.

Nathaniel Bayne was born at Newark, Delaware, September 24, 1840, and was educated at Newark Academy. He enlisted

August 6, 1862, in Company C, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers; second lieutenant Company I, March 1, 1863; first lieutenant Company A, October 27, 1863; captain Company I, August 9, 1864; wounded at Dabney's Mills, February 6, 1865; mustered out with regiment, June 1, 1865. He now resides at Wilmington, Delaware.

The average of intelligence and education in the 118th was remarkably high. The exceptional circumstances under which the regiment was organized drew many bright young men to its ranks. Among these was Nathaniel Bayne. Belonging to a neighboring State, he was almost an absolute stranger. Like many others, he was quick to discover that he was the equal in qualifications to command of many who held authority over him. But not the less cheerfully was deference and strict obedience shown by him to his superiors. Patriotic duty was not to be performed by seeking positions of honor and distinction. All could not be officers, and the enlisted man was rendering as necessary and important service as the officer who commanded him. But it was impossible that a man like Bayne should not rise. His intelligence, his soldierly appearance, his dignified bearing, and his splendid courage were certain to command attention. His successive promotions seemed so natural, that while they pleased every one they surprised no one.

Charles F. Dare was mustered into Company H on the 8th of August, 1862, and immediately received the appointment of hospital steward. In October, 1863, he was detailed as steward of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps Hospital. In April, 1864, he was detailed as executive steward of the 1st Division, 5th Corps Hospital, and served in that capacity until the close of the war. He was mustered out with the regiment. He was present in his official capacity in every movement in which the regiment was engaged, excepting the battles of Antietam and Shepherdstown, having been left at that time at Fort Cochran, with about sixty sick men. Since the war he has been engaged in the drug business at Bridgeton, New Jersey.

First Lieutenant Henry T. Peck. Private 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, August 7, 1862; sergeant, August 9, 1862; sergeant-major, January 27, 1864; first lieutenant, February 2, 1864.

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Detailed and on duty as regimental adjutant ; temporarily detailed and on duty as aide-de-camp. He is now, at the age of forty-eight years, living in Germantown, Philadelphia, where he is a regular practitioner of medicine.

Peck was cool, methodical, systematic and of the staying kind, whether in action or in his office. What was to be accomplished was thoroughly done before he had ceased to do with it.

Sergeant Augustus Luker was born in Boston, Massachusetts. Enlisted August, 1862, and was mustered out with the regiment. Present with and participated in all engagements of regiment during its term of service. His present occupation is chair-making. He resides in Philadelphia.

Captain John R. White. At the outbreak of the civil war Captain John R. White joined the second company State Fencibles, recruited at 505 Chestnut street, and the company was assigned to the 18th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers (Colonel Lewis). He served as a private during his enlistment (three months), being stationed at Federal Hill, Baltimore, until near the close of the three months, when, volunteers being called for to guard transports to Washington, he, with about two hundred others, volunteered and served a month over their time, when, having been mustered out of service, he returned to his home, and, the Corn Exchange having decided to raise a regiment for three years, he at once enrolled in a company being recruited in West Philadelphia by Courtland Saunders. He was appointed orderly sergeant as soon as mustered in, and served in that capacity until the battle of Shepherdstown, where, both commissioned officers present for duty (Captain Courtland Saunders and Second Lieutenant J. Rudhall White) having been killed, Orderly Sergeant White was promoted to second lieutenant by special orders from Corps Commander General Fitz-John Porter, and placed in command of his company (G). He served through the war, being promoted to first lieutenant and finally to captain, and was mustered out with the regiment at the close of the war.

Sergeant Hiram Lake was born in Philadelphia, April 25, 1845. He served to the end of the war with the regiment. He is by trade a coach painter. He now resides in Philadelphia.

Richard Wistar Davids, son of Benjamin and Rebecca Davids,

was born in New York, August 30, 1825 ; was educated by private tutor and visited Europe at the close of his studies. He was in no business, but gave his time to the useful and fine arts. At the breaking out of the war he joined the Gray Reserves and afterwards became a member of the Corn Exchange Regiment.

Daniel B. Cobb was born in Philadelphia, March 25, 1844 ; received a public school education ; enlisted as sergeant in 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers August 2, 1862 ; wounded July 1, 1864, near Petersburg, resulting in the resection of the ulna bone from elbow to wrist. He was discharged on account of wounds April 14, 1865, and is now engaged in the plumbing and gas-fitting business at 1512 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Samuel Nugent enlisted as a private August 18, 1862 ; promoted sergeant November 1, 1864 ; mustered out with the regiment June 1, 1865. He was detailed as ordnance sergeant of the division, and his services in that position commanded the approbation of his superiors.

Nugent was a brave and efficient soldier, and displayed an unusually intelligent appreciation of his duties. He was noted for keen and careful observation. Even under the pressure of the hottest engagements nothing seemed to escape his notice. His well-stored memory of details enabled him to contribute important particulars in the preparation of this history.

Alfred Layman was born in Philadelphia, June 28, 1844. He was by trade a carpenter. He enlisted in the 118th as private ; was promoted corporal and sergeant ; participated with the regiment in all the battles to the end of the war. He received a slight contused wound at Shepherdstown and at Gettysburg. A few years after the close of the war, having a liking for the profession of medicine, he entered and was graduated from the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia, and is now a regular practitioner at 1630 North Eighteenth street in his native city.

First Lieutenant James J. Donnelly. Lieutenant Donnelly was born in Belfast, Ireland, February 14, 1844. He came to this country with his parents when quite young and settled in Philadel-

phia. He had a fair common school education. He enlisted as a private in Company C, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, August 7, 1862, and was promoted sergeant January 19, 1864. He was promoted to first lieutenant May 1, 1865, and was transferred to 91st Pennsylvania Infantry June 1, 1865, and was mustered out July 10, 1865.

Lieutenant Donnelly's honesty and kindliness made him very popular from the beginning. His splendid courage displayed on so many fields challenged admiration and respect. His record is one of which his children may well be proud. His present address is Atlanta, Georgia.

Major-General Charles Griffin was the popular and brilliant commander of the 1st Division of the 5th Corps until the removal of General Warren, when he was placed in command of the corps. No officer in the army could have been more dearly beloved by his men than General Griffin. He was a tall, slim, well-built man, and rode very erect, with his head well thrown back, and with his long sharp chin well advanced to the front. In the field he paid little attention to dress, and his rank was indicated principally by the gold cord around his felt hat; his face was shaved smooth, while his lip was adorned with a heavy moustache. General Griffin was one of the finest-looking officers in the army. Always kind, pleasant and cheerful, his presence even in defeat always seemed like a sunbeam. He was as fearless as a tiger, and would lead his division anywhere. He had formerly been an artillery officer and consequently had great faith in that branch of the service. We all mourned when his death was announced, several years after the close of the war. He died of yellow fever in New Orleans. There were but few officers in the Union army more worthy of praise than was General Charles Griffin.

Henry H. Hodges was born in New York city, December 14, 1829. Enlisted as private in Company D, August 18, 1862. Served with the regiment during its term of service; was appointed second-class hospital steward January, 1865, in charge of medical supplies of brigade. At present is bookkeeper with William D. Rodgers' Son & Co., the well-known carriage builders of Philadelphia, having been in their employ almost continuously since 1850.

Thomas J. Hyatt was born in New York city, April 24, 1829. Was wounded in the shoulder at Shepherdstown, but remained until the fight ended. Was made sergeant in March, 1864, to date from September, 1863. Was captured in the first day's fight in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, and returned to the regiment after an imprisonment of ten months. Was mustered out with the regiment June 1, 1865. He is now one of the staff of proof-readers of Harper Brothers, New York.

George W. Williams was born December 7, 1831, in the old District of Spring Garden of Philadelphia. Enlisted in Company C, August 11, 1862, and was made acting fifth sergeant September 21, 1862. Was appointed first sergeant January 1, 1863, and promoted first lieutenant Company I, August 10, 1864. Was appointed aide-de-camp on brigade staff January, 1865, and as such served until the close of the war; present with and took part in all engagements of regiment and brigade; was mustered out with the regiment June, 1865.

Thomas F. Kelly enlisted in Company A, August 13, 1862, at the age of seventeen years, and in September, after the battle of Shepherdstown, was made acting corporal; was appointed sergeant after the battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862; left general guide in October, 1863; first sergeant May, 1864; promoted first lieutenant May, 1865, and with other officers and men transferred by general orders to the 91st Pennsylvania Volunteers, but, there being no vacancies in that regiment, was mustered out to date with that of the 118th. He took part in every battle, skirmish and march in which the regiment was engaged, and was never off duty excepting a ten days' furlough in February, 1865.

James B. Wilson was born and raised in Waynesboro', Pennsylvania. He was apprenticed to the carpenter trade, and at the outbreak of the Mexican war in 1846 enlisted in Captain Wm. F. Small's company. He participated in nearly all the engagements that followed, from the siege of Vera Cruz to the capture of the City of Mexico, the capital. At the close of this war he returned to Philadelphia and re-engaged in his former vocation.

At the breaking out of the rebellion he enlisted in Company A of the 118th, and was made first sergeant. He participated in all

the battles in which his regiment was engaged. On October 22d he was promoted for brave conduct, by special order of General Fitz-John Porter, to the rank of second lieutenant, and was assigned to Company K, January 12, 1863. He was made first lieutenant on account of brave and soldierly conduct in the battle of Fredericksburg, and was assigned to Company B, January 20, 1864. He was raised to the rank of captain and was assigned to Company C, filling the vacancy in that company caused by the death of Captain Dendy Sharwood. At the battle of Peeble's Farm, being the ranking officer present, he took command of the regiment and led it into action. For meritorious conduct in this fight, September 30, 1864, he was promoted to the rank of brevet major.

He was severely wounded at Gettysburg in the second day's fight, July 2, 1863, while engaged in supporting Biglow's battery. On recovering from his injury he rejoined the regiment, August 18, 1863. He was mustered out with the regiment June 1, 1865. He is now residing in Philadelphia.

Captain I. H. Seesholtz was mustered into the "Iron Guards" (recruited at Catawissa, Pennsylvania) as a private the day after Fort Sumter was fired upon, remaining with the company until the fall of 1861, when he resigned his commission, having been promoted to second lieutenant. He then identified himself with the 99th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, entering as a private. With this regiment he remained until the summer of 1862, when he resigned his commission, having been promoted to a first lieutenancy, and at once enlisted in the 118th. Here he remained until the close of the war. Enlisting as a private, and a total stranger to the entire command, he rapidly advanced, by reason of his abilities and meritorious conduct, until, when mustered out, he commanded one of the best companies in the regiment, Company K. He participated in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac except Fredericksburg, and was twice wounded—in the arm at Shepherdstown and in the hand at Hatcher's Run; and had the honor of establishing the last picket line that was maintained between Lee's army and the Army of the Potomac.

Levi Teal, born in Philadelphia, April 22, 1843; enlisted in Company C, 118th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, August

13, 1862; detailed for duty in the adjutant-general's office, 1st Division, 5th Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, by special order number 59, June 8, 1863; mustered out June 1, 1865, near Washington, District of Columbia. He resides in Philadelphia.

Samuel N. Lewis was born in Philadelphia (where his ancestors for years had resided) April 10, 1844. As an associate member of Company A, First Regiment (Gray), Reserve Brigade Militia of Pennsylvania, he served as a private in May, 1862, when Companies A and C were in service assisting in suppressing riots in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania. In the summer of 1862, at the age of eighteen, he recruited Company E, 118th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, at the Girard House, Ninth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, and bore all the expenses of raising the company. He was mustered in as second lieutenant August 20, 1862, was severely wounded in the thigh at the battle of Shepherdstown, W. Va., September 20, 1862, and received a commission as first lieutenant Company E, bearing date of above battle, but was not mustered in as first lieutenant till March 9, 1863. Later he was detailed as acting aide-de-camp on the staff of General Joseph Hayes, and after some service in that capacity resigned and was honorably discharged November 27, 1863, on account of wounds and sickness. As soon as his strength permitted he went to Europe (hoping to regain his health); he returned in 1865 and entered the office of John T. Lewis & Bros., where he was afterwards a partner. He served on the staffs of Generals Charles M. Prevost and John P. Bankson, commanding First Division National Guards of Pennsylvania, as aide-de-camp with rank of major from January, 1868, to July 27, 1876, when he resigned and was honorably discharged.

Sylvester Crossley was born at Norristown, Pennsylvania, December 23, 1839; enlisted as a private in the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and passed the various grades of promotion to second lieutenant. He was taken prisoner at Laurel Hill and recaptured by Sheridan when near Richmond. He was again captured at Bethesda Church, and after enduring imprisonment at Libby, Macon and Savannah, Georgia, Charleston and Columbia, South Carolina—in all about nine months—escaped and reached Sherman's lines.

near Columbia, South Carolina, and marched with his army to Fayetteville, North Carolina. He resigned after the surrender of Lee. He is now a manufacturer of edge tools, and resides at 1524 North Garnett street, Philadelphia.

Benjamin E. Fletcher, Jr., a good soldier, was born February 2, 1844, in the old District of Moyamensing, Philadelphia, and enlisted in Company E at the age of eighteen. At the battle of Chancellorsville one of his ears was shot off; after a few days only at the hospital he returned to his regiment and was made a corporal. At the battle of Five Forks he was shot, March 31, 1865, and died almost instantly—he was the last soldier killed in the regiment. His body was buried and the grave carefully marked by his comrades, and this enabled his family a few months afterwards to disinter the body and bring it to the North for final interment.

Adjutant James P. Perot was born in Philadelphia, May 12, 1825. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, and he graduated from Haverford College. He became associated with Mr. Christian J. Hoffman in the flour and grain commission business, and at the breaking out of the civil war he was one of the originators of the Philadelphia Corn Exchange. He was active in the formation by that body of the 118th, and accepted the position of adjutant. He died in 1872.

Colonel Perot, or, as he will always be spoken of by his associates of the 118th, Adjutant Perot, was a patriotic man, a faithful, courageous soldier, and by his genial disposition won many friends.

John Michener was born in Philadelphia, November 17, 1843, and was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia. He enlisted August 12, 1862, as corporal in Company C and served in all the campaigns of the regiment and brigade. He is now engaged in the banking business; his present address is Philadelphia.

Rev. W. J. O'Neill, brother of Lieutenant-Colonel O'Neill, was also born in Ireland in the year 1832. When appointed by Governor Curtin chaplain of the 118th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, he was a young minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church belonging to the Wilmington Conference, and junior minister of a circuit in Maryland. After the war he resumed connection with the same conference. He died at Church-Hill, Maryland, March 9, 1887.

Joseph Mora Moss, who came of good old revolutionary stock, being directly descended from both Robert Morris, the financier, and Bishop White, the first Bishop of Pennsylvania, was born in Albany township, Bradford county, Pennsylvania, May 17, 1843. He was educated in the public and High School of Philadelphia.

At the breaking out of the war he was about to begin his studies with a view of preparing himself to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Considering it his duty to his country, he promptly answered the call to arms, and was enlisted as second lieutenant in the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was killed in battle at Shepherdstown, Virginia, September 20, 1862, and was at the time of his death nineteen years four months and three days old. He was prompt in the performance of his duties, and won the respect of his superiors. His early death on the field cut short a career that doubtless would have been a brilliant one.

Captain Dendy Sharwood. No officer of the 118th is better remembered than Captain Dendy Sharwood. He recruited Company C, and was its first commander.

Captain Sharwood was an Englishman by birth, and was before the war engaged in business in Philadelphia. He brought to his new profession intelligence, education, extensive knowledge of the world, and undoubted courage. What captivated all who knew him was his thorough manliness and nobility of character. He was admired and beloved by his own men, and respected throughout the entire regiment. It was such men as he who gave tone and distinction to the old regiment as it left for the front in 1862.

Captain Sharwood was detailed for some time as acting brigade commissary and rendered efficient service in that position. At the battle of Rappahannock Station, in the absence of the field officers, he commanded the regiment and was distinguished for bravery and soldierly conduct. Shortly afterwards he was taken ill as the result of exposure and died lamented by the entire command.

Lieutenant J. Rudhall White, born in Warrington, Virginia, was about twenty years of age when he joined the regiment. He was a lieutenant in the Black-Horse Cavalry (Confederate). Differing in sentiment with his friends, he resigned his commission and entered the 118th as second lieutenant. He was a brave and cour-

teous officer and gained the respect of the regiment. He was killed at Shepherdstown.

General Joshua L. Chamberlain. This officer entered the army as lieutenant-colonel of the 20th Regiment, Maine Volunteers, on the 8th of August, 1862, and served continuously in the 1st Division of the 5th Corps, finally commanding it, and was mustered out of service January 16, 1866, as brevet major-general of United States Volunteers. Being of a family of military traditions and proclivities, and having received the elements of a military education in early life, he naturally and rapidly adapted himself to the severe ordeal of being called suddenly to a responsible position in the midst of a great war, and at its gravest crisis.

The corps and division to which he was assigned were officered very largely from the regular army, and he took advantage at once of this opportunity to make himself familiar with his duties and to acquire a practical knowledge and skill so necessary to success in the field, and which afterwards caused him to be so rapidly promoted in rank and command.

In June, 1863, he was colonel of his regiment. At Gettysburg his conduct in the famous defence of Round Top won for him the highest commendation of his superior officers and public fame. In August of that year he was placed in command of a brigade. In the reorganization of the army corps in the next spring two brigades of veterans were consolidated into one and he was called to command it while as yet colonel of his regiment in another brigade. In the first battle in this new command he was promoted to brigadier-general on the field by General Grant in a special order, which was ratified by the President and the Senate.

He was then applied for to command the regulars in the 2d Division of the 5th Corps, but the commander of his own division was unwilling to have him leave. In Grant's final campaign General Chamberlain commanded not only his own brigade, but also the 2d Brigade of the division, which was ordered to report to him for the campaign.

His command was closely engaged with the enemy at Appomattox Court-House when the flag of truce came in, and at the formal surrender of Lee's army he was designated to command the parade before which that army laid down its arms and colors.

On the disbandment of the Army of the Potomac he was one of the few general officers retained in the service ; and on the reorganization of the regular army he was offered a colonelcy with the brevet of major-general. Declining these, he was offered several diplomatic appointments abroad, but preferred to return to private life. He was shortly afterwards elected Governor of Maine.

He had many narrow escapes with his life during the war, having had five horses shot under him and himself struck six times by bullet and shell, and has enjoyed the unusual privilege of seeing his own obituary in the newspapers on two occasions.

Sergeant Major William R. Courtney was born in Philadelphia, May 11, 1845. He enlisted in Company G, and by successive promotions reached the rank of Sergeant Major. He was an excellent soldier, and was with his regiment in every engagement until he lost an arm at Pegram's Farm, Va., September 30, 1864. His bravery at the battle of Fredericksburg was so conspicuous as to secure for him a furlough. He happily recovered from his severe wound at Pegram's Farm, and is now conducting a wholesale bakery in Philadelphia.

Samuel F. Delany. Born in Philadelphia June 28, 1831 ; enlisted as private in 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers August 5, 1862 ; promoted to color-sergeant ; was slightly wounded at Shepherdstown ; mustered out with regiment, June, 1865.

General Gouverneur K. Warren. It is impossible in this brief sketch to do anything like justice to a character and career so remarkable as that of General Warren. An officer of engineers in the regular army, he accepted a somewhat subordinate position in the volunteer service at the opening of the war, and his military instincts and solid ability carried him very shortly to the highest staff positions of the army, and to the command of more than one army corps.

There is no need to recite the steps of his upward course, for the history of the Army of the Potomac is bright with his record of honorable service. It is only of late that the country comes to understand how much the event of the great battle of Gettysburg was

due to his rapid military eye, and his equally rapid power of execution. Had Round Top been left to fall into the enemy's hands, the fate of the field at Gettysburg would have been far different.

General Warren's personal appearance was fine. His soldierly form, his intellectual countenance, his dark yet beaming eye, impressed every beholder. As to personal courage, he was brave to a fault. Yet he was careful of his men. They all felt that he would not sacrifice them; but they almost blamed him when some desperate movement became necessary, and he insisted on leading them. Even when a corps commander, he was everywhere to be seen in the thick of the fight, yet holding well in his brain the disposition of his whole corps, wielding it not only as a mass, but as a living organism, every member of which had its appropriate place and part.

General Warren was a man of a high order of intellectual ability, which commanded universal respect, but his temperament was such that those who were not well acquainted with him might easily misjudge him. He undoubtedly sometimes allowed himself to speak in plain terms his opinion of orders he might receive in the midst of a battle, or movement of critical importance, which did not harmonize well with the state of things under his own eye and affecting seriously his own command.

There had been irritation towards him at the head-quarters of the army on this account before the last famous movement to turn Lee's right flank before Petersburg, and General Sheridan, with this hint in his mind, and in his impetuosity misjudging Warren's thoughtful and intent manner as indicating lack of sympathy with him in his plans, took an early occasion to remove him from his command. But when the history of that last campaign is fully and faithfully written, the great importance of Warren's action on the White Oak Road will be apparent, and his conduct in this, as in every other campaign of the army, will be set high above doubt or cavil. He went down to an early grave with a wounded and broken spirit, notwithstanding the fact that a military commission had investigated the act of injustice under which he had suffered, and had lifted the shadow from his fair fame.

History will give him a bright page on her rolls, and a grateful country will appreciate his service and revere his memory.

APPENDIX.

LAUREL HILL AND SHERIDAN'S RAID.

BY S. CROSSLEY, LATE SECOND LIEUTENANT COMPANY H, 118TH
REGIMENT P. V.



SOME little experiences that I had in the opening of the Wilderness campaign might perhaps be interesting, especially as they relate to what I witnessed as a recaptured prisoner of war, and hence (off duty) a rover and observer.

The assault at Laurel Hill was at sundown, it will be remembered, and led us through swamp land and brush and miseries of all sorts ere we reached the enemy.

The movement was made by the 1st Division, 5th Army Corps, and led, I think, by General Crawford, General Griffin being absent. However, of one thing I am sure, that there did not

seem to be any proper understanding among the subordinate commanders as to the mode of formation, for, though we were really in echelon, it was generally supposed that we were moving in several lines. "Column in mass!" I distinctly remember hearing our colonel giving the order, "Cease firing," and adding: "You are firing on your own men!" We soon had a deadly enfilading fire upon us and were soon compelled to withdraw. Now, I did not withdraw, and for the following reason: My good people at home resolved that a first-rate thing for me to have was a good pair of boots, and, up to the time of the beginning of this campaign, I thought it good judgment on their part; but when, after two days' march, I discovered one of my ankles rubbed to the bone, bare of flesh, I changed my mind.

As soon as the retreat began the rebels left their works on a run and firing as they ran. I was escorted to the rear in company of one of them who found me unable to keep up (*hors du combat*, as it were) and who asked for my sword with

the muzzle of his rifle in close proximity to my breast. My response to his overtures seemed satisfactory. But I remember that ere we reached their works we were both in danger from Yankee bullets, which gave the lie to a great, gaunt specimen of fanaticism who was among the first to follow and who kept exclaiming: "You can't fight, you can't fight; God Almighty won't let you!"

The next morning, along with about 300 other prisoners, I was marched away in charge of a cavalry guard, having first made a trade (with one of its men) of my boots for a good pair of English-made shoes. This put me in better marching order, but still, had it not been for the kindness of one of the guard in allowing me to ride upon his horse while he walked (a display of unwonted chivalry), I do not know what would have been the result.

Shortly after noon it began to be apparent in the manner of the commander of the guard, showing nervousness and apprehension, especially after scouts would approach him, that something was not right, and I think that if it would have been possible to have taken us at a pace equal to that of his horses on a trot it would have greatly pleased him.

The sequel to all this was revealed to us about 5 P. M. when in hearing of the locomotive whistle of the train which was to have transported us to Richmond from Beaver Dam Station. A scout rode up with flushed face and fairly yelled: "Lieutenant, the Yanks are upon you!" It then became a risk of life and limb to each of us from the hoofs of their flying horses. The chivalric gentleman who had loaned me his horse and up to that time was walking beside and chatting with me rudely pulled me to the ground with a jerk and fairly sprang to the saddle. We got to the field to the left of the road just in time to clear the track for the yelling vanguard of Sheridan's raiding expedition in full pursuit and firing their carbines after the fleeing guard. It may be imagined that our enthusiasm expressed itself in vociferous cheering and by the tossing of hats high in air. In a few minutes thereafter we were indulging in a good meal, the components of which were the result of the capture of the train aforesaid, which was to have carried us away and which was also a supply train for Lee's army. We took the best and burned the rest.

The next morning, awakened by the shelling of the enemy, Sheridan had to give them a whipping before we could go forward, which he accordingly did.

Being by this time unable to walk at all, I was given a horse, but ere the day was over had to give place to a cavalryman and had to take the position of ambulance driver, of which the expedition had a very few. I was now in a position to see all that was to be seen and especially to notice the movements of "Little Phil," of whom great things were beginning to be expected, the realization of which was away beyond the dream of any, except, perhaps, of our great chieftain Grant.

If I might describe the raid as I saw it, tersely and without regard to elegance, I would say that it forcibly reminded me of the entry of a bull in a china shop. Wholesale destruction was the law that ruled. Everything that could be used and *carried* by us became contraband. Anything that was likely to be of use to Lee's army was destroyed.

What was the enemy doing the while? Well, they were trying their best to surround and destroy us; but it was a dismal failure. Sheridan would take a position where he could well observe their movements with his glass, send an aide here, another there. There was a roll of musketry (they fought dismounted), the roar of artillery for an hour or so, and then we were moving right on towards Richmond again. But, as to this place, we came near getting into it when it was undesirable to go, through the treachery of the guide (a professed Unionist). He led us (by night) up to within a few hundred yards of their works. And I remember a shell that came uncomfortably near my ambulance, and, being so unexpected, came near taking my breath away. The guide was shot on the spot, I was informed, and we got away from that quarter in double-quick time.

The brilliant Jeb Stuart made a most desperate onslaught upon us just as we were about crossing the Chickahominy. I think he was killed at this battle. They were soon routed and we went on our way to the James river, from which the rebels, still following, were shelled by our gunboats. I was here transferred and sent to Washington. I shall never forget my impressions of this raid and my enthusiasm for its leader will never grow cold.

A FEW PRISON REMINISCENCES.

BY LIEUTENANT SYLVESTER CROSSLEY.

“HOTEL COLUMBIA.”

It must not be supposed that life was all dull and dreary in that dreariest of situations—a Southern prison pen; nor, in fact, was it the manner or spirit of the “Yankee” to consent to remain in such a position; it is his life to extract all the juices that he can find in existence out of it.

For myself, I endeavored to see light in the darkness through spectacles of the ridiculous and grotesque, finding it conducive to hygiene.

I would just state, to begin with, that when brought to Columbia, South Carolina, we were dumped upon a barren hillside, through which ran a stream (“branch” they call it), an area of perhaps ten acres of ground, at the corners of which were placed howitzers; stakes planted for a “dead-line,” guards about ten paces from this line; shelterless—to a great extent blanketless—the blue sky for a canopy, the dear mother earth for a couch, and what you might for a pillow—a lovely and healthful prospect surely.

The writer came not to camp immediately, he having eluded the vigilance of the guard and, in the nineteenth century parlance, “skipped,” with his weather-eye on the north star.

But the “best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-glee,” says Burns, and so, after leaving in a negro’s cabin at 5 A. M. a fair United States uniform and such a blanket as was left to me, I appeared in the streets of Columbia in a suit of gray, a homespun of the homespuns, and none the better for fit. I was to have returned at night to get supplies, and then steal a ride to Atlanta, whither our troops then

had come and were asking admittance. But while sleeping the sleep of the guileless at the edge of a wood, a searching party found me and took me in.

I do not wonder I became a target for those disposed to be merry, and doubtless my appearance saved some lives which otherwise had gone down through ennui.

I did not get another chance to go in the pursuit of freedom for some time after this, yet the time came and I went.

But, when I began this sketch, I did not expect to relate personal matters, but offer a few incidents of a humorous turn upon the 118th representatives immured at this place.

Captain Kelly, of Company F, and myself were the victims who were to hold up our end of the burden and, to begin, let me say that, as in all things, the old regiment was generally foremost, so here; for was it not our own "mess" (we with two other patriots) who had the distinguished honor of conceiving a way to build and building a log hut, thatched with pine straw?

Now axes cost fifty dollars in rebel scrip, and this was scarce with us; but you cannot suppress genius; we borrowed, and soon a tall, lovely pine was laid low and being cut into fragments for the cabin.

Shall I ever forget how the mild and patient Kelly serenely took one end of a log while I took the other and began the ascent of the hill leading to our "location!" We had not gone far upon our way (I being in advance) when suddenly my end sprang into the air (Kelly's end having struck the ground)—a wound to my shoulder from the rebound—a howl like that emanating from a wounded bear coming from Kelly, as, with all his boyhood's profanity recalled, he undertook to coax that thorn from the sole of his unshod foot, which he had picked up just at that time and place.

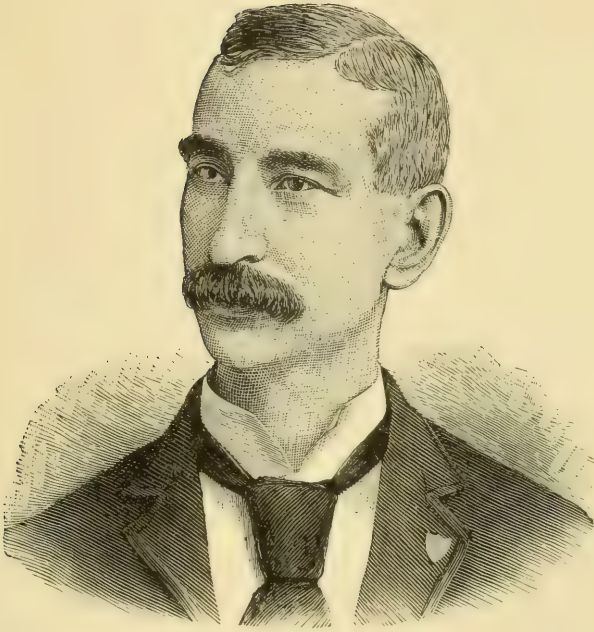
Pain and pity conspired to keep the risibles in check; but Kelly was to me then, and still is, a picture as he sat there with the sole of his foot "right about face" and nervously extracted the troubler.

Now the immaculate apostle thrived by reason of "a thorn in the flesh," but our friend and comrade had no pleasure in abnormal conditions.

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One little incident pertaining to the cabin after it was finished.

Of course, while this experiment was being made, we were the observed of all observers and got no little assistance in the way of advice, with some little labor thrown in, while the edifice was being constructed.

The day after it was finished the elements gave us an opportunity to test its water-proof character, for it rained profusely all day; and, much to our delight, no water entered through that little thatched cottage; but if we were afforded satisfaction in this respect we were not to enjoy peace unalloyed, for if one be-drenched unfortunate came to our door upon that day, at least a thousand came—they came alone, in pairs, in "messes"—I was going to say in squadrons; peering in, they would ask the same question and get the same answer: "Does she leak?" "No!" These words thereafter became a sort of supplement to the crumbs which fell from the rebel table and often turned melancholy to merriment.



WM. H. HENNING'S PRISON EXPERIENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, September 3, 1886.

TO MR. J. E. SMITH:

Dear Comrade: In compliance with your request, "to give you my experience of prison life—what I saw and heard," I discover that, in thinking back over a lapse of twenty-two years, my memory does not serve me as well as I would like it to do. I fail to recall the names of some of my comrades, names of places and some incidents I can recollect in part only, so that I am unable to write my experience in as complete a form as I would like to do. However, I will do the best I can, hoping you will find something in my experience that will serve you in compiling the "History of the 118th Regiment."

After our capture on the afternoon of June 2, 1864, at the battle of Cold Harbor, we were taken to the rear of the rebel line of battle, where we remained for an hour or more; here our party were scrutinized very closely by the Johnnies; a guard approached one of our number and informed him that the general wished to see him; about fifteen minutes after the prisoner and guard had gone we were told that they recognized in the prisoner a reb who had been in their army, and that he would be shot before night. We never saw him again.

The rebs asked us to give them our rubber blankets, stating they could take

them from us if they wanted to, but preferred to have us give them voluntarily; they said that when the provost guard took charge of us they would take them, and that we might as well allow them to have the blankets. The rebs seemed to know that we were hungry; they said they would share what little rations they had in their haversacks with us; they would give us a corn-dodger for a blanket. As we feared that our blankets would be taken from us by the guard, knowing how highly they prized them and being very hungry, we made the exchange. We had hardly devoured our dodgers when we were ordered to fall in, and our march to the rear begun. These guards were not so gentlemanly inclined toward us as their comrades at the front. Those of the prisoners who wore felt hats were obliged to suffer their loss; a guard would simply walk up to a prisoner, take his hat from him and throw his old battered one to the prisoner. When they saw a pair of good boots on a prisoner they would command, pointing their guns at him: "Take off them boots;" and the exchange of a good pair of boots for an old pair of shoes was made under protest.

Among the prisoners was a young German by the name of Henry Blatz, who belonged to our company, a substitute, who feared the loss of his boots, which were in a very good condition; he appealed to me, wanting to know what he could do to save his boots, as he would certainly lose them should any of the guard spy them. I told him I thought his boots would fit me and that he should try and pull one off unobserved by the guard, and if I could wear his boot he should wear my shoe and we would re-exchange when at our destination. The exchange was made unobserved by the guard and we then separated, each going about like "Billy Barlow" until we arrived at Andersonville, where we re-exchanged our foot wear.

I do not know the name of the place where we camped for the night. The guards on post wanted to know whether we had any good Yankee smoke-pipes; they said they would give us a corn-dodger for a smoke-pipe. (I should perhaps have stated before that we had eaten the last of our rations the day before our capture; our commissary wagons had not come up; in fact, we were told when we had the last three days' rations issued to us that we must try and make them do us five days, as the wagons would probably not be up again until that time; a ration of raw beef, however, had been issued just before the detail for the skirmish line on which we were captured was made; but many of those on the detail having had no opportunity to cook or broil it lost the ration, so that, with the exception of the corn-dodger which we got from the Johnnies, we had had nothing to eat for two days.) We had hoped that when we went into camp for the night that we would receive something from the Confederate government in the way of rations, but we were doomed to disappointment, and when the guards bid for our smoke-pipes there was an active rise in the corn-dodger market, for the bids were taken promptly and a prisoner had to show a good article in the smoke-pipe line in order to obtain a dodger.

On the following morning we were taken through Richmond to what they called Libby Second, or the Pemberton Prison. Here we received our first ration from the commissary-general, which consisted of a quarter loaf of corn bread, a small

piece of bacon and a small cup (officer's cup) of beans for a day's ration. On the second or third day of our confinement we were visited by an official who stated that we were to be taken down to Georgia and put in camp, and all Yanks that had greenbacks about them should come down-stairs and deliver them up. The amount in greenbacks so delivered would be placed to the credit of the prisoners delivering them and would be returned at their parole. We would be given one hour to hand over our greenbacks, and at the end of that time there would be a search made and all greenbacks found on prisoners at the search would be confiscated. As the delivery took place on the floor below, I cannot state how many took stock in the delivery business, but I do know that if ever there was a time when mortals racked their brains to devise plans to conceal their money it was done there and then. I cannot give all the devices resorted to by the prisoners to conceal their money, as I employed the greater part of my time in thinking up a plan to conceal my fortune, which consisted of \$7, which was not enough to retire on, to be sure. Nevertheless I believe I would have been retired to the silent majority at Andersonville had it not been for my little all of \$7. I spent a small portion of my time in watching my comrades conceal their money. I noticed that the favorite places of concealment was in the flies of the pants between the cloth and the lining, at the bottom of the pants where they are turned in, in their stockings, etc. There was one comrade who had a rather novel way of saving his money. He had but one greenback. I could not see its denomination, but it seemed to me, from his appearance, that he was subjecting himself to a very heavy pressure of his mental faculties in order to determine where to put it, when, finally, he pulled from his pocket a plug of tobacco, which he was fortunate enough to possess, and, after taking off a leaf, he folded up the greenback tightly, wrapped the note in the tobacco-leaf and put it in his mouth. I was told that one prisoner (I think of the 90th Regiment P. V.) who wore State buttons on their uniforms, which were a little larger than the regular button, undone the lapping of the button and put a greenback in the button and then relapped it with his penknife. After considerable cogitation on my part I ripped the corps mark, which I wore on the side of my cap, half off, then cut the cloth and put the notes between the cloth and lining. Both being old notes, they could not be detected in the cap by feeling. I then sewed the corps mark on again over the cut in the cloth. When the time for search arrived we were taken single-file down-stairs to a room in which were a number of officers. On a table in front of them I noticed a pile of greenbacks. While the search was going on I noticed that secreting notes in the flies and bottom of pants and in the stockings was a failure. When my turn arrived I was told to turn my pockets inside out, my cap was lifted from my head and turned inside out, my clothing was manipulated, but they failed to find my money. I was obliged to leave behind thread, needles, burning glass, etc. After the search we were taken out of Libby Second and packed in freight cars. There were no seats in the cars of any kind. I was told there were ninety in a car, but did not count them. I am inclined to believe, though, that there were that many in a car.

There was nothing of importance that transpired on our way to Andersonville.

If my memory serves me right, I think we were about three days on our journey. At night we would be taken from the cars and camped in a field, which was a big relief to us. Our rations were very scant, but I think the officers in charge of us did the best they could under the circumstances. It was at one of these night encampments that our rations were not forthcoming—until very late in the night—that I noticed an individual crawling on the ground, outside the guards on post, and making his way slowly toward us, and got in between the posts, where he remained, lying full length on the ground. I do not know whether the guards noticed him or not, but I am inclined to believe they knew all about it, for the fellow appeared perfectly easy, and, after a low “hist!” to attract our attention, he produced from a bag a round loaf of corn-bread, its dimensions being about ten inches in diameter and about three and one-half inches thick. “Don’t you want to buy a loaf of bread?” he inquired. “How much?” we replied. “Six dollars,” said he. “Good God!” ejaculated a prisoner, “that is a terrible price for a loaf of bread. Can’t you come down several dollars?” “No,” he replied. “I risked a good bit to get here and think the loaf is cheap at that price.” Not being able to make a sale, he crawled away, and I think, from his actions, he intended to try us again later in the night. I think the reason he did not come down in his price was that he surmised we had not given up all hopes of getting rations and a second effort on his part later on might be more successful. In this, however, he was mistaken. Rations were issued to us, which put an end to his speculations in the bread business.

In the afternoon of the following day we arrived at the Andersonville Stockade. Here we were drawn up in line and counted off into detachments. A detachment consisted of 270 men, which was divided into three divisions of ninety men, which were subdivided into six squads of fifteen men each. Then we were marched into the prison pen. The wretched spectacle that presented itself to our view was sickening. Some of our regimental comrades who had preceded us in this dismal abode of squalor, starvation and exposure came to greet us, not with smiles, but with lamentations and sympathy at the gloomy prospects before us. It was impossible for our detachment to keep together, for the prison pen was getting crowded, and we had to separate and pick out places here and there, in twos, threes and sometimes fours. What shelter there was in the pen was made in various ways. Some few had tents. How they came in possession of them was always a mystery to us. Some who were fortunate enough to have woollen blankets made tents of them, that is, when they got the poles, which was no easy matter to get. Some made a kind of shelter by having two uprights, a ridge pole and branches of trees resting on the pole and slanting down to the ground, forming a roof and wall, but was not really one thing or the other. The only ones who had shelter of this kind (I think) were those who entered the prison pen first, as there was no wood, at the time I write of, to pick up. The only things a prisoner could get without trying were filth and vermin, of which there were an abundance, and each new-comer soon got his share.

Three weeks after we entered the pen the stockade was enlarged. This gave us an opportunity to get on new ground, also to pick up enough wood for poles

with which to construct a little shelter made from a half blanket which one of our party of four had in his possession. Your experience in the construction of tents will enable you to give a good guess about what kind of a tent we had from a half blanket. Nevertheless, we felt more comfortable under it, as it was some protection from the sun's burning rays, to which we had been exposed for three weeks. Of course, when we would lie down at night, our legs would be outside our tent, but we felt grateful to know that a portion of our bodies was sheltered somewhat from the rain or heavy dews at night.

As insignificant as this shelter was, we were much better off than were hundreds of comrades who had no shelter whatever. They would wander aimlessly around the pen until the sun got too hot for them, and then they would creep around in the shadow of the tents of their more fortunate comrades, until the time arrived for drawing rations. There was great activity in the pen at this time. The pangs of hunger were great and became intensified at the sight of the rations, poor as they were. We could hardly wait until the divisions, from detachment to division and from division to squad, were made, and then again until the chief of squad would divide it up into individual rations, which would be made as equally as possible; yet one of our squad would turn his back and name the comrade to whom each piece pointed at should be given.

Our bill of fare was something like this. First two weeks—cooked rations. On alternate days we received a piece of corn-bread and a very small piece of bacon, then again corn-mush. Balance of month—raw rations. A pint of corn-meal which, I think, was made from corn-cob as well as corn. Sometimes a little rice, and occasionally some stock beans or peas, full of bugs. Ground corn-cob, peas, bugs, all went down. We could not spare anything. Very often it would happen that on mush day it would rain and by the time it would be divided and subdivided it would be saturated with rain and would have a very sour taste. A member of our regiment was in the habit of speaking about buckwheat cakes and Jersey sausages on these occasions, which we bore with good grace for a while, but finally threatened to annihilate him if he did not stop it while we were eating our sour mush.

There were a few in the pen who fared better than the general run of prisoners. These enterprising comrades had a small stand outside their tents on which they kept for sale in very small quantities potatoes, wheat flour, soap, and on one occasion I noticed a chicken, corn-meal and buggy peas. I believe they got their stock from the guards who smuggled them in the pen, the incentive being Yankee greenbacks.

These articles sold for the following prices: A piece of soap, cut across the bar and three-quarters of an inch wide and thick, 10 cents; a tablespoonful of wheat flour, 10 cents; a very ordinary sized potato, 25 cents. I had not the heart to price the chicken, but, as I did not see it the next day on sale, very likely a syndicate of the wealthier comrades was formed and bought it in. The wheat flour was bought by the prisoners and scorched before eating for diarrhœa. The potatoes were eaten raw for scurvy. It was in potatoes that I invested my \$7. There was also another article sold in the pen, called sour beer, made by pouring water on corn-meal and

allowing it to ferment in the sun. Many prisoners bought this sour beer, thinking it good for the scurvy, and the cry of the hawkers could be heard in the different parts of the pen: "Here's your good sour beer, now; only five cents a cup." This sour beer was not intoxicating, and to a hungry man went down rather thin, consequently its price was the lowest of any article sold in the pen, it being drank principally for what was considered its medicinal virtues.

The mortality of the pen, particularly in the month of August, was heavy. It was an every-day occurrence to see a long row of dead lying side by side in the street leading to the gate of the stockade and those having charge of them waiting for the gates to be opened to carry them out to the dead-house. The dead-house, as it appeared to us in the pen, was nothing more than four uprights with ridge poles, across which were thrown limbs of trees to make a shady place for the dead until their names and regiments could be taken previous to burial.

As month succeeded month matters grew worse with us; many of the prisoners had but little, if any, hope of an exchange, believing that we would have to remain in the pen during the war, unless sooner released by death, which, indeed, seemed the most probable. As this idea took a deeper root in their minds they would lose all ambition, they would not walk around for exercise, but remain seated on the ground and become indifferent to their surroundings, refuse food, their minds would wander, their eyes become vacant and staring, and finally death would come to their relief. There were others, fortunately few in number comparatively, who became desperate, having no regard whatever for their comrades; it was every one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost with them; they would raid and rob their comrades of rations, money, watches or whatever valuables they possessed; their victims being mostly western men from Sherman's army, who were more fortunate in reaching the stockade with their valuables than were the men from the Army of the Potomac. These raiders became the terror of the pen; they were prepared and ready at any moment to assault and rob; they handled some of the prisoners so roughly, that death resulted in consequence. The prisoners made application to General Winder, commanding the post, for authority to organize a court, which was granted; the raiders were arrested, tried, and six of them sentenced to be hung, which sentence was duly executed in the prison pen. This action on the part of the prisoners had a very salutary effect, and nothing more was heard of raiding after the execution. There were others who tried to effect their escape by tunnelling. A tunnel would be started in a tent near the "dead line." (The dead line was a light fence, about twenty feet from the stockade; this line ran completely around, and parallel with, the sides of the stockade.) Those engaged in the digging worked on dark nights only; they would dig with sticks and half canteens, and scatter the dirt along a swamp or morass that run through the pen; when the tunnel was thought ready for tapping, those interested would creep in, a dark, rainy night always being selected for the tapping, but their brave efforts were seldom crowned with success, for while some did escape in this manner, by far the greater number were doomed to disappointment. An alarm would be sounded and a hasty retreat made out of the tunnel. All prisoners who managed to escape through tunnelling or otherwise, and who

were unfortunate enough to be recaptured, suffered cruel punishment by being put in chain-gangs and in stocks, hung up by the thumbs and whipped at a whipping-post. Nevertheless the tunnelling continued. The knowledge that our imprisonment might be a long one, that we were within the yellow-fever district of the South, that the air we breathed was impregnated with foul, repulsive vapors, and should that fatal scourge once enter, a "clean sweep" would be made—these horrible thoughts incited the prisoners on to repeated and desperate efforts to escape, but with few exceptions only to meet with disappointment, and many with cruel punishment. Much could have been done to alleviate our sufferings, with no further trouble on the part of our keeper than to allow a guard to accompany a detail of prisoners, day by day, to get and bring in wood, of which there was an abundance, for the purpose of making better shelter. Captain Wirz was a cruel keeper; he was a man short in stature, stooping figure, a deep-set, ugly eye; he was a mean combination, a potent concentration, a hellish conglomeration of nastiness, profanity and barbarity; he not only cruelly punished prisoners for attempting to escape, but kicked and otherwise abused sick prisoners who happened to be in his way. I saw him one day, in company with another rebel, both mounted on heavy horses and riding slowly between the "stockade" and "dead line," the object being to break through into any tunnel that might be in operation, and I thought, Oh! that he might break through into some unknown cavity, and go down, way down through the different stratas and settle somewhere about the Silurian and Cambrian systems of deposits, and that we might be enabled to dump down some eighteen or twenty barrels of sour mush before the ground closed in on him.

There were many touching incidents transpiring in the pen. I will mention but one. There were two prisoners who chose a spot in front of our tent for their sleeping quarters. They had no shelter of any kind. One was quite young—a mere boy; the other appeared well advanced in years to be a soldier. In a short time the boy took sick; his companion did all that lay in his power to help, cheer and comfort him. One day, as he lay upon the ground with his head in the lap of the old prisoner, who was passing his hand through the boy's hair, caressingly, the boy exclaimed, Oh! I am going; I am going; please write and tell my mother and sister that I tried so hard to live, in this awful, awful place; tell them that I hope to meet them in Heaven, and that I did my duty, and died like a man. The old prisoner made no reply other than nodding assent, but the tears were trickling down his cheeks as he continued to caress the dying boy, until his spirit passed away; after that, the old man grew silent; he would not converse with us any more; by and by his mind began to wander, and we knew by the vacant stare in his eye that he, too, was "going," and that there would be no one to write to mother now, and tell her how and where her boy died. Some of the prisoners held prayer-meetings, and endeavored by exhortation and prayer to inspire hope in the hearts of their depressed comrades. A singing quartette was organized, composed of Tom Martin, of "K," and Sergeant Charles Baker, John Hutton and W. H. Henning, of "I," hoping that the little service they could render in this manner might help to cheer their comrades to some degree. One day in September

(I think) there was considerable excitement in the pen by the announcement that a certain number of prisoners would be exchanged, and we were to fall in line by detachments for the doctors to make the selection. Those of the sick and the worst skeletons whose time of service would soon expire were selected. A short time after, the prisoners were taken out by detachments, as they thought, for exchange; we were taken to Savannah, where we remained about two weeks, and then a portion were sent to Millen, Ga., and the balance to Andersonville again, I, with some more of our regiment, going to Millen, Ga.; here we remained until some time in November, when we were again sent to Savannah, and finally paroled on the 15th day of November, 1864.

I am sorry I cannot give you a more complete list of names of those of our regiment who died in the rebel prison pens. I have lost my memoranda, and can only give such names as I can recall from memory.

Private	Charles Hubbs,	Co. C,	died in Andersonville,	of chronic diarrhoea.
Sergeant	Samuel D. Boyer,	" D,	" " " " " "	"
Private	Augustus Specht,	" A,	" " " " " "	"
"	Joseph Smith,	" F,	" " " " " "	"
"	John Ginaman,	" F,	returned.	
"	Fred Bubeck,	" " "	Paroled in Jackson, Fla.,	May, 1865.
Sergeant	Ed. Wilkinson,	" I,	died in Andersonville,	of scorbutis.
Private	Geo. F. Morton,	" " " "	" " " "	"
"	Garret Houseman,	" " " "	" " " "	chronic diarrhoea.
"	John Hutton,	Co. " " "	" " " "	"
"	Andrew Myers,	" " " "	" " " "	"
"	Henry Blatz,	" " " "	Milien,	" " "
"	John Fullerton,	" " " "	Andersonville,	" dropsy.
"	Jas. S. McGettigan,	Co. I,	" returned.	
"	Patrick O'Brien,	" " "	"	
"	Robert K. Enbody,	" " "	"	
"	Wm. Crealman,	" " "	"	
"	Fred. Link,	" " "	"	
"	Wm. H. Henning,	" " "	"	

Those of our company whom we met in the Andersonville pen were :

Sergeant Chas. Baker, returned.

Private And'w Browning, "

" John Parker "

" Thomas Martin, Co. K, returned.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

W. H. HENNING.

RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF THE "118TH."

BY LIEUTENANT SYLVESTER CROSSLEY.

That the "118th" was composed, to any great extent, of saints it would, perhaps, be idle to attempt to demonstrate.

Nor, indeed, would it be expected of any body of men unselected, homogeneous and banded with a purpose wholly foreign to the genius and spirit of Christianity such as is a regiment of soldiers.

But from the fact that our regiment was made up mainly of self-respecting, gentle-bred, fairly educated and generally youthful material, it would naturally argue the conclusion that it should give religion a respectful hearing, if nothing more. And so, indeed, it was with us.

Starting at "Camp Union," a few miles out from the city proper, the command began its career by opening its first Sunday of camp life with religious services, having upon this occasion secured the services of the popular and patriotic Rev. J. Walker Jackson, who delivered us a discourse in his own intense and fascinating manner, full of patriotic sentiment as well as religious instruction; and up to the time of leaving for the seat of war many devotional meetings were held.

After the regiment's first (calamitous) baptism of fire, for a brief space of time, when in camp at Sharpsburg, Md., there were held some very impressive meetings, at the close of one of which, it will be remembered, our commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Gwyn, addressed us, commending this feature of our camp life.

Our first chaplain, Charles E. Hill, about this time joined us, and, wherever convenient, would preach, but he soon after left us, resigning December 24, 1863.

He was followed by Chaplain William O'Neill, whose commission dated January 29, 1863. The chaplain was a brother of our brave, witty, large-hearted captain, afterward major, of that name.

In him we found a man worthy of his vocation and of being the possessor of a commission in a regiment of such worth as was ours. Thoroughly religious himself, he helped to imbue others with the same feelings. Energetic, intelligent, benevolent, his position among us was not that of a sinecure, but of active, courageous, persistent service.

For him was erected at Camp "Beverly Ford," Va., a spacious log-chapel with hewn wood floor and pews, a pulpit and many other things churchly that were faint, but significant, reminders of better days.

Through his efforts, and without cost to the men, was secured an ample and admirable library.

His preaching was, wherever practicable, stated, and was always replete with Gospel spirit and unction. We retained his services until the muster-out of the regiment.

There was in all these endeavors, to our apprehension at this time, little to impress us with the belief that religion was a power in our midst. And, yet, who can tell what were the results of these religious activities, what their influence for good may be up to this day among our surviving membership? We may not know in this world.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ARMY HOSPITAL AND ITS WORK.

BY SURGEON JOSEPH THOMAS.

Prior to the battle of Chancellorsville, and nearly a year subsequent to it, the medical and surgical treatment of the sick and wounded was performed by the medical regimental officers. Seldom was there any concert of action with medical officers of a brigade. A hospital tent and a limited supply of food, medicines and surgical appliances and dressings constituted the equipment and dependence for treating the sick while on the march, and the wounded during and after a battle. While resting in camp, also, the sick were housed and treated in the regimental hospital tent. On a march these supplies and appliances were usually conveyed on a one-horse, two-wheeled cart, designated "medical transport cart," one of them being assigned to each regiment. This, in charge of the regimental surgeon and his two assistants, with a hospital steward, a soldier carrying the medical knapsack and a few invalid soldiers to act as nurses and stretcher-bearers, followed on the march immediately in rear of the regiment. A two-horse army ambulance generally accompanied the same. A short time before General Grant commenced operations with the Army of the Potomac this system was changed and the medical work was reorganized. Division field hospitals were then erected, with a surgeon selected from one of the regiments for each hospital to superintend and control its care and management. A corps of skilled and experienced operators, variously chosen from the different regiments of the division, was uniformly present with the field hospital. Several army wagons were employed to convey the tents and ample supplies. A number of men to act as nurses and pioneers, to put up and take down tents, etc., as well as to receive the wounded from the ambulances as they were brought from the battle field, accompanied the medical train. The surgeon-in-chief of division, a staff officer of the general commanding, usually designated the location for the field hospital pending a fight and directed its removal as circumstances required. Thus the efficiency of medical work was greatly improved, and the sick and wounded were much better cared for in consequence.

Dr. Joseph Thomas, surgeon of the 118th Regiment, was assigned to the charge of the field hospital of the 1st Division, 5th Army Corps, at its reorganization, and he continued with it until the return of the army from Appomattox to Washington, in May, 1865, when the troops were disbanded.

Dr. John M. Kollock, first assistant surgeon of the 118th, was detached for duty at general hospital, at City Point, when the army crossed the James River and operated against the enemy at Petersburg, Va., and he remained there until the removal of the hospital at the close of the war, although he had been promoted surgeon of the 50th Regiment P. V., September 3, 1864.

Dr. Melson L. Rowland, the second assistant surgeon of the regiment, was discharged by reason of ill-health, December 23, 1863. Dr. John L. Crouse was

appointed an assistant surgeon and assigned to the 118th Regiment, September 30, 1864, and was mustered out with the command, June 1, 1865.

Charles F. Dare was promoted from private, Company H, to hospital steward, September 8, 1862, rendered valuable service with the regiment and division field hospital during its existence and was mustered out with regiment, June 1, 1865.

Private William Flemming, Company B, was assigned to the regimental hospital, carried the medical knapsack on the march and acted in this capacity until the time of muster-out, June 1, 1865.

Private Henry H. Hodges, Company D, was assigned on detached duty in charge of the medical stores of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Army Corps, and later on was connected with the division field hospital, performing efficient services in the medical department.

Corporal Joseph B. Reppert, Company F, after his return to the regiment (having been captured at Shepherdstown, Va.), in feeble health, was assigned as a special hospital cook.

Captain John R. White, Company G, was assigned to the division field hospital, and had command of the various men on detached duty connected with it.

Items from a Rebel expense book found at Five Forks after the charge :

Pair Eye-Glasses.....	\$130.00
Hair-Cut and Shave.....	10.00
1 Coat, Vest and Pants.....	2,750.00
1 Gal. Whiskey.....	400.00
1 Doz. Catawba Wine.....	850.00
1 Penknife.....	120.00
Bo't \$60.00 of Gold.....	6,000.00
1 oz. Quinine.....	1,600.00
2 Weeks' Hotel Board.....	600.00
Mending Pair Pants.....	20.00
1 Pair Calfskin Riding Boots.....	550.00

Above articles paid for in Confederate Money in Richmond, Va.

The Army of the Potomac was the people in arms. Its ranks were largely filled with youth who had no love for war, but who had left their pleasant homes and their pursuits of peace that the government they loved might not perish. The private soldiers were often as intelligent critics of military movements as their superiors.

APPETITE OF AN ARMY MULE.

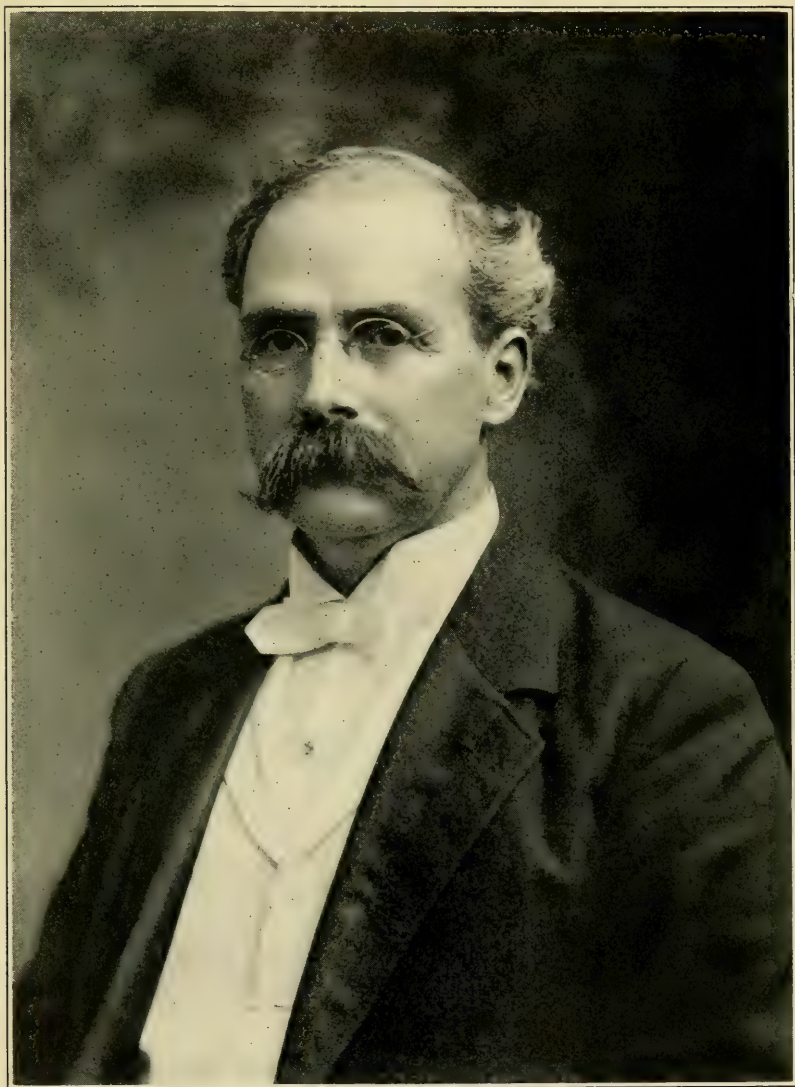
After Gettysburg fight, working our way back to Virginia, the supply wagons passed near Frederick, Md. The rainy weather had prevented supplies from coming up, the mules had no hay for some time; after going into corral for the night, one teamster, who wanted his team to hold out, went foraging for hay; was successful and returned with an armful. That was enough; every mule that got a sight or smell of it commenced braying, bawling and pulling the tongues of wagons around, regardless of teamsters making their coffee; the noise was provoking; prospect of sleep vanished, the Whoa, Whoa! what I give you corn for? Don't I feed you? Don't you get enough to eat? had no effect, when one teamster said Let's get hay and quiet them. As quite a number had returned unsuccessful, all eyes were turned on the speaker; the determined manner in which he spoke led a few to venture with him. What was their surprise to see him charge a rail fence, telling each one to carry all rails he could back to the wagons, and throw them under wagon tongues. The mules commenced to smell, then lick, and finally opened on rails: such a cracking, gnawing, tearing and splinter time had never been heard before, and at daylight not a piece as big as your hand remained. They had chewed all night, and the big pole mule for a change had the teamster's boot, innocently trying to chaw the top of leg off.

HODGES.

A STRANGE PREMONITION.

There came to the regiment while it lay encamped near Beverly Ford, Va., as a substitute, a man of fine physique. He was assigned to Co. I as W. Shuler. It was seen that he possessed more than ordinary intelligence. He was a fluent talker, and affable in his manner, so that he soon won the good-will of most of his company. He was by profession a lawyer, and entered the service in the South-west as a captain.

After the battle of Shiloh he resigned his commission and went to Philadelphia, and while there he re-entered the service. He told some of his comrades that he had been in many hard-fought battles in the South-west, but that the very next battle that he should go into he would be killed, and that early in the fight. He was often laughed at for his forebodings, but he only answered, "Yes, you may laugh, but nevertheless it is true; for I see it just as plainly as if pictured on paper. But I do not care, for I shall go to my death just as I would go to a ball." When the Wilderness campaign opened, under General Grant, and orders were given to move forward, he repeated his story, adding that he had but five days more to live, and that he would face the music. On the morning of May 6th, when our division was drawn up in line of battle to make the first assault on the enemies' position, plainly in sight across the clearing, he said to Sergeant Layman, of his company: "You see those works; well, just the other side of them I will fall;



ALFRED LAYMAN, M.D.,
Sergeant Co. I.

that is the spot. I know it! I know it!" The sergeant said, "Captain," for that was the title he was known by, "do you honestly feel that such is your fate? If so, fall out, and do not go into the fight; I shall never mention it." The look that he gave the sergeant was one not to be forgotten, as he said: "Sergeant, I thank you; don't tempt me: I have always done my duty, and shall do it now." Just at this moment the command was given, "Forward!" and forward the lines moved—moved into the very jaws of death. The sergeant, now fully realizing the situation and the earnest manner of his friend's reprimand, concluded to stand by him. The lines rushed upon the enemy's works. They were carried about fifty yards inside these works. The fatal missile came; the ball entered the captain's left breast with a thud. Reeling he fell into the arms of the sergeant, who now laid him down. Loosening the knapsack from his back and laying his head upon it, he asked, "Cap't, is there anything else that I can do for you?" "Yes, give me a drink of water." But before the water reached his mouth the blood came gushing forth. The sergeant called to his comrades for help to carry him from the field; but the captain in a dying whisper said, "No, Sergeant, leave me where I am; it is no use; it is all up with me. Go on and take care of yourself." Bidding him good-bye the sergeant left him, never to see him again, as his remains fell into the hands of the enemy.

DR. A. LAYMAN.

"OLD BIG FEET."

JAMES WILSON, of Company D, who afterwards died at Andersonville, Georgia.

On our way to Warrenton, in fall of 1862, we bivouacked in old corn-field. The fence rails were laid on stones to cause draft for fire to burn quickly. It is wonderful how quick those old bummers, who never carry a rail or take a canteen to get filled, smouch in for best place. The rails were quickly filled with pots; the smell of coffee cheering; eagerly each one watched his pot; the simmer and boil was fast approaching, when in the darkness a big-footer, too lazy to lift feet, undertook to step over; the result was feet wouldn't lift—they were too big; but rails did! Away went pots, helter-skelter. Such a grabbing for pots, trying to save a portion of contents, accompanied with a volley of oaths, that was followed with, Kill him! Extra duty for life! Give him the bayonet, etc., saluted the ears of the unfortunate culprit, who was caught, loaded with canteens, and sent for water. It was useless; none could be found, and a no-coffee crowd turned in that night. Ever afterwards old big feet was kept from coming near a fire until after coffee was made.

HODGES.

APRIL THIRTEENTH, 1865.

The day after the surrender General Henry A. Wise sent his aide, Lieutenant Charles J. Faulkner, to General Chamberlain, commanding our brigade, informing

him that he was anxious to leave for his home. Lieutenant George W. Williams, of our regiment, aide on General Chamberlain's staff, was sent to examine his baggage, consisting of two trunks, at the hotel; some pistol cartridges were found, which he was told to keep as he might want to forage on the way home. At the bottom of trunk was found a handsome silk flag. General Wise remarked it had been presented to his regiment by the ladies of Richmond, in the early part of the war, and he was exceedingly anxious to return the same. After examining the flag Lieutenant Williams turned and said, "General, no doubt you have made the usual promise to shed the last drop of blood in your regiment to preserve this flag; as it is without spot or blemish, it would be out of place with those scarred and stained battle-flags surrendered yesterday, and I doubt whether any other Yank has ever had the opportunity of seeing it; you had better return it." Wise was amazed as Williams rode from the scene.

The following are answers to letters of inquiry sent out by the publisher.

WHO WAS THE COLOR-BEARER?

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, September 1, 1886.

J. L. SMITH, ESQ., 118th Corn Exchange Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers,

Dear Sir: Your kind letter received, and I am much gratified at your geniality and frankness. Please accept my thanks for it. The Mississippi regiment you refer to, which came through Trostle's farmyard, was the 21st Mississippi, one of those composing Barksdale's Mississippi brigade. It was commanded by Colonel B. G. Humphreys, of Mississippi, who succeeded Barksdale (killed), and who after the war was made governor of Mississippi. The name of the color-bearer I do not know, but will try and find out for you.

I thank you for the tribute you give to the valor of this regiment and brigade, whose devotion to their cause was unsurpassed by any other in our army. I was told once by General Humphreys that in one of the regiments—the 13th, I think—there were two companies in which were privates, volunteers for the war, who were worth property valued in the aggregate at four millions of dollars, and that those gentlemen made it a point of honor to serve as privates in the ranks and refuse office. This was mentioned as an illustration to show the pride and spirit of the whole brigade, and I can bear testimony, and it is due to them that I should, that I never saw any faltering from that high plane of devotion to principle among the officers and their commands in the companies mentioned, nor among the officers and soldiers in any other companies in any other regiments of the brigade. I tell you this that you may say that if your regiment had to go, you did so before the charge of the very flower of Southern chivalry.

Very respectfully,

L. McLAWS, *late Major-General C. S. A.*

NOTE.—See map of Gettysburg.

PHILADELPHIA, August 31, 1886.

To the Adjutant-General of Mississippi :

Dear Sir : At the battle of Gettysburg, July 2d, 5.30 P. M., Barksdale's brigade charged through the Trostle House yard, on the right of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps. The flag of the leading regiment was borne so bravely by the color-bearer through the gate of the yard, and I saw him so plainly in advance of his regiment, that I am anxious to get the name of his regiment for insertion in the "History of the 118th Corn Exchange Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers," now being written. If you can aid me in this you will greatly oblige yours,

J. L. SMITH, *late 118th P. V. Regiment.*

Mississippi papers will please notice or copy the foregoing.

If the "Trostle House" was the dwelling of the "Peach Orchard," by which name it is commonly known, the position assaulted and carried by Barksdale's brigade, the regiment in question was the 21st Mississippi, Colonel B. G. Humphreys, which held the right of the brigade. The next regiment, the right centre, was the 17th, Lieutenant-Colonel Fizer. The Federal troops occupying this position were a Pennsylvania brigade, their commander, General Graham, and a number of his men with artillery being overrun and captured by the 21st. If we remember correctly, the color-bearer and guard of said regiment were all killed or wounded in the charge.

If the Trostle House was farther to the Federal right, held by troops among whom were some in Zouave costume, it was charged by the 13th, Colonel Carter, and 18th, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Luse, Mississippi regiments.

Than the charge of Barksdale's brigade at Gettysburg, directed by Longstreet and led by Barksdale, no action of the war was more glorious. Piercing and rending the Federal line, it was one of those battle episodes which, followed, made great victories. But this brilliant success achieved by the loss of half the brigade was not supported and its legitimate fruits were lost; and the next day witnessed the slaughter of Pickett's division in endeavoring to carry Cemetery Ridge, which a support to Barksdale the day before could have bloodlessly occupied. But such was not to be our Kismet.—*Greenville Times.*

THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.

(From Philadelphia *Ledger*, October 29, 1884.)

Mr. J. L. Smith having noticed denials of the story that the surrender of General Lee took place under an apple tree, wrote to General Grant on the subject. The subjoined correspondence explains itself :

October 3, 1884.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT, *Long Branch :*

Dear Sir : I have read several articles in the papers of late alleging that the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox was not under an apple tree. I was in the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Corn Exchange Regiment, and on the morning of April 9, 1865, our regiment was lying near the hill. I was early at the

spot and secured a piece of the tree. A number of officers were there also, offering five and ten dollars to the men for chips, and one of your orderlies was there and got a branch for you at the time. From this latter a set of jewelry was made by the Messrs. Browne, Spaulding & Co., of New York, for your wife, according to a paper I saw several years ago.

I enclose clipping from the *Evening Telegraph* (Philadelphia) of October 2, which quotes Captain Nathan Appleton as having secured a piece of the tree. I have my piece still in my possession, and as these denials are having a run through the papers tending to bring my relic into disrepute, and my friends tell me that the occurrence did not take place under the tree, I ask you, general, to set the matter right.

Awaiting your answer, I am yours truly,

J. L. SMITH.

General Grant's response was as follows :

General Lee was seated on the ground, with his back resting against an apple tree, when General Babcock delivered to him my answer to his letter requesting an interview for the purpose of arranging terms of surrender. Lee was conducted to McLean's house, within our lines, before I got up [to the front].

U. S. GRANT.

October 16, 1884.

(See *Fac-simile* of General Grant's letter on opposite page.)

(From *Harper's Weekly*, 1865, p. 565.)



We give on page 565 an illustration of a set of magnificent jewelry which Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, of New York city, have prepared for a present to Mrs. General Grant. The framework of the comb is of fine gold, beautifully chased and wrought in imitation of two oaken branches intertwined and exhibiting distinctly the knots and roughness of the bark. Acorns, fourteen in number, and set in cups of gold exquisitely enameled, are depending from the two main stems, one of them attached by twigs and others suspended by chains. The leaf work, setting, etc., are inimitable. The ear-rings have each a large

acorn as a pendant, with two leaves and miniature acorns above. The brooch

General Lee was seated on the ground
with his back resting against an apple tree when
General Robarts delivered to him my answer to his
letter requesting an interview for the purpose of
arranging terms of surrender. Lee was conducted
to Mr. Lee's house, within our lines, before I got
up.

M. T. Grant

October 16th 1864

is after same general style, containing four acorns upon a leafy twig wrought like the ear-rings and comb. On the back are the words inscribed: "Mrs. General Grant, from Browne & Spaulding." The jewels are enclosed in a fine purple velvet case lined with white velvet satin; this bears the inscription in gold: "Presented to Mrs. General U. S. Grant, by Browne & Spaulding, 570 Broadway, N. Y." The wood used in this set was cut from the apple tree under which General Grant's officers met General Lee on the morning of the surrender, April 9, 1865, at Appomattox Court-House, Virginia.

FLAG OF TRUCE AT APPOMATTOX.

GAINSVILLE, GEORGIA, March 12, 1886.

J. L. SMITH, ESQ.:

Dear Sir: Your favor 8th inst. received and noted. Captain Sims, of Columbia, South Carolina, was the bearer of the flag of truce on the day of capitulation at Appomattox. He had been assigned to me at Petersburg on the death of his chief proper, General A. P. Hill. I regret that I cannot give you his initials.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

JAMES LONGSTREET, *late Lieutenant-General C. S. A.*

NEW YORK, May 25, 1887.

MR. SMITH:

Dear Sir: I have the flag of truce (a towel) that came from the Confederate lines at Appomattox, which you describe as coming through the 1.8th Pennsylvania Volunteer Regiment. Very truly yours,

ELIZABETH B. CUSTER.

"THE PRIVATE." *

Here is a song for the private, the gallant and true;
Though others may *plan*, he is the one that must do;
The world may the deeds of the leaders proclaim,
Here is a wreath for his brow, a song for his fame.

I learn from the telegraph, hear by the train,
Of the glory some general by valor has gained,
Of the "wing he's outflanked," "the fort overthrown,"
And the poem is sung to the leader alone.

But tell me, oh, tell me, where would he have been
Had the private not been there the play to begin?
Had he sheltered his breast from the steel or the fire,
Or dared on the march to faint or to tire?

Found on a dead rebel officer at Hatcher's Run by J. L. Smith while on the skirmish line.

I have heard the debt the nation will owe
The heroes that over the despot shall throw,
And only petition that this be its care—
The private shall have a *Benjamin's* share.

Is a fort to be stormed, a charge to be made,
A mountain to climb, a river to wade,
A rampart to scale, a breach to repair,
'Neath the blaze of artillery—the private is there!

He might tell what he suffered in cold and in pain,
How he lay all night long with the wounded and slain,
Or left with his blood his tracks on the snow
But never from him the story you'll know.

He fights not for glory, for well does he know
The road to promotion is weary and slow ;
His highest ambition is for freedom to fight,
To conquer the foe or die for the right.

Should he fall, perchance, to-day and to-morrow
His messmates will sigh at evening in sorrow ;
But onward they march, far, far from the spot,
And the name of the private is lost or forgot.

But oh ! on his struggle the pale stars of even
Look down from the glittering pathways of heaven,
And angels descend to take his death sigh,
And the name of the brave is emblazoned on high.

Then here is a song for the brave and the true ;
Though others may *plan*, it is he that must do ;
The world may the deeds of the leaders proclaim,
Here is a wreath for the private—a song for his fame.

“ LOULA.”

A copy of the following circular was sent to the address of every known comrade.

HISTORY OF THE 118TH P. V., CORN EXCHANGE REGIMENT.

The object of publishing this work is to place in permanent record marches, battles and *experiences* of the officers and men who composed this regiment.

DEAR COMRADE:

I have been employing some of my time in searching for matters and documents relating to the 118th Regiment. I want a complete record of its progress from time of organization to its muster-out.

WILL YOU ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS?

When and where did you enlist?

When and where mustered out?

Were you drafted or substitute?

Were you in any battles or skirmishes, when and where?

Note any acts of bravery, &c.

Were you in any rebel prison?

Where were you captured?

Do you know of any comrades dying in prison? name place and date

When and where were you paroled?

Were you promoted while in the army?

If you were, to what position?

Were you on detailed duty?

If so, when and where?

What is your present address?

I trust you will reply *prompt* and *fully*, so we can make a complete history. Now don't lay this aside; it is to your interest to attend to this at once.

Yours truly,

J. L. SMITH,

27 South 6th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ROSTER

OF

118TH CORN EXCHANGE REGIMENT,

P. V.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Charles M. Prevost	Colonel	Aug. 28, '62	3	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Resigned Sep. 30, 1863. Ap. Bv.-Brig. Gen. March 13, 1865.
James Gwyn	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Promoted from Lt. Col. Nov. 1, 1863. Ap. Bv.-Brig. Gen. Dec. 2, 1864, and Bv.-Maj. Gen. Apr. 1, 1865. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
Charles P. Herring	Lt. Col.	Aug. 22, '62	"	Promoted from Major, Nov. 1, 1863. Ap. Bv.-Col. Dec. 2, 1864, and Bv.-Brig. Gen. March 13, 1865. Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, and at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 6, 1865, with loss of leg. Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
Henry O'Neill	Major	Aug. 15, '62	"	Promoted from Capt. Co. A Nov. 1, 1863. Ap. Bv. Col. Dec. 2, 1864. Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
James P. Perot	Adjt.	Aug. 30, '62	"	Wounded and captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Resigned Jan. 17, 1863.
Charles H. Hand	"	Nov. 30, '62	"	Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. F Jan. 17, 1863. Ap. Bv.-Capt. Sep. 30, 1864, and Bv.-Major April 1, 1865. Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
Thomas H. Addicks	Q. M.	Aug. 1, '62	"	Resigned Oct. 4, 1862.
Sylvester Day	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted from Private Co. F to Com. Sgt. of Regt. Aug. 14, 1862, and promoted to 1st Lt. and Q. M. of Regt. Oct. 22, 1862. Resigned Jan. 8, 1863.
William F. Gardner	"	Sep. 18, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. G Jan. 8, 1863. Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
Joseph Thomas	Surgeon	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
John M. Kollock	As'tSur.	July 25, '62	"	Promoted to Surgeon 50th Regt. P. V. Sep. 2, 1864.
Nelson L. Rowland	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 23, 1863.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
John L. Crouse	As't Sur.	Sep. 30, '64	1	Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
Charles E. Hill	Chap.	Aug. 30, '62	3	Resigned Dec. 24, 1862.
William O'Neill	"	Jan. 29, '63	"	Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
William Courtney	Sgt. Maj.	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. G Sep. 1, 1864. Wounded in action Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability June 8, 1865, at Chester, Pa.
Henry T. Peck	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. C Aug. 11, 1864.
Isaac H. Seesholtz	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Lt. Co. E Jan. 19, 1864.
Edmund De Buck	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. I Nov. 1, 1862.
Robert McKinley	Q. M. S.	Aug. 7, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. B Feb. 1, 1863. Mus- tered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
John J. Thomas	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Appointed from Private Co. D Aug. 15, 1862. Appointed 2d Lt. of Co. B Oct. 22, 1862.
John Henry Keener	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. H Oct. 22, 1862. Reduced to the ranks and transferred to Co. H Feb. 1, 1863.
William F. Doane	Com. Sgt.	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. I Dec. 6, 1862. Mus- tered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.
Charles C. Baker	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Appointed from Sgt. Co. B Oct. 22, 1862. Transferred to Co. I Dec. 6, 1864.
Charles F. Dare	Hospt. St.	Aug. 8, '62	"	Promoted from Private Co. H Sep. 8, 1862. Mustered out with Regt. June 1, 1865.

Total, 25.

COMPANY "A."

Henry O'Neill	Capt.	Aug. 15, '62	3	Promoted to Major Nov. 1, 1863.
Albert H. Walters	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. D Feb. 10, 1864. Ap- bv.-Maj. July 6, 1864. Resigned Feb. 13, 1865.
George W. Moore	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. D April 9, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Alexander Wilson	1st Lt.	Aug. 15, '62	"	Resigned May 22, 1863.
Nathaniel Bayne	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. I Oct. 27, 1863, to Capt. Co. I, Aug. 9, 1864.
John Scott	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Promoted from 1st Sgt. to 2d Lt. Jan. 19, 1864, to 1st Lt. Aug. 9, 1864, to Capt. Co. F Dec. 16, '64.
William T. Godwin	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Promoted from Sgt. Co. F and mus- tered in as 1st Lt. Dec. 29, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
G. Alfred Schaefer	2d Lt.	Aug. 15, '62	"	Resigned Jan. 19, 1863.
James Brown	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted from Co. D Mar. 1, 1863. Dis- charged Jan. 4, 1864.
Samuel H. Wharton	1st Sgt.	July 30, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Sgt. May 20, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James B. Wilson	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. K Oct. 22, 1862.
Thomas Kelly	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Lt. Co. B May 19, 1865.
John Bray	Sergt.	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, and at Petersburg, Va., Mar. 29, 1865. Mus- tered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wesley C. Freed	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Daniel Donovan	Sergt.	Aug. 14, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John Flynn	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Feb. 18, 1863, from Gen. Hospital at Frederick, Md.
Lewis M. Harmer	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864. No record of discharge.
John Murphy	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died Jan. 28, 1863, of wounds received at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Henry Smith	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged for disability May 31, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Charles W. Uhl	Corpl.	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James G. Wilson	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Md. Sec. 26, Lot A, grave 25.
Samuel C. Ferguson	"	July 31, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va. Died Jan 8, 1863, at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Lewis Dickel	"	July 31, '62	"	Discharged May 4, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
William L. Harmer	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Transferred to 62d Co., 2d Battalion, V. R. C., March 19, 1864.
Samuel J. Ewell	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged for disability June 1, 1863, from Hospital at West Phila., Pa.
Mark Silcox	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged for disability Mar. 24, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Benj. F. Hensel	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 31, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
William Struble	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died at Alexandria, Va., July 19, of wounds rec'd at Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864, grave 2425.
Jas. S. Hallowell	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Died at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864, of wounds rec'd in action.
Samuel L. Parker	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Sep. 30, 1864, and died of wounds May 6, 1865, at Findley Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Wm. M. Read	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged by Gen. Order May 19, 1865.
Phillip Stephens	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged from Hosp. for disability at Phila., Pa., Oct. 3, 1865.
Chas. I. Young	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Mustered out on Det. Muster-out roll June 3, '65, at Harewood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
John P. Enoch	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out on Det. Muster-out roll June 5, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Thos. H. Dickinson	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Promoted to Corporal May 20, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Thomas Scout	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to Corporal May 20, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Michael Murphy	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded May 3, 1863. Discharged for disability Sep. 18, 1863, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term yrs.</i>	
John Russell	Corpl.	Aug. 2, '62	3	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Jan. 30, 1863, at Convalescent Camp, Va.
Monroe Bowne	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Allen, Richard	Private	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 4, 1863, for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Ballhaus, August	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, at Bealton Station, Va.
Barton, Hiram E. W.	"	July 31, '62	"	Discharged for disability Nov. 26, 1862, at Frederick, Md.
Barry, David H.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Killed in action at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Berry, Richard	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged for disability Aug. 1, 1865, at Findley Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Bray, Daniel	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 30, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Brntton, Jos. E.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Brown, Nicholas	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, at Bealton Station, Va.
Brown, Wm. H.	"	Sep. 9, '62	"	Drafted. Transferred to the Navy May 4, '64.
Buckley, Joseph	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Bullock, Thomas R.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged for disability Mar. 9, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Burns, John J.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted Feb. 27, '64, from Camp Parole, Md.
Burk, James	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, '64. Died at Annapolis, Md., Dec. 25, 1864.
Callahan, Chas.	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 28, 1864. Deserted from Hospital Aug. 10, 1864, at Chester, Pa.
Carmon, Michael	"	Aug. 13, '64	"	Deserted (no date); never joined the Regt.
Carr, John	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted April 29, 1863.
Carroll, Patrick	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 6, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Chambers, Samuel	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Clark, Rufus J.	"	Aug. 4, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Dec. 30, '63, at Convalescent Camp, Va.; never joined Co.
Cline, John W.	"	Sep. 8, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 24, 1864. Grave 9639.
Condon, Patrick	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Copes, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 13, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Dasey, John	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Wounded at Weldon R. R. Aug. 21, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Duncan, William W.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Transferred to Co. B, 9th V. R. C.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Emrick, George	Private.	Sep. 9, '63	3	Drafted. Captured at Bristoe Station, Va., Oct. 15, 1863. Paroled Mar. 9, 1864. Deserted Mar. 14, 1864, at Camp Parole, Md.
Emrick, John	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 25, '63, at Auburn, Va.
Enoch, Albert	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 31, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Erb, John	"	July 21, '62	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F Mar. 1, 1864.
Evans, John	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Fairbrother, Allen	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Died Nov. 8, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Farley, James	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, '62.
Ferguson, Thomas I.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 30, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
File, Charles	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted June 17, 1863.
Foster, William K.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted April 29, 1863, en route to Chancellorsville, Va.
Gilpin, Nathaniel	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Gillis, Joseph	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged Jan. 28, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Gould, Morgan R.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted June 17, 1863. Enrolled as John R. and deserted as Morgan R.
Griffith, David	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 24, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Gruinder, Henry	"	July 16, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F Mar. 1, 1864.
Hagar, Chas. H.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability April 28, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Haiston, Mercer	"	Aug. 18, '62	9 m.	Originally enlisted in Co. H. 126 P. V., for 9 months Aug. 18, 1862. Deserted from said Regt. Jan. 13, 1863. Assigned to Co. A, 118 P. V., by Mil. Com. to serve unexpired term. Rec'd in Co. A April 2, 1864, and mustered out by expiration of service Sept. 5, 1864.
Hallowell, Jacob	"	Aug. 14, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hamman, John	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Furloughed for 30 days Mar. 16, 1865, from Camp Parole, Md. No later record.
Hampton, Thos.	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Dec. —, 1864, at Weldon R. R., Va.
Harmer, James	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Harmer, Jos. C.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 14, 1863, for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Hess, Joseph	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged Aug. 14, 1865, on Det. Muster-out roll, at Phila., Pa.
Hestert, John	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Hirst, William H.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability July 4, 1864, at Phila., Pa.,
Hoffington, Jos. B.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 24, 1862, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Hoffman, Lewis G.	Private	Aug. 4, '62	3	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted May 1, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Hughes, John	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Died July 7, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., while a prisoner of war.
Humphrys, Thos.	"	Sep. 13, '63	"	Substitute. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 22, and at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Transferred to 25th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C.
Jenkins, Jerome	"	Sep. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 22, 1864. Transferred to Co. H, 14th V. R. C., Sep. 10, 1864.
Keever, Emanuel	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out May 21, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll, near Washington, D. C., to date May 19, 1865.
Keiger, Jacob	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Aug. 28, 1863, at Camp Bealton Station, Va.
Kimball, Geo. A.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co., June 1, 1865.
Kleeblatt, Chas.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 28, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Kurtz, Jacob	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Transferred to 96th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Nov. 25, 1863.
Lampy, John W.	"	Aug. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No further record.
Lanum, James	"	Sep. 6, '64	"	Substitute. Deserted; forwarded to Regt. Sep. 18, 1864. No further record.
Markley, Francis	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. D, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 10, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order July 3, 1865.
Meehan, Joseph	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 16, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Milnes, George	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died Dec. 24, 1864.
Miller, John H.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability March 24, 1864, at Germantown, Pa.
Miller, Mathew	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Died at Andersonville, Ga., June 10, 1864.
Miller, William	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 5, 1862.
Miller, Wm. C.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died of disease Dec. 17, 1862, near Falmouth, Va.
Mock, John C.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 12, 1862, at Washington, D. C.
Moore, Thomas	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 15, 1863, at Manasses, Va.
Moulton, Jno. M.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from hosp. at Phila., Pa.
Mower, George	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Killed at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864.
Mullin, Lawrence	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Murphy, Maurice	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to 5th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sept. 30, 1863.
Murphy, Patrick	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sept. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. F, 21st Regt. V. R. C., Sept. 12, 1863, Phila., Pa.
McCalley, Owen	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Sept. 12, 1862

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
McCann, John	Private	Aug. 7, '62	3	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Jan. 15, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
McCarty, John	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. No later record.
McCarty, William	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to the Navy May 4, 1864.
McCool, Romyne	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 24, 1864. Grave 9651. Burial record A. McCool.
McCool, Wm. H.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 13, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
McCormick, John	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 19, 1863, at Manasses, Va.
McCorkell, Andrew	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged for disability Nov. 24, 1863, near Kelly's Ford, Va.
McCrossen, Hugh	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Transferred to Co. G, 9th Regt. V. R. C., March 15, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order Jan. 22, 1865.
McElroy, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. D, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 10, 1863.
Norris, Joseph	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Newman, Wm.	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to the Navy May 4, 1864.
Pentzell, Diedrick	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Phillips, Samuel	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sept. 20, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Md., Sec. 26, Lot A, grave 9.
Pierson, Wm. M.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability Feb. 23, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Possinger, Henry	"	Mar. 10, '65	1	Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Price, Wm. F	"	Sep. 20, '63	3	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Randolph, Wm. I.	"	Nov. 17, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Feb. 24, 1864.
Riedenbach, Isaac	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Died Jan. 19, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va., in Brigade Hospital.
Robertson, Saml. H.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 22, 1862, at Washington, D. C.
Rogers, David	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged for disability May 5, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Roney, James	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability Dec. 22, 1862.
Schmidt, Henry	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Also borne as Henry Smith. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, at Bealton Station, Va.
Schook, Peter	"	Sep. 28, '63	"	Drafted. Absent sick at muster out of Co.
Scout, William	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Shane, Michael	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Smith, Thomas	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Smith, William (1)	Private	Aug. 13, '62	3	Wounded near Petersburg, Va., June 22, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Smith, William (2)	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred from Co. I Jan. 21, 1864, and transferred back to Co. I March 11, 1864.
Snow, John	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 25, 1863, at Auburn, Va.
Speadman, Thos.	"	Sep. 8, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Specht, Augustus	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 10, 1864. Grave 5321.
Stockel, David	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Died March 31 at City Point, Va., of wounds received at Five Forks, Va., March 29, 1865.
Tibbens, Jos. R.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. H, 9th Regt. V. R. C., Sept. 30, 1863.
Van Gelder, Lem'l J.	"	Oct. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability April 27, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va. Borne as Lemuel R. Van Gilder.
Wainwright, G. W.	"	July 31, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wallace, James	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability March 17, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Wells, Lewis	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged for disability July 18, 1863, at Harewood Hospital, D. C.
Winters, Joseph	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged Jan. 14, 1868, to date June 1, 1865.
Wood, Augustus	"	Sep. 30, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability July 28, 1865, at U. S. A. Gen. Hospital, Chester, Pa.
Wood, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability April 18, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Wulf, Julius	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md.

Total, 156.

COMPANY "B."

Richard Donegan	Capt.	Aug. 19, '62	3	Discharged for disability March 31, 1864.
Henry F. Leo	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. to 1st Lt. March 17, 1864; to Capt. Nov. 6, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Richard W. Davids.	1st Lt.	Aug. 23, '62	"	Promoted to Capt. Co. G June 12, 1863.
James B. Wilson	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. K Jan. 12, 1863, to Capt. Co. C Jan. 20, 1864.
John L. Bell	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. G Nov. 16, 1864, and to Capt. Co. F May 1, 1865.
Thomas Kelly	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. A May 19, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Horace Binney	2d Lt.	Aug. 23, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Lt. Co. C Sep. 20, 1862.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
John J. Thomas	2d Lt.	Aug. 15, '62	3	Promoted from Regt. Q. M. Sgt. Oct. 22, 1862. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Discharged Aug. 17, 1864, to date July 27, 1864, per S. O. 273, par. 50, W. D. A. G. O.
Joseph Fenton	1st Sgt.	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Mar. 17, 1863; to Sgt. Nov. 1, 1863; to 1st Sgt. June 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Alfred McQueen	Sergt.	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Lewis R. Vandegrift	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. May 1, 1863; to Sgt. June 6, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles F. Stone	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. May 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
David Y. Moslander	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. May 10, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
S. G. Luckenback	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate March 2, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Edward Young	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted April 28, 1863, near Chancellorsville, Va.
Robert McKinley	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Promoted to Q. M. Sgt. Feb. 1, 1863.
William Baker	Corpl.	Aug. 11, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Mar. 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John McMillen	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Oct. 31, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hugh Hawkins	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 6, 1865. Discharged for disability Feb. 6, 1865, at York, Pa.
John H. Sheridan	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted March 4, 1863, at Alexandria, Va.
Benjamin F. Cox	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Discharged for disability July 6, 1865, at Fairfax Seminary Hosp., Va.
Thomas D. Woods	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted June 13, 1863, and again Mar. 20, 1864. Tried by G. C. M. Jan. 25, 1865; sentenced to make good time lost by desertion, returned to duty Feb. 6, 1865. There is no record that he ever rejoined his command.
John D. Young	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 20, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
James C. McLawrin	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Transferred to Co. I, 18th Regt. V. R. C., Mar. 23, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 29, 1865.
Erasmus D. Kelly	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Killed at Petersburg, Va., July 27, 1864.
David P. Wray	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out June 5, 1865, with detachment at Washington, D. C.
Marshall Craig	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., Mar. 29, 1865. Mustered out May 27, 1865, to date May 26, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
George Givons	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No record of discharge.
Robert Trenwith	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died Aug. 12, 1864, of wounds received in trenches near Petersburg, Va. Buried in National Cemetery, City Point, Va., Sec. D, division 1, grave 151.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Theodore Beardslee	Corpl.	Aug. 2, '62	3	Mustered out June 6, 1865, on Detachment Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
William Jones	"	Aug. 18, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Thomas Burroughs	Mus.	Aug. 1, '62	"	Discharged Aug. 5, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Anderson, Matthew	Private	Aug. 13, '62	"	Died Oct. 1, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Andrews, Joseph	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute alias Joseph Solomon. Transferred to 91st Regt. P. V. as deserter, May 14, 1864.
Arbuckle, Samuel	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Banks, James M.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Baker, Edward E.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted June 26, 1863, on the march.
Baker, Charles C.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Promoted to Regtl. Com. Sgt. Oct. 22, 1862.
Barry, John P.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. A, 24th Regt. V. R. C., Oct. 11, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 28, 1865.
Bastin, Julius	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 26, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Beals, Granville W.	"	Oct. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R. Aug. 21, 1864. No record of death or discharge.
Bellermere, William	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 15, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Bruce, George W.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Burns, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted May 1, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Burns, John C.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted Feb. 14, 1863, from hospital at Phila., Pa.
Cameron, Alexander	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 27, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Carr, Charles H.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Carr, John G.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured, date unknown. Transferred to Co. H, 1st Regt. V. R. C., Dec. 8, 1863.
Casteldine, James	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Collins, George W.	"	Aug. 31, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Peebles' Farm Sep. 30, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Collins, John	"	Aug. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Died Nov. 27, 1863, in Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.
Conaughton, Patrick	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged Dec. 18, 1863, per S. O. 560, War Dept. Alien, not subject to draft.
Cue, Jacob H.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted Mar. 10, 1864, from hospital at Phila., Pa.
Cunningham, Saml.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded in action Aug. 12, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Croery, Joseph M.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 15, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Devenny, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted June 27, 1863, on the march.
Dick, Henry C.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Dixon, Robert	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Feb. 20, 1863, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Doan, John	Private	July 24, '63	3	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Dowd, Martin V.	"	Oct. 13, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Farrell, John	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ferguson, John E.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted June 16, 1863, near Aldie, Va.
Fillis, James	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability Sep. 2, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Finen, Patrick	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Prisoner from May 21, 1864, to Feb. 5, 1865. Mustered out June 6, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Annapolis, Md.
Fleming, William	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Fry, John M.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Green, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hackett, Jonathan	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted June 20, 1863, in Maryland.
Hargrave, Alfred	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 5, 1863. Transferred to Co. C, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Aug. 24, 1863.
Harvey, William	"	July 24, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Petersburg July 27, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Hayes, Dennis	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged Feb. 26, 1864, by order of Sec. of War.
Hoffman, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 16, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Howard, James N.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Transferred to Co. H, 12th Regt. V. R. C., June —, 1863.
Hunkett, William	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Aug. 16, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Jones, Harry	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 15, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Kaeb, Henry	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
King, William	"	Aug. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to the Navy May 3, 1864.
Knapp, Henry	"	Oct. 15, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness May 5, 1864. No record of discharge.
Lancaster, Homer	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864. Discharged for disability June 1, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Leedy, William	"	Aug. 20, '62	9 m.	Nine months man. Assigned from 126 P. V., Dec. 23, 1863, to make good time lost by desertion. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll Sep. 27, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.
Levale, Martin	"	Oct. 14, '63	3	Drafted. Deserted Sep. 16, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Linton, John	"	Sep. 5, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted May 1, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Louderback, Wm. F.	"	Sep. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864.
Lovell, Robert	"	Oct. 15, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Lovett, William H.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Lowery, John	Private.	July 15, '63	3	Drafted. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Loynd, Thomas	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Deserted Oct. 23, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Lybrand, Montruville	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Martin, Sylvester	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Died July 9, 1864, at Jarvis Gen. Hospital, Baltimore, Md., of wounds rec'd at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Buried in National Cemetery, Loudon Park, Baltimore, Md.
Merrit, John	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 21, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Miller, Thomas	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Transferred to 134th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Jan. 20, 1864.
Murphy, John	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 27, 1863, for disability at Phila., Pa.
Murray, Robert	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 15, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Mower, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Aug. 13, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
McCosker, James	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Oct. 15, 1862, at camp near Sharpsburg, Md.
McCeyer, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
McDevitt, Charles	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for disability Nov. 18, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va.
McGlenn, Hugh	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out May 30, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll.
McGlensey, Andrew	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McLaughlin, Ew'd.	"	Aug. 29, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Mar. 15, 1864, from Carver Hospital, Washington, D. C.
McManus, Henry	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Promoted to Serg. Co. D, Oct. 1, 1863.
McQueen, William	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 19, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Neel, Thos. Judson	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Oakley, Daniel	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Otis, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 1, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Parkes, James B.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Peberdy, Samuel	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Peoples, William	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured, date unknown. Deserted May 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Perkins, William	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 29, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Peyton, John	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted. Returned. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Phillips, Edward A.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Piggott, Jonathan	"	Aug. 28, '63	"	Substitute. Died June 23, 1864, of wounds rec'd in action June 2, 1864.
Quinn, James P.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged by order of Col. Prevost Aug. 30, 1862.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Quinn, John	Private	July 15, '63	3	Substitute. Transferred to the Navy May 3, 1864.
Reeder, Elias T.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 8, 1863, near Falmouth, Va., by order of Gen. Meade.
Rheend, Joseph H.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured, date unknown. Deserted May 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Richardson, John	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ridey, John	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 26, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Riley, Thomas	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died on transport "Baltic" Nov. 24, 1864.
Riter, George	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ryan, George	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 21, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Sigglin, Solomon	"	Oct. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Sherman, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 6, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Smith, Gilbert	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Prisoner from Aug. 21, 1864, to Mar. 5, 1865. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 6, 1865, at Annapolis, Md.
Smith, William M.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted Feb. 26, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Snyder, Zac. E.	"	Oct. 14, '63	"	Substitute. Mustered out with Detachment June 3, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
States, Harvey R.	"	Aug. 31, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Stewart, James	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Transferred to V. R. C., date and organization not known. He is reported April 30, 1863. Detailed as nurse in hospital, Phila., since Nov. 15, 1862, and returned to Invalid Dept. Name not found in V. R. C.
Stockton, Charles	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 21, 1864, near Warren Station, Va.
Toon, Alfred	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 10, 1864, at Rendezv. Distribution, Va.
Walton, William R.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Died Dec. 27 of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Buried in Military Asylum Cemetery, D. C.
Walton, Theodore	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted April 28, 1863, near Chancellorsville, Va.
Wilson, William	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died Dec. 12, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Woodfield, Thos. J.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Woodhead, John	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 6, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Woodward, John F.	"	Oct. 15, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out May 22, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Petersburg, Va.
Yost, John B.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 65th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Oct. 19, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order June 29, 1865.
Young, Theodore	"	July 24, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Zimmerman, Henry	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted April 23, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.

Total, 139.

COMPANY "C."

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Dendy Sharswood	Capt.	Aug. 16, '62	3	Died at Phila., Pa., Nov. 20, 1863.
James B. Wilson	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. B June 20, 1864; ap. Bv.-Major Sep. 20, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Lemuel L. Crocker	1st Lt.	Aug. 16, '62	"	Promoted to Capt. of Co. K Sep. 20, 1862.
Horace Binney	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. B Sep. 20, 1862. Hon. discharged April 8, 1863, per S. O. 161, A. G. O., and restored by S. O. 176, A. G. O., April 17, 1863. Promoted to Capt. Co. D Aug. 9, 1864.
Henry T. Peck	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt.-Major Aug. 11, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Frank McCutchen	2d Lt.	Sep. 13, '62	"	Resigned Sep. 4, 1863.
Henry Conner	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. G Jan. 19, 1864, to 1st Lt. Co. H Dec. 21, 1864.
C. W. Willingmyer	1st Sgt.	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Commissioned 2d Lt. April 20, 1865. Not mustered. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
George W. Williams	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Lt. Co. I Aug. 11, 1864.
John Hays, Jr.	Sergt.	Aug. 4, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
George Windle	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
James B. Noble	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles Mickel	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Nathaniel Bayne	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Transferred to Co. I Jan. 1, 1863.
William E. Larrison	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Joseph Ashbrook	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted 2d Lt. Co. K Mar. 26, 1863.
James J. Donnelly	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Jan. 20, 1864; to 1st Lt. Co. D May 1, 1865.
John Michener	Corpl.	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Edward M. Remick	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John C. Davis	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863. Wounded at Rappahannock Station, Va., Nov. 7, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
George H. Reel	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863. Wounded and captured at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Died while on furlough Mar. 18, 1865.
Christian Rau	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out June 6, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Charles Zachringer	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Five Forks, Va., Mar. 31, 1865. Discharged for disability Sep. 9, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Robert Manes *	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded and captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1865. No further record.

* His grave was found by a reporter near Orange Court-House, in 1866, and his body brought home and buried at Hatboro', Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Isaac H. Seesholtz	Corpl.	Aug. 1, '62	3	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted to Sgt.-Major Jan. 1, 1863.
Samuel Watson	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Died Oct. 15, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Robert B. Burroughs	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged Jan. 12, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Charles T. Richards	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged Dec. 30, 1862, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Wm. F. McLaughlin	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded and captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
"Jonathan" Wild	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Died of wounds rec'd at Fort McRea, Va., Oct. 29, 1864, at Armory Square Hospital, Washington, D. C. Borne on rolls as Wm. H. Wild
George W. Kerns	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Baily, Ephraim	Private	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Detachment, May 26, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Baker, Robert	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Deserted July 18, 1863, at Berlin, Md.
Baker, Isaac J.	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured near Bethesda Church, Va., June 2, 1864, and sent to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Barbier, George H.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 17, 1863, at Point Lookout, Md.
Barbier, John	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Returned to duty from hospital, Mar. 2, 1865, and enlisted as a substitute in 118th P. V., under name of John Bier Mar. 7, 1865. No further record. See "Unassigned Men."
Brick, Martin	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Deserted June 26, 1863, on march to Gettysburg, Pa.
Brown, George H.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Reported discharged Jan. 25, 1863. No record of discharge.
Broome, John J.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted Dec. 20, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Bryant, Thomas	"	Sep. 29, '63	"	Drafted. Died June 5, 1864, while on furlough, of wounds rec'd in action May 7, 1864. Record of death and interment shows him married as Jonathan Bryant.
Buckius, John	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 26, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Burns, James	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Burroughs, James F.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Transferred to unassigned Dept. V. R. C., date not known. Discharged by Gen. Order July 10, 1865.
Carson, Samuel	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Deserted from camp near Sharpsburg, Md., Oct. 20, 1862.
Clay, John	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Died Nov. 5, 1864, of wounds rec'd at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864, at Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Cohen, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Killed at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 18, 1864.
Collins, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted May 1, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Collins, Lewis E.	Private	Aug. 7, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Conklin, William E.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 21, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Crecse, Thomas	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May 1, 1864, by order of War Dept. Transferred to the Navy.
Crowley, John C.	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to April 29, 1865. Mustered out June 5, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Danhan, Jason	"	Dec. 1, '62	"	Deserted May 20, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Davenport, Chas. H.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted. Returned. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
DeBuck, Edmund	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt.-Major Aug. 6, 1862.
Dick, George W.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Dougherty, Thos. F.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 12, 1862, on march from Washington, D. C., to Rockville, Md.
Downey, David	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Daval, Basset	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Dyer, George W.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Dyer, Robert B.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Mustered out with Detachment May 27, 1865, to date May 26, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Edwards, William	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Fielding, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Folger, Uriah	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May 1, 1864, by order of War Dept. Transferred to the Navy.
Fraley, John P.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
France, Adam J.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Fries, Richard P.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted. Returned. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Gifford, Alden	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Nov. 20, 1863, near Kelly's Ford, Va.
Giles, Henry	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Sep. 3, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Graham, William	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May 1, 1864, by order of War Dept. Transferred to the Navy.
Gray, William E.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 9, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Hammer, Jacob	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Helverston, Samuel	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Henderson, Thos. J.	"	July 15, '63	"	Deserted Mar. 28, 1864, while on furlough.
Hewlett, John	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hilton, William J.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hill, Edmund B.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Transferred from Co. D Mar. 1, 1863. Deserted April 29, 1863, on the march to Chancellorsville, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Hoffner, John D.	Private	Aug. 8, '62	3	Deserted Oct. 15, 1862, from camp near Sharpsburg, Md.
Hubbs, Charles T.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Millen, Ga., Nov. 1, 1864.
Hunn, William G.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate for disability, Jan. 26, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Jenkins, James	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 20, 1863, at New York.
Jobson, Luke	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Nov. 14, 1864. Grave 12007.
Johnson, Lafayette	"	Feb. 17, '63	"	Mustered out June 15, 1865, on Det. Muster-out roll at Norfolk, Va.
Klenck, Herman A.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 29, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Knockle, Phillip	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 59th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sep. 12, 1863.
Kurtz, Edward M.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Laver, Nathaniel	"	July 3, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Discharged for disability April 25, 1865, at York, Pa.
Lees, Henry	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Transferred to Co. K, 14th Regt. V. R. C., Jan. 24, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 28, 1865.
Le Blanc, John	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 78th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Oct. 19, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order Aug. 12, 1865.
Lehman, Samuel E.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 15, 1862, from camp near Sharpsburg, Md.
Mattson, Charles B.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Miller, Jacob B.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Moore, Irvin C.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Died May 12, 1864, at Fredericksburg, Va., of wounds at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864.
Mishaw, Edward	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability April 21, 1863, from hospital at Frederick, Md.
McCoy, Robert	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McElhany, Thos.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ochse, John J.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Aug. 1, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Payne, William J.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Perrine, William	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Captured at Cold Harbor June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Nov. 18, 1864.
Rambo, Jonas	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No further record.
Rambo, William	"	July 22, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Rau, Frederick	Private.	Aug. 9, '62	3	Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to April 27, 1865. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 5, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Ream, John	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged by Chief Mustering-out Officer, Eastern Dept., April 18, 1866, to date from muster out of Co. June 1, 1865.
Reel, Henry B.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. He was admitted to hospital at Andersonville, Ga., April 13, 1865. No further record.
Rice, Peter	"	Nov. 1, '62	"	Transferred to Co. G, 1st Regt. V. R. C., Dec. 31, 1864.
Riley, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Roulin, Anthony	"	Dec. 11, '62	"	Discharged Oct. 6, 1864, by order of Sec. of War.
Sandgram, M., Jr.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Aug. 31, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Shearer, Daniel	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted April 27, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Shinn, Mordecai	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Shuler, Isaac J.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to April 29, 1865. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 8, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Shuler, William	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Smith, John R.	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Smith, Thornton	"	Oct. 27, '62	"	Deserted Nov. 13, 1862, near Warrenton, Va.
Snyder, Howard	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Snyder, Joseph, Jr.	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 23, 1864. Grave 6534.
Southwick, Charles	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Steiner, Henry	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability Feb. 26, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Stewart, Joseph B.	"	July 24, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R., Aug. 2, 1864. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 29, 1864.
Sthadtler, Daniel	"	Nov. 12, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Swope, William R.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Teal, Levi	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Thomas, John	"	Oct. 13, '62	"	Deserted Nov. 13, 1862, near Warrenton, Va.
Thompson, H. W.	"	Dec. 5, '62	"	Sick in hospital at muster out. No record of discharge.
Thompson, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Jan. 3, 1864, from Mower Hospital, Phila., Pa.
Turner, William	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 20, 1862, from hospital at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Van Winkle, John	Private	Aug. 11, '62	3	Transferred to 42d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., May 3, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 29, 1865.
Walters, Charles F.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Discharged for disability Sep. 20, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Walters, George S.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged for disability May 12, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Watson, Charles	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Welch, Aquilla M.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Welch, James	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Whiteman, Lafayette	"	Sep. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted from Rebel Army. Transferred to Camp Chase, Ohio, Sep. 20, 1863. Mustered out with Det. Sep. 28, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Wilson, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Woodcock, William	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Yeager, William H.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Transferred to Co. F, 21st Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 12, 1863.
Young, George C.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Supposed to have died while a prisoner of war at Florence, S. C., on or about Feb. 15, 1865.
Zane, William F.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

Total, 137.

COMPANY "D."

Charles H. Fernald	Capt.	Aug. 25, '62	3	Honorably discharged Feb. 1, 1864.
Horace Binney	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. C Aug. 9, 1864; ap. Bv.-Major Mar. 15, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Albert H. Walters	1st Lt.	Sep. 1, '62	"	Promoted to Capt. Co. A Feb. 10, 1864.
George W. Moore	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. G June 6, 1864. Discharged July 14, 1864. Reinstated Nov. 30, 1864. Promoted to Capt. Co. A April 9, 1865.
James J. Donelly	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. C May 1, 1865. Transferred to Co. H, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Saml. M. McIntire	2d Lt.	July 26, '62	"	Discharged April 13, 1863, by order of Sec. of War.
Henry McManus	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Prom. from Sgt. Co. B Jan. 19, 1864. Discharged July 14, 1864. Disability removed Sep. 7, '64.
Algeron S. L. Ent	1st Sgt.	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Parker Mayhew	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Died Oct. 15, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
James Boland	Sergt.	Aug. 15, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Jan. 27, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wallace Mayhew	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Promoted from Corpl. April 28, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
David T. Hassinger	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 22, 1865, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Stephen B. Anderson	Sergt.	July 28, '62	3	Died Sep. 29, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Md., Sec. 26, Lot A, grave 21.
Robert Maingay	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died Nov. 24, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Christian Bosse	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability July 24, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
William Hodgkins	"	July 31, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863, and to Sgt. Feb. 1, 1863. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No further record.
Samuel D. Boyer	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor June 2, 1864. Died at Millen, Ga., Nov. 11, 1864. Buried in Lawton National Cemetery, Millen, Ga., Sec. B, grave 26.
William Hummell	Corpl.	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William Poole	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Christian Schrack	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. April 30, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, and at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Frederick Rue	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. June 30, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Joseph Hartley	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Aug. 23, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William Kilpatrick	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Mar. 15, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James Brown	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. A Mar. 1, 1863.
William Stass	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Alfred Bolton	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 29, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Samuel M. Caldwell	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Gettysburg, Pa., Sec. D, grave 26.
Charles H. Kleaver	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged for disability Aug. 25, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Henry Hammel	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Thomas K. Linton	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability June 13, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
David Abrams	Mus.	Aug. 4, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Elijah Wingert	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged May 5, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Edmund B. Hill	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Transferred to Co. C Mar. 1, 1863, by order of Col. Gwyn.
Alphret, Adam	Private	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, '63, near Bealton, Va.
Ashton, Alfred	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Transferred to Co. D, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 3, 1862.
Ashton, William S.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Augerer, William	"	Sep. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 31, 1864. Grave 11710.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Baum, Joseph M.	Private	Aug. 8, '62	3	Deserted Sep. 15, 1862, near Rockville, Md.
Blair, John	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Bluit, Thomas	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Boyd, Charles	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, and sent to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Bosche, Frederick	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Bealton, Va.
Broad, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May —, 1864, by order of Sec. of War.
Broadback, Charles	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 31, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Brock, Nicholas	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Brown, Martin	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No record of death or discharge.
Brown, James	"	Nov. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Captured April 23, 1864. Paroled Nov. 20, 1864. Confined as a deserter to the enemy, and finally sent to the Army of the Potomac in irons Dec. 6, 1864. No record of discharge.
Buckner, John C.	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Killed near Mechanicsville, Va., May 30, 1864.
Burke, Charles R.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Burton, James	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 14, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Carpenter, John, Jr.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Collins, Charles B.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Dec. 13, 1862, near Fredericksburg, Va.
Cooke, Arthur B.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 9, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Cowden, Alexander	"	July 22, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Crook, James	"	July 24, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Diver, Joseph H.	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted April 13, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Donnovan, Dennis	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Prisoner to Dec. 15, 1862. Deserted from Camp Parole, Md. No date or further record.
Dyer, Charles P.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Died Dec. 22, 1862, near Potomac Creek, Va.
Euler, Henry	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Feb. 28, 1865.
Everine, Godfrey	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 13, 1863, on the march.
Farrell, John	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Feb. 24, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Fields, James	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 29, 1863.
Field, John	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged to date Mar. 30, 1863.
Fisher, John F.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 26, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Frank, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died Feb. 5, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Frederick, Geo. L.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 8, 1863.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Fritz, Henry L.	Private	July 14, '63	3	Drafted. Discharged for disability April 8, 1864, at Washington, D. C.
Frowert, Daniel	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Frymoyer, John	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, and sent to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Gibson, George R.	"	July 26, '63	"	Drafted. Missing in action May 8, 1864. No further record.
Gibson, Reuben	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted April 28, 1863, at Kelly's Ford, Va.
Gilbert, George W.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Aug. 24, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Greenhalt, Conrad	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Transferred to 130th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Dec. 28, 1863.
Greib, George	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 1, 1862, at Baltimore, Md.
Guillerman, Arwood	"	July 30, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Haines, Asa	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hall, John M.	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May —, 1864, by order of Sec. of War.
Hamilton, Saml. L.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to Co. C, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 30, 1863.
Hartley, Alfred V.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hartung, August	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 19, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Hastien, Charles J.	"	Aug. 25, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., July 2, 1864.
Hauret, John	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 5, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Heacock, John C.	"	July 31, '62	"	Deserted April 28, 1863, near Kelly's Ford, Va.
Hennessy, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 14, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Hess, John	"	Aug. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 19, 1864. Grave 11183.
Hill, Robert J.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate April 27, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Hodges, Henry H.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Huver, John P.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Discharged for disability Mar. 28, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Keen, Joseph	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 13, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Kerr, Robert	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 4, 1862, at Annapolis, Md.
Kramer, Henry	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Bealton, Va.
Labbere, Robert H.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 27, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Lancaster, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Logan, Hugh	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 42d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Mar. 7, 1864.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Marker, William H.	Private	Aug. 19, '62	3	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 10, 1864. Grave 10164.
Masters, Emanuel	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 24, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
May, David S.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged by Gen. Order June 20, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Mayer, Christopher	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 19, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Megonigal, Charles	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Merkle, Henry	"	Aug. 27, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 20, 1864.
Mezick, John B.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Deserted Mar. 3, 1863, from Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Miller, Jefferson	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Mitchell, James	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Moitz, Adolph	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 13, 1864. Grave 8691.
Myers, Jonathan	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 8, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
McLaren, Lawrence	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, and sent to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Newcamp, Phillip	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Phelps, Henry	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Race, Aaron	"	July 31, '62	"	Transferred to 39th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sep. 26, 1863.
Reiff, Albanus L.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Reinhardt, Anthony	"	Sep. 5, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Rigney, Michael	"	July 24, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Po River, Va., May 12, 1864. Deserted May 14, 1864, from 1st Div. Hospital, 5th A. C.
Roach, Andrew	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No further record.
Rose, Charles A.	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ryley, Henry	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Schaffer, Frank	"	Aug. 7, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Deserted Feb. 23, 1865.
Schomberg, Fred.	"	July 31, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 1, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Seher, Henry	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Shmit, Frederick	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Died Sep. 27, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Md., Sec. 26, Lot A, grave 23.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Simpson, James A.	Private	Aug. 13, '62	3	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Simpson, Samuel	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Nov. 20, 1863, near Kelly's Ford, Va.
Simpson, William H.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Dec. 3, 1862, at Washington, D. C.
Smith, Andrew C.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Died Jan. 4, 1863, of wounds rec'd in action, at Harewood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Smith, Charles	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged May —, 1864, by order of Sec. of War. Transferred to the Navy.
Snyder, William	"	Aug. 26, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged by Gen. Order June 15, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Stevenson, John	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 3, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Stone, Edward	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 2, 1862, at Baltimore, Md.
Taylor, George	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 14, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Thomas, John J.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Appointed Qr. Mas. Sgt. of the Regt. Aug. 15, 1862.
Thompson, Thomas	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability May 19, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Thompson, William	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 14, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Turner, William G.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged for disability June 6, 1865, at Bristol, Pa.
Vennable, Samuel	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wack, John F.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Deserted from Camp Parole, Md., no date given.
Wallwork, Timothy	"	Nov. 16, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 3, 1864. Grave 7680.
Ward, Charles	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Died Dec. 22 of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Ward, Francis	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ward, George W.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died Dec. 22 of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Weeber, Frederick	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability July 23, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Well, Conrad	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 12, 1862, from Balloon Corps.
Wells, Edward	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Wilson, Joseph	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 5, 1864. Grave 10426.
Wilson, Robert	"	Feb. 3, '65	1	Transferred to Co. F, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Wortman, Antonia	"	July 20, '63	3	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 19, 1864. Grave 6133.
Wright, George	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Deserted Dec. 29, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Yauchler, Alfred	"	Sep. 5, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Mar. 25, 1865, at Phila., Pa.

Total, 146.

COMPANY "E."

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Lewis Passmore	Capt.	Aug. 15, '62	3	Resigned Oct. 11, 1862.
John V. Hunterson	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 14, 1865. Disability removed.
Samuel N. Lewis	1st Lt.	Aug. 20, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted from 2d Lt. Mar. 9, 1863. Resigned Nov. 27, 1863.
Isaac H. Seesholtz	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt.-Major Jan. 13, 1864, to Capt. Co. K Dec. 14, 1864.
Robert Paschall	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Promoted from Corpl. to Sgt. Oct. 1, 1862; to 1st Lieut. Dec. 16, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William W. Worrell	2d Lt.	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. I Oct. 22, 1862. Resigned April 1, 1863.
John Canahey	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Sgt. Sep. 20, 1862; to 2d Lt. Jan. 19, 1864. Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864.
Alexander McCart	1st Sgt.	Aug. 7, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Thomas W. Joy	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate April 7, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
James H. Haman	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Richard Roberts	Sgt.	Aug. 2, '62	"	Transferred to Co. D, 14th Regt. V. R. C., Dec. 14, 1864.
Jere McLaughlin	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Francis Daly	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Det. May 15, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Charles C. Shepherd	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 29, 1864. Grave 9985.
Augustus Luker	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Samuel F. Delany	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Richard L. Sandford	Corpl.	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Mar. 16, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
George P. Cullen	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 21, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
William F. Connelly	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
John R. Selkirk	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 31, 1862, at Philadelphia, Pa.
Joseph R. Stetler	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Killed at North Anna, Va., May 22, 1864.
George Andress	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. D, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 10, 1863.
B. E. Fletcher, Jr.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Killed at White Oak Road, Va., Mar. 31, 1865.
J. W. Larziliere	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Captured at Weldon R. R. Aug. 21, 1864. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 18, 1864.
Francis H. Lincoln	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability May 18, 1865, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Charles Taylor	Corpl.	Aug. 11, '62	3	Transferred to Co. B, 12th Regt. V. R. C., July 29, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order June 28, 1865.
De Witt Rodermel	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Transferred to 5th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sep. 23, 1864.
George W. Wade	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 5, 1864. Grave 7933.
Henry Hallman	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 6, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
William McLachlin	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John McDonough	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Levi Rex	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James Crawford	Mus.	Aug. 2, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ache, Henry M.	Private	Mar. 23, '65	1	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Adams, Stephen L.	"	Aug. 11, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Alloways, Joseph L.	"	July 17, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged for disability Feb. 29, 1864, at Camp Barnes, Va.
Bachman, Jacob H.	"	Aug. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Millen, Ga., correct date not known. Buried in Lawton National Cemetery, Millen, Ga., Sec. A, grave 163.
Baker, James	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 26, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Baker, Thomas M.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Benson, George	"	Feb. 27, '65	1	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Bennett, James H.	"	Aug. 25, '63	3	Drafted. Discharged for disability April 27, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Brown, Samuel	"	Aug. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died Oct. 25, 1864, at Millen, Ga.
Bruce, Joel R.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Butler, James L.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., July 10, 1864. Grave 3097.
Butterworth, Wm.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 16, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Byram, Joseph	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Died May 31, 1863, at Morrisville, Va.
Clark, William M.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted July 4, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.
Cobbs, Benjamin S.	"	Nov. 14, '62	"	Deserted May 25, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Cohen, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged by Gen. Order from War Dept. May 15, 1865.
Colville, Henry	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged for disability Mar. 10, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Collins, George	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Jan. 19, 1865. Grave 12478.
Cue, Richard	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Aug 6, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
De Haven, Chas. T.	Private	Aug. 5, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Dubois, Albert	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Mustered out with Det. Sep. 28, 1865, at Phila., Pa. (Rebel deserter.)
Durst, William	"	Aug. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Nov. 2, 1864.
Edwards, Griffith H.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted July 4, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.
Edwards, Hugh J.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Wounded at Five Forks, Va., Mar. 31, 1865. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 8, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Emery, Abram	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged May 8, 1863, for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Erismen, Jacob R.	"	Aug. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Buried in Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., Sec. D, Div. D, grave 62.
Faulkner, Peter	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 81st Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., May 17, 1864.
Fay, John	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Honorably discharged to date June 1, 1865.
Fletcher, James	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Franklin, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Captured Oct. 18, 1863. Paroled Nov. 17, 1863, at City Point, Va. Reported at Camp Parole, Md., same day. No further record.
Freeman, Jackson	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to the Navy May 4, 1864.
Gebhart, John	"	Mar. 27, '65	1	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Glascoc, Thomas R.	"	Aug. 6, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Gordon, Joseph E.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 6, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Gorman, Thomas	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 9, 1862, at Fort Corcoran, Va.
Gotwals, Henry R.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died on or about Dec. 25, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Govlier, Joseph	"	Mar. 27, '65	1	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Gubser, Andrew	"	Sep. 9, '63	3	Substitute. Discharged for disability Mar. 25, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Haas, Jacob	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 1, 1863, at Manassas Junction, Va.
Hall, Alexander	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 14, 1864.
Haman, Jacob	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 2, 1864. Grave 10227.
Hansell, Lewis	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to Co. D, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 10, 1864.
Harding, John H.	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Sep. 27, 1863, while on picket.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Hart, Jesse H.	Private	Aug. 5, '62	3	Discharged June 5, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll, at Washington, D. C.
Holmes, Stephen	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate April 16, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Johnson, Wm. P.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 22, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Johnston, Cunningham	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Prisoner 9 months at Andersonville, Ga. Paroled and drowned by sinking of Steamer Massachusetts, April 23, 1865.
Johnston, Thos. K.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Judge, Bernard	"	Oct. 15, '62	"	Deserted. Never reported to Regt.
King, John L.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Kramer, George W.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Kramer, John N.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Krausz, John W.	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Kresge, Israel	"	Nov. 2, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability May 12, 1865, at Finley Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Kresge, Levi	"	Nov. 2, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, and sent to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Lancaster, Chas. E.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured, and died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 9, 1864.
Lehman, R. W.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, and at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died Oct. 26, 1864. Buried in National Cemetery, Millen, Ga., Sec. B, grave 43.
Lindsey, John	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Died Jan. 10, 1863, of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Lowry, Edward	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Transferred to Co. E, 1st Regt. V. R. C., Dec. 12, 1863.
Lutz, Asbury	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Mahan, Daniel	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Nov. 17, 1864. Grave 12088.
Mann, Paschall B.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 27, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Marembach, John	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Miller, Henry	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 13, 1863. Deserted Jan. 30, 1863, from Hospital at Phila., Pa.
Moyer, Wm. M.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Muledore, Wm. H.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Munch, Henry	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Dec. 16, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Myers, Andrew	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Myers, Jacob	Private	July 17, '63	3	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Transferred to 55th Co., 2d Battalion, Jan. 7, 1865.
Myers, Peter	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Died Mar. 18, 1864, at Richmond, Va.
McBride, John	"	Aug. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Died Nov. 14, 1864, at Salisbury, N. C.
McCarter, Wm.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment May 15, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
McGinn, Wm.	"	Aug. 14, '63	"	Substitute. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Detachment at Chester, Pa.
McKnight, Gordon	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Neath, James	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Died Dec. 3, 1862, near Falmouth, Va.
Nehle, Jacob	"	Mar. 27, '65	1	Substitute, also borne as Nahle and Mahle. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Nickolas, Chas. A.	"	Aug. 11, '62	3	Discharged Feb. 3, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Nicqlas, Patrick	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted April 30, 1863, from Hospital at Phila., Pa., also borne as Nickolas.
Odell, William H.	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R., Aug. 21, 1864. Died Nov. 27, 1864, at Salisbury, N. C.
Paden, Joseph	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 22, 1862, at Frederick, Md.
Pancoast, Samuel A.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864.
Possinger, Henry	"	Mar. 10, '65	1	Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Price, Benjamin	"	July 17, '63	3	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Price, Robert	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Captured. Died at Andersonville, Ga., July 30, 1864.
Raw, Charles F.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Rayson, George W.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Deserted July 4, at Gettysburg, Pa.
Renker, Elias	"	Nov. 2, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Rex, Samuel	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Escaped from Forrest Hall Prison, Georgetown, D. C. No date given. No further record.
Rhoads, Levi	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted April 30, 1863, from Hospital at Phila., Pa.
Rivert, Edward	"	Mar. 27, '65	1	Substitute. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Roberts, William J.	"	Aug. 7, '62	3	Deserted July 4, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.
Robinson, Geo. W.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged by General Order, May 30, 1865, at Washington, D. C., per Individual Muster-out roll.
Sassman, Henry	"	July 29, '63	"	Drafted. Died June 4, 1864, at Phila., Pa., of wounds rec'd in action.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Sawyer, Charles	Private	Aug. 8, '62	3	Discharged June 8, 1863, at 2d Div. Hospital, Alexandria, Va., for wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Simpson, William	"	Sep. 8, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 24, 1863, while on the march.
Smith, Abram J.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Smith, Benj. F.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Smith, David	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Smith, Isaac A.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Smith, Wm. W.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 5, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Stewart, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to the Navy May 4, 1864.
Stotsenberger, Jere.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., to serve out sentence of Court Martial.
Thompson, James	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Vantkye, Geo. W.	"	Oct. 15, '62	"	Discharged for disability June 17, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Walenberger, John	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Died Mar. 4, 1863, at Washington, D. C., of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Ward, Thomas	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Weiant, John H.	"	Nov. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Died Sep. 20, 1864, at Lincoln General Hospital, D. C. Buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
Williams, Charles	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Williams, George	"	Oct. 16, '62	"	Deserted. Never reported to Regt
Williams, Harry F.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Williams, John	"	July 5, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged by Gen. Order from War Dept., May 15, 1865.
Woolson, John L.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted. Returned. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Yohn, John B.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Zane, William P.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 23, 1864. Grave 11327.

Total, 147.

COMPANY "F."

John P. Bankson	Capt.	Aug. 20, '62	3	Resigned March 23, 1864.
John Scott	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. A Dec. 16, 1864. Killed at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 6, 1865.
John L. Bell	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Five Forks, Va., March 31, 1865. Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. B May 1, 1865. Transferred to Co. A, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Henry K. Kelly	1st Lt.	Aug. 20, '62	3	Promoted to Capt. Co. G, Oct. 27, 1863.
Daniel S. Ware	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Jan. 19, 1864. Died June 21, of wounds rec'd at Cold Harbor, Va., June 4, 1864. Buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, D. C.
Thomas J. Reed	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. to 2d Lt. March 13, 1864; to 1st Lt. Aug. 11, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles H. Hand	2d Lt.	Sep. 8, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. K, 75th Regt. P. V., Sep. 20, 1862. Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted to Adjutant Jan. 17, 1863.
Barzilia J. Inman	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted from 1st Sgt. Jan. 17, 1863. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Discharged Mar. 12, 1864.
George W. Haines	1st Sgt.	Aug. 16, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sept. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles Smith	Sergt.	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted June 20, 1863.
John Rafferty	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Joseph Turner	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 6, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order May 31, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
John H. Williamson	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Died Sept. 15, 1864, at Mount Pleasant Hospital, Washington, D. C. Buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, D. C.
Joseph L. Rhoads	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 2, 1863, at Emory Hospital.
Miles B. Carpenter	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted Feb. 12, 1863, while on furlough.
Henry Longacre	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William T. Godwin	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Promoted Sgt. Aug. 11, 1864. Discharged Dec. 28, 1864, for promotion to 1st Lt. Co. A.
Samuel S. Green	Corpl.	Aug. 14, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Charles Silcock	"	July 29, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 4, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Frederick Bubeck	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to April 27, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 8, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
William Hodge	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Robert A. Hill	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 81st Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., May 17, 1864.
George W. Inman	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Discharged for disability Feb. 5, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Alexander McCay	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Buried in Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., Div. C, Sec. D, grave 96.
John Reppert	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, 1863.</i>	
George W. Brown	Corpl.	Aug. 6, '62	3	Captured at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Took oath of allegiance with rebels. Recaptured and released on taking the oath of allegiance July 5, 1865. Ordered to be released Nov. 9, 1865, by order of Sec. of War, at Camp Cadwalader, Phila., Pa. Not entitled to receive any consideration as a soldier of the United States.
Joseph Murphy (1st)	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
F. H. Vandergrift	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order May 24, 1865, at Jarvis U. S. A. Gen. Hospital.
Robert McAllister	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James McCabe	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863.
G. H. Baker	"	July 14, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. D, 9th Regt. V. R. C., Aug. 2, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order July 20, 1865.
George Carteret	Mus.	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
George W. Eastman	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 20, 1863, at Washington, D. C., for injuries rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Bahl, Washington	Private	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Benjamin, Chancellor	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Died Nov. 22, 1862, at Phila., Pa., of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Boone, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Callahan, James R.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged Dec 4, 1862, at Baltimore, Md., for wounds rec'd at Antietam, Md., Sep. 17, 1862.
Coglever, Sanford G.	"	Oct. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Detachment May 27, 1865, to date May 26, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Connar, James	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 6, 1863, near Culpeper, Va.
Cooper, Charles	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Aug. 20, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Davis, Thomas J.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Absent. Sick at muster out of Co. No further record.
Davis, Thomas	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Day, Sylvester	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted to Com. Sgt. Aug. 14, 1862; to Quarter-Master Oct. 22, 1862.
Deen, Charles	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for disability June 11, 1863, at Fort McHenry, Md.
Derousse, William	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 25, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Devitt, John	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged, to date Jan. 19, 1866, by Order of War Dept.
Downie, William	"	July 15, '62	"	Died Sep. 29 of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Dunlap, Thomas	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 14, 1863, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Edwards, Erastus	Private	Oct. 14, '63	3	Drafted. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Transferred to 69th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., April 27, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order Aug. 23, 1865.
Emmitt, Robert	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Erb, John B.	"	July 21, '63	"	Drafted. Prisoner from May 7, 1864, to Dec. 10, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 6, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll, at Annapolis, Md.
Farfire, Martin	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment May 26, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Ferrall, Lewis T.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 8, 1863.
Fordney, Sam. T.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Fowler, William	"	July 30, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863.
Fuller, William T.	"	Oct. 12, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Garmon, John	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Genn, William	"	July 30, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted April 27, 1863.
Ginaman, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Gruinder, Henry	"	July 16, '63	"	Drafted. Prisoner of war June 2, 1864. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll July 3, 1865, at Annapolis, Md.
Hart, Thomas	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864.
Henry, George B.	"	July 11, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. F, 6th Regt. V. R. C., April 22, 1864.
Hess, Levi L.	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, and died on or about Nov. 16, 1864, at Florence, S. C.
Hodge, Samuel	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hornby, Robert	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Detachment, June 21, 1865, at Chester, Pa.
Hurley, Joseph	"	July 29, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 25, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Jackson, John	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Johnson, John M.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Taken prisoner at Beecher's Church, Va., and died at Andersonville, Ga., on or about Oct. 16, 1864.
Keel, Jordon	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. No further record.
Kelly, Robert	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted April 23, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
King, William H.	"	July 28, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Kohler, George	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Jan. 23, 1864, while on furlough to Phila., Pa.
Kyle, William	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 4, 1864. Grave 7781.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Lilly, Joseph	Private	Aug. 6, '62	3	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Co. A, 24th Regt. V. R. C., March 10, 1865.
Linck, Joseph	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, and at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Transferred to 42d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., May 3, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 29, 1865.
Little, John H.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted Jan. 11, 1863, from Hospital at Middletown, Md.
Long, George W.	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Longacre, Jacob	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Malcamson, Samuel	"	Aug. 12, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Mallon, James	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Martin, Ziba	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Massey, Charles	"	July 29, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Matlack, John W.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863, on march to Gettysburg, Pa.
Murphy, Joseph (2d)	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Murphy, Thomas	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
McConaghey, John	"	July 31, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Enlisted in 8th C. S. Infantry at Salisbury, N. C. Was recaptured by Gen. Stoneman, while in arms against the U. S. Confined at Nashville, Tenn. Took oath of allegiance July 6, 1865. Ordered to be released Nov. 9, 1865, by order of Sec. of War at Camp Cadwalader, Phila., Pa. Not entitled to receive any consideration as a soldier of the U. S.
McCormick, John	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Discharged to date June 1, 1865.
McGowan, Hughey	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Neal, Jonathan	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Norcross, John E.	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Promoted to 2d Lt. U. S. Colored Troops April 24, 1864, per S. O. 157, A. G. O., War Dept., ap. Bv.-Capt., June 20, 1865. Resigned June 20, 1865.
Oaks, John	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 17, 1863, at Washington, D. C., for wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Orr, William	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order May 26, 1865, per Det. Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Osborne, Orson H.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Pearson, Joseph	Private	July 17, '63	3	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Paul, John	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability March 24, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Paulding, Jacob S.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 2, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Picot, Paul	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ralston, James	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged Jan. 24, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Ralston, John	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died Oct. 21, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Reineer, Harrison	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Absent sick at muster-out Co. No record of discharge.
Reineer, William	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died on or about Oct. 18, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga. Buried in Lawton National Cemetery, Millen, Ga., Sec. A, grave 44.
Reppert, Joseph	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Roach, John	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Roberts, Owen	"	July 31, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 19, 1864. Discharged; date unknown.
Robertson, Charles	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 12, 1862, on march through Md.
Rogers, Clarence	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Samond, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate March 19, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Sands, Thomas	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 6, 1865. Discharged for disability Aug. 25, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
School, Henry J.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged Jan. 29, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Shilling, William	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Smith, James (1st)	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 16, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Smith, James (2d)	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Absent in arrest at Muster-out of Co. No record of discharge.
Smith, Joseph	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Dec. 4, 1864. Grave 12217.
Sneath, Amos	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Discharged for disability Sep. 11, 1864, at Washington, D. C.
Snyder, Francis	"	July 28, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 30, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Sourbeer, Amos	"	Aug. 2, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Sourwalt, George	Private	Aug. 13, '62	3	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to 51st Co., 2d Battalion, V. R. C., Feb. 6, 1865. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 14, 1865.
Stauffer, Benj. F.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Stevens, Benj. J.	"	Oct. 12, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864.
Stoy, William H.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability Feb. 1, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Sullivan, John	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 15, 1865. Co. and Regt. not stated.
Swartz, Jacob	"	Oct. 12, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability June 5, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Taggart, Robert	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., on or about Sep. 10, 1864.
Taylor, Joseph	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, at Camp Parole, Md.
Thompson, David	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to Co. H, 1st Regt. V. R. C., Dec. 8, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order July 14, 1865.
Toland, William	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Trainer, Arthur	"	July 28, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 16, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Tuff, Sloan	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 18, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Turner, John	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Sent from Belle Island, Richmond, Va., to Salisbury, N. C., Oct. 9, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Wells, John	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded in action Oct. 1, 1864. Deserted Jan. 29, 1865, while on furlough.
Weitknecht, John J.	"	July 10, '63	"	Drafted. Killed at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Buried in Poplar Grove Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., Sec. D, Div. D, grave 124.
Wermouth, Alfred	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wheeler, Thomas	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted on the march to Gettysburg, Pa.
Wise, Samuel	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted April 27, 1863.
Wood, George W.	"	July 31, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted April 24, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Woodhouse, F. D.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Woodfall, James A.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, and at Weldon R. R., Va., Sep. 21, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

Total, 137.

COMPANY "G."

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Courtland Saunders	Capt.	Aug. 16, '62	3	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
John V. Hunterson	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. E Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. E Nov. 1, 1862.
William West	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Nov. 1, 1862. Resigned Jan. 12, 1863.
Richard W. Davids	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. B June 12, 1863. Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Henry K. Kelly	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. F Oct. 27, 1863. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Resigned Jan. 4, 1865.
John R. White	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. to 2d Lt. Oct. 22, 1862; to 1st Lt. Jan. 8, 1863; to Capt. Feb. 15, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William F. Gardner	1st Lt.	Sep. 18, '62	"	Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. I Nov. 1, 1862; to Quarter-Master Jan. 8, 1863.
Jonas Brubaker	"	July 29, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Feb. 15, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John Rudhall White	2d Lt.	July 31, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. K Aug. 29, 1862. Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
George W. Moore	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. H Jan. 8, 1863; and to 1st Lt. Co. D June 6, 1864.
Samuel Hagerman	1st Sgt.	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Sgt. Feb. 15, 1865. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William Willer	Sgt.	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Aug. 12, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
John L. Bell	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted from Corpl. to Sgt. March 1, 1863; and to 1st Lt. Co. B Nov. 16, 1864.
Henry Conner	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. C Jan. 19, 1864.
John Pfeiffer	"	July 31, '62	"	Promoted from Private March 1, 1865. Mus- tered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William Courtney	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Promoted to Sergeant-Major Sep. 1, 1864.
Robert McClung	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded in action July 23, 1863. Transferred to 129th Co., 2d Battalion, V. R. C., March —, 1864. Discharged Aug. 7, 1865.
Peter Morad	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mortally wounded June 26, 1864, and died July 8, 1864, at David's Island Hospital, N. Y.
William P. Bechtel	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 11, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Christopher Dauman	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Chas. Brightmeyer	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Henry Beck	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted Dec. 14, 1862, from Falmouth, Va.
Evan F. Owen	Corpl.	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 14, 1863, at Camp Conva- lescent, Va., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Thomas Ferguson	"	July 27, '62	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863, and at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Discharged for disability Aug. 8, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Alexander Rhoads	"	July 27, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 9, 1863, at Washington, D. C.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Robert Black	Corpl.	Aug. 5, '62	3	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May —, 1864. Prisoner from May 6, 1864, to Feb. 23, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order July 14, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll, at Phila., Pa.
John Wertz	"	July 28, '62	"	Transferred to 10th Co., 2d Battalion, V. R. C., July 16, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order June 28, 1865.
Robert A. Johnston	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles Taylor	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
James Fetzers	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Dec. 13, 1862, from Falmouth, Va.
Henry S. Lewis	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Thomas Dight	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Jas. S. McLaughlin	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John Coonan	"	July 27, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Andrew Davis	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Allburger, William	Private	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 7, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Alton, John	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 28, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Armstrong, James F.	"	July 31, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 30, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Ayres, George	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted April 28, 1863, on march to Chancellorsville, Va.
Beam, Alcibiades	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 1, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Bechtel, Francis	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Died Dec. 14, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Bevan, Benjamin	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Blair, William	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 21, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Eisburg, George	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died Oct. 8, 1862, at Phila., Pa., of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Bowers, Bernhalt	"	July 30, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 25, 1862, from Lowe's Balloon Corps, Sharpsburg, Md.
Brown, Henry C.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Burke, Robert	"	July 28, '62	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Transferred to Co. 1, 20th Regt. V. R. C., June 7, 1864.
Colflesh, Charles	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Killed in action Oct. 1, 1864. Buried in Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., Div. C, Sec. F, grave 7.
Colebaugh, Henry H	"	July 22, '63	"	Drafted. Absent sick at Muster out of Co. Discharged June 3, 1865, on Detachment Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Craig, Henry	"	July 28, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 14, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Crowley, Bernard	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 19, 1863, near Centreville, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Crombey, William	Private	Aug. 9, '62	3	Deserted Dec. 9, 1863, at Camp Parole, Md.
Curly, Martin	"	July 27, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 14, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Daley, Patrick	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Danley, John	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Absent sick at muster out of Co. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll June 2, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Dougherty, James	"	July 28, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863, from Emory Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Dyell, Edward	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded and captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Nov. 27, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Eshelman, Tobias	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Prisoner from May 8, 1864, to April 28, 1865. Discharged June 2, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Esray, Lewis	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 11, 1862, from Hospital at Phila., Pa.
Fithian, Wm. D.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Jan. 26, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Flounders, Eli K.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment May 15, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Flours, William	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Feb. 24, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va. Broke out of guard house.
Freas, Asa	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment May 15, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Fullerton, Charles	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Died in camp Feb. 1, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Gilbert, Theodore	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Gorman, Samuel	"	July 27, '62	"	Discharged for disability Aug. 30, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Green, George	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 19, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Hause, Ephraim	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Hause, Jacob	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to unassigned men of 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Harlin, George W.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hays, Richard	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Committed to Castle Thunder, Richmond, Va., March 26, 1864, as a paroled Yankee.
Hegans, George	"	Nov. 16, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted May 8, 1864, from Ricord Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Helmhold, Franklin	"	July 27, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 29, 1862, at Oxford, Chester Co., Pa.
Helt, William A.	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to 46th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Oct. 24, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order July 7, 1865.
Holmes, Jeremiah	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Hostler, Samuel	Private	Feb. 8, '64	3	Died Sep. 20, 1864, at David's Island, N. Y. Buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, L. I.
Hostler, William	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Hubbs, Edwin F.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to 106th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., April 25, 1864.
Jeroy, Julius	"	July 17, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 20, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Johnson, George	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 28, 1862, near Sharpsburg, Md.
Johnston, Wm. C.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Died Jan. 14, 1863, at Annapolis, Md.
Kane, James	"	July 29, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 22, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Keen, William	"	Sep. 23, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 6, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Kennedy, Alexander	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 20, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Kiker, William H.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Kopp, Jacob	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded in front of Petersburg, Va., in 1864. Transferred to Co. B, 3d Regt. V. R. C., June 16, 1865.
Knert, Francis	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Transferred to Co. F, 11th Regt. V. R. C., June 17, 1864.
Lawless, William	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Navy March 4, 1864.
Leed, William	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Died May 4, 1865, at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Lloyd, Frederick	"	July 29, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Nov. 24, 1863, near Kelly's Ford, Va.
Longacre, Alfonzo	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Dishonorably discharged May 31, 1872, to date from Aug. 25, 1864.
Marden, Benj. H.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged by Gen. Order May 19, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Marker, Frederick	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Marker, George	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 21, 1863. Re-enlisted Dec. 22, 1863. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Marker, Lewis	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Mauch, John D.	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. D, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Miller, James F.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded and captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Sent from Richmond, Va., to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Mingus, Henry H.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va. Transferred to 135th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Feb. 3, 1864.
Morgan, William	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Navy for trial for desertion, April 13, 1864.
Murphy, James	"	Sep. 14, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 28, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Mulchay, Patrick	Private	Aug. 11, '62	3	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll June 9, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
McBride, Robert	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863, from Hospital at Phila., Pa.
McCallister, Stewart	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Navy March 4, 1864.
McClintock, Wm.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864, and at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McFall, Isaac	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Transferred to 23d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Aug. 17, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order June 10, 1865.
McGuire, William	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Unassigned Detachment, 1st Battalion V. R. C., March —, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 26, 1865.
Ned, John	"	Aug. 29, '62	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 22, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Owen, William	"	July 27, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 14, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
O'Donald, Thomas	"	July 27, '62	"	Transferred to Co. I, 12th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 4, 1863.
O'Lary, John	"	July 27, '62	"	Deserter from 2d Maryland Regt., arrested in Baltimore, Md., Sep. 1, 1862.
Peale, Franklin	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 59th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sep. 12, 1863.
Pinyard, Bright	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Deserted July 4, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.
Quinlan, James	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 28, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Racraft, Robert	"	Sep. 20, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Ran, Thomas	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged for disability March 7, 1864, at Washington, D. C.
Rhodes, Alexander	"	July 27, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 9, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Rien, Edward	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at North Anna, Va., May 24, 1864. Dishonorably discharged, to date July 10, 1865.
Riley, James	"	July 28, '62	"	Transferred to 33d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Feb. 7, 1864.
Ryan, Thomas	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Prisoner from Oct. 14, 1864, to May 26, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 9, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Annapolis, Md.
Scanlan, Patrick	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Committed to Castle Thunder, Richmond, Va., March 26, 1864, as a paroled Yankee.
Schoppfel, Wm.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864, and died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 10, 1864.
Semple, William	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Shronk, John	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted May 6, 1864, at Wilderness, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Smith, Charles	Private	July 20, '63	3	Substitute. Transferred to Co. D, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Smith, Thomas H.	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Sorden, James F.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, also borne as John T. Sorden.
Steel, Arthur	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Killed at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Buried in Poplar Grove Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., Div. D, Sec. C, grave 106.
Steel, Thomas	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 11, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Sturgess, Isaac	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died March 8, 1863, at Falmouth, Va.
Suplee, Israel	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 27, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Thomas, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 28, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Thompson, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Captured May 5, 1864. Died in Richmond, Va., May 12, 1864.
Todd, Frank Gay	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Navy March 4, 1864.
Toy, Jacob	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864. Mustered out with Detachment June 5, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Troop, David	"	Aug. 7, '63	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Tschudy, Eli	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at North Anna, Va., June 1, 1864. Discharged for disability March 16, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Tschudy, John	"	Feb. 8, '64	"	Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Wagenknight, Wm.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability July 26, 1865, at Chester, Pa.
Walton, John L.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 29, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Watkins, William	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted May 11, 1865, from Lincoln Gen. Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Williams, Joseph	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 21, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Wismer, Charles R.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 28, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Wonnerwick, Chn.	"	July 30, '62	"	Deserted. Returned. Transferred to Co. I, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Worth, Charles G.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Transferred to 131st Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., June 12, 1864.
Zaub, William	"	July 7, '63	"	Drafted. Killed in action at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864.

Total, 145.

COMPANY "H."

F. A. Donaldson	Capt.	Aug. 19, '62	3	Honorably discharged Jan. 14, 1864.
Joseph Ashbrook	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. K Nov. 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wm. S. Batchelder	1st Lt.	Aug. 20, '62	"	Resigned Nov. 16, 1863.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Thomas M. Coane	1st Lt.	Aug. 2, '62	3	Promoted from Sgt. to 2d Lt. Dec. 8, 1863; to 1st Lt. June 19, 1864. Wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 10, 1864. Honorably discharged Oct. 4, 1864.
Henry Conner	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Promoted from 2d Lt. Co. C Dec. 21, 1864. Commissioned Capt. Co. E March 28, 1865. Not mustered. Honorably discharged, to date Oct. 28, 1865.
Purnell W. Smith	2d Lt.	Aug. 19, '62	"	Resigned Dec. 1, 1862.
Sylvester Crossley	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Promoted from Sgt. Jan. 19, 1864. Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to Feb. 14, 1865. Discharged on resignation, to date April 12, 1865.
Robert C. Bennett	1st Sgt.	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hazelton Joyce	Sergt.	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted March 1, 1863, from Hospital at Point Lookout, Md.
George W. Moore	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. G Jan. 7, 1863.
Owen D. Roberts	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Wounded at Pegram's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for same at Chester Hospital, Pa., July 18, 1865.
Andrew Cassidy	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 4, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Daniel B. Cobb	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Transferred to 51st Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Feb. 6, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order April 14, 1865.
John VanMeter	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged March 5, 1863, for wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Henry Q. Cobb	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 24, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Wilfred McDonald	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William Pheenev	Corpl.	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 28, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
William Edinger	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 31, 1862, near Alexandria, Va.
John Monteith	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
John G. Tracy	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to April 20, 1865. Discharged June 30, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
David Bingham	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Died July 25, 1864, at David's Island, N. Y., of wounds rec'd in action July 29, 1864.
William Windle, Jr.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment June 5, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Charles O'Neil	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment June 3, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Robert Gillen	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for disability Sep. 15, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
William H. Brooks	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged Nov. 10, 1863, per Special Order 499, W. D. A. G. O.
James Darling	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
John Tomer	Corpl.	Aug. 12, '62	3	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Thomas H. Mensing, Sen.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Transferred to 53d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Nov. 13, 1863.
Thomas H. Mensing	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Laurel Hill, Va., May 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William Thornton	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James McGinley	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Discharged June 28, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
John McGrath	"	July 22, '63	"	Drafted. Died Aug. 10, 1864, at 1st Div. 5th A. C. Hospital.
Joseph E. Booth	Mus.	Aug. 12, 62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability June 29, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Allgaier, Charles	Private	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability June 29, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Anverter, Hiram	"	July 10, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Discharged for disability Dec. 28, 1864, at York, Pa.
Ashman, Benjamin	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Auther, Robert	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 20, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Ayers, Lorenzo W.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Bahl, Samuel B.	"	Aug. 25, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment May 25, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Baker, Charles	"	Sep. 23, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Dec. 5, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Baker, John	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Bales, John	"	July 29, '63	"	Substitute. Wounded near Cold Harbor June 6, 1864. Deserted Nov. 8, 1864.
Ball, James	"	July 29, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged Sep. 21, 1864, by order of Sec. of War.
Barr, Dennis	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 22, 1862.
Barr, William	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 22, 1862.
Beam, Jacob S.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Deserted July 6, 1863.
Bick, John	"	Aug. 4, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 28, 1864, at Camp Barnes, Va.
Bond, Lewis	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Booth, Osborne	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. A, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Brant, Charles F.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863.
Brant, Silas A.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged by Special Order 11, Army Potomac, Jan. 13, 1864.
Brogan, Edward T.	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Died Dec. 9, 1864, at City Point, Va.
Brown, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 20, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Brown, Thomas	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded and captured at or near Cold Harbor, Va., June 5, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Butler, David H. M.	Private	Feb. 27, '65	1	Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Calhoun, James	"	Aug. 2, '62	3	Deserted June 25, 1863.
Carter, John	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Conahan, Bernard	"	July 26, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Conner, William D.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Transferred to Co. I, 2d Regt. V. R. C., Feb. 8, 1864.
Creallman, Charles	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Died Oct. 25, 1864, of wounds rec'd in action, at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C. Buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
Dare, Charles F.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Promoted to Hospital Steward, Sep. 8, 1862.
Davis, James R.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Deitz, Levi A.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Aug. 13, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.
Dougherty, Henry	"	Sep. 27, '64	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Dychs, Frederick R.	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 24, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Eberbach, Edward	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Wounded at Five Forks, Va., April 2, 1865. Discharged Oct. 19, 1865, by Chief Mustering-out Officer, Pa., to date June 1, 1865.
Edwards, Joseph	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted June 25, 1863, at Gum Springs, Va.
Fish, Hindle	"	Aug. 13, '64	1	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Fish, James	"	Aug. 13, '64	"	Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll June 3, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Fisher, John B.	"	Aug. 11, '62	3	Discharged Jan. 9, 1863, for wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, at Washington, D. C.
Fitzpatrick, James	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 22, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Frowert, William H	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Detachment June 2, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Gale, Henry T.	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 23, 1862. Arrested May 24, 1864, and delivered to Pro. Mar. at Phila., Pa. No record of muster out or discharge.
Gallagher, John	"	July 18, '63	"	Substitute. Absent sick at muster out of Co. No record of discharge.
Gash, Frederick	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 7, 1863.
Godfrey, James	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Died Nov. 13, 1863, at Mower Gen. Hospital, Phila., Pa.
Gormley, William	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 22, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Graham, Benjamin	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Sent from Richmond, Va., to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864.
Graham, James M.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 8, 1863, at Harewood Hospital.
Hall, William	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 10, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Hamilton, George	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hamilton, Hause	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863, near Gettysburg, Pa.
Hamilton, Robert	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 16, 1862.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Hastings, Thomas	Private	July 24, '63	3	Substitute. Deserted Dec. 11, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Haverstick, Albert	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hays, John	"	July 24, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 22, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Helmick, George	"	Aug. 11, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability April 14, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Henry, George	"	Aug. 21, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted May 28, 1864, near North Anna River, Va.
Hillman, Augustus	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 17, 1862.
Houck, Jacob	"	July 24, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted April 28, 1864, at Camp Barnes, Va.
Hyatt, James W.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Captured. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Dec. 3, 1864. Grave 12215.
Johns, William H.	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded and captured near Cold Harbor, Va., June 6, 1864. Died Dec. 30, 1864, at Annapolis, Md.
Keener, John H.	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Transferred to 95th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., April 4, 1864.
Kiersted, Joseph	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 9, 1864. Buried in National Cemetery, Fredericksburg, Va., Sec. C, Div. A, grave 586.
Kirkbride, Frank H.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 14, 1862, near Washington, D. C.
Kiscadden, George	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Lewis, William	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 1, 1863, at Culpeper, Va.
Long, Alfred	"	July 24, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., July 14, 1864. Grave 3306.
Loyden, Thomas	"	Sep. 26, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to the Navy May 3, 1864.
Lukens, Alfred N.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Died July 31, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Madison, William	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. D, 16th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 10, 1863.
Markley, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 4, 1864. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Marks, Henry R.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Died at Phila., Pa., Dec. 21, 1862.
Martin, Charles	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Absent sick at muster out of Co. No record of discharge.
Mead, James	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Mensing, John H.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Spotsylvania C. H., Va. Transferred to Co. B, 11th Regt. V. R. C., Feb. 25, 1865.
Murphy, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Richmond, Va., March 31, 1865.
Mulligan, Joseph	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll, June 5, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
McCrea, Henry	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 6, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
McDonough, John	Private	Aug. 9, '62	3	Deserted Sep. 24, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
McKinney, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Died Oct. 10, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., while a prisoner of war.
McLenaghan, Jas.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 7, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
McMurtrie, Hugh	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 29, 1864. Transferred to 1st Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Dec. 28, 1864.
McMurtrie, John	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Transferred to 53d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Nov. 13, 1863.
McNeal, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. No further record.
Nelson, James	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 162d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., March 19, 1864.
Nice, Stephen	"	Mar. 6, '65	1	Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Patterson, Thackeray	"	Aug. 6, '62	3	Discharged for disability Jan. 25, 1863.
Phinney, William	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Also borne as Finney. Died Aug. 11, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., while a prisoner of war.
Ratzell, Alfred	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Reed, William S.	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Jan. 1, 1865.
Reynolds, Thos. J.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged June 6, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Roberts, Joseph B.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Discharged June 7, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Royer, John	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged for disability April 27, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Sheer, George W.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 8, 1862, at Fairfax Seminary, Va.
Sheub, John M.	"	July 13, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment June 3, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Shields, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Dishonorably discharged by sentence of G. C. M. Sep. 29, 1864.
Sidney, Walter	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Feb. 22, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Siegfried, Conrad	"	July 24, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Sent from Richmond, Va., to Andersonville, Ga., June 8, 1864. No further record.
Slough, Henry	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. B, 9th Regt. V. R. C., Oct. 26, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order June 1, 1865.
Smith, William	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 10, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Spain, Richard A.	"	Jan. 23, '64	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 25, 1864. Grave 6823.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Spain, R. Alex.	Private	Aug. 24, '64	1	Discharged May 23, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Spain, Thomas H.	"	Jan. 23, '64	3	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 22, 1864. Grave 6436.
Steinemyer, George	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability March 4, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Stickler, George	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. No further record.
Stout, Peter	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 9, 1863.
Stoy, Henry G.	"	Aug. 7, '63	"	Drafted. Absent sick at muster out of Co. No record of discharge.
Stull, Daniel S.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Died Jan. 13, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Thorp, John	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Discharged for disability July 16, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Tierney, Timothy	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 27, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Tindell, William	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 24, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Tomlinson, Alfred R.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted. Returned. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Torrens, William	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 20, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Townsend, James	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 13, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Turner, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Died Aug. 25, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., while a prisoner of war.
Von Schlumbach, F.	"	July 17, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged May 29, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll, Summit House, Phila., Pa.
Wade, Joseph	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted. Returned. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Walker, William	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863, at Camp Parole, Md.
Weaver, Horace T.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 25, 1865, near Petersburg, Va.
Weitzman, John	"	July 25, '63	"	Drafted. Died Dec. 9, 1863. Buried in National Cemetery Asy., D. C.
Whartenby, John	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 28, 1862, near Sharpsburg, Md.
Wheeler, James S.	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 9, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Williams, Thomas	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Dec. 6, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Withoff, Henry	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Discharged for disability March 9, 1863, at Alexandria, Va.
Wise, William	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Deserted July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa., while in line of battle.
Wyatt, Francis	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Discharged for disability June 29, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Young, George	"	Aug. 27, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. B, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.

Total, 158.

COMPANY "I."

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
C. M. O'Callaghan	Capt.	Aug. 27, '62	3	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged on resignation Feb. 14, 1864.
Alfred N. Wetherill	"	Aug. 27, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Feb. 15, 1863. Honorably discharged March 3, 1863.
Nathaniel Bayne	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Transferred from Co. C and appointed 1st Sgt. Jan. —, 1863. Promoted 2d Lt. March 1, 1863. Transferred to Co. A and promoted 1st Lt. Oct. 27, 1863. Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. A Aug. 9, 1864. Wounded at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 6, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Edmund DeBuck	1st Lt.	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt.-Major to 2d Lt. Nov. 1, 1862; to 1st Lt. Feb. 15, 1863. Resigned Oct. 20, 1863.
George W. Williams	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. C Aug. 11, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William F. Gardner	2d Lt.	Sep. 18, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Lt. Co. G Nov. 1, 1862.
Samuel S. Jones	"	July 29, '62	"	Appointed, but never mustered into the United States service.
James R. Lain	1st Sgt.	Aug. 6, '62	"	Promoted from Sgt. March 1, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William W. Worrell	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. E Oct. 22, 1862.
George Cills, Jr.	Sgt.	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Oct. 22, 1862. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Alfred Layman	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Jan. 1, 1863; to Sgt. Jan. 1, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles C. Baker	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Transferred from Non-Com. Staff and reduced to Sgt. Dec. 6, 1862. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 9, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Theo. G. DeCoursey	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Oct. 1, 1862; to Sgt. Sep. 1, 1863. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, and at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Mustered out with Detachment May 27, to date May 26, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Sebastian Schuhman	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Jan. 1, 1863. Transferred to 65th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Oct. 9, 1863. Discharged by Gen. Order June 27, 1865.
William F. Doane	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted to Commissary Sgt. Dec. 6, 1862.
John Lingo	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Discharged for disability May 2, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Edward Wilkinson	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured in action Aug. 6, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 10, 1864.
Joseph Scott	Corpl.	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Samuel Soby	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. July 8, 1863. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
James Lilly	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Sep. 1, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William H. Hennings	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Promoted to Corpl. May 1, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.

<i>Names</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
William Park	Corpl.	Aug. 23, '62	3	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted to Corpl. May 1, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Simon Bolger	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Sep. 1, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 6, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Joseph A. Hall	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 8, 1865. Discharged for disability June 24, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
William Preston	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. June 1, 1863. Discharged June 24, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Joseph C. Castle	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Discharged Dec. 8, 1863, by S. O. 544 War Dept. to accept commission in another regt.
William Hamson	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Sep. 29, 1862. Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Lewis A. Blair	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Oct. 1, 1862. Died Jan. 14, 1863, at Phila., Pa., of wounds rec'd at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.
Joseph L. Seiders	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Sep. 16, 1862. Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
John McAboy	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
George W. Yeager	Mus.	Aug. 15, '62	"	Prisoner from Sep. 20 to Dec. 10, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Simon C. Shannon	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Discharged by Gen. Order May 18, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Ephraim Layman	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Died Sep. 21, 1862, near Sharpsburg, Md., of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Md., Sec. 26, Lot A, grave 24.
Allman, Henry	Private	Aug. 21, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Anedore, John	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 8, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Avery, Charles	"	Sep. 29, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment June 5, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Barker, Charles C.	"	Aug. 21, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Oct. 31, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Barrett, John	"	Aug. 15, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May 2, 1864, per Gen. Orders 91 and 123 War Dept. March 4, 1864.
Bayne, John	"	Nov. 10, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 20, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Leard, Samuel	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate March 4, 1863, at Reading, Pa.
Bencke, Henry	"	July 18, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 16, 1863.
Betcher, Frederick	"	Nov. 23, '63	"	Substitute. Prisoner from Aug. 21, 1864, to Mar. 4, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order June 29, 1865, per Individual Muster-out roll at Annapolis, Md.
Black, John	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 10, 1864.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Blatz, Henry	Private	Nov. 12, '63	3	Substitute. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 22, 1864.
Boyn, Michael	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 23, 1864, from Hospital at York, Pa.
Brown, George H.	"	Aug. 21, '63	"	Substitute. Prisoner from Dec. 10, 1864, to April 2, 1865. Discharged by Gen. Order Jan. 19, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Annapolis, Md.
Browning, Andrew	"	July 22, '63	"	Substitute. Honorably discharged Aug. 10, 1870, to date June 1, 1865, per Special Order 156, Headquarters Dept. of the East.
Bunting, Howard M.	"	Sep. 29, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate June 30, 1865, at Chester, Pa.
Conner, John	"	Aug. 6, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 16, 1863.
Creelman, William	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Day, Benjamin	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Substitute, also borne on rolls as John Brown. Transferred to Co. A, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Denslow, Lewis F.	"	Sep. 29, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. A, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
DePoaley, William	"	Sep. 15, '63	"	Substitute. Died Oct. 30, 1863, at Washington, D. C. Buried in Mil. Asylum Cemetery.
Donely, Patrick	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Discharged for disability June 1, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Donohoe, Francis	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 9, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Dorson, Michael	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 21, 1862, at Shepherdstown, Va.
Douglas, William	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 7, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Downs, Patrick	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 17, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Duncan, James B.	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Easler, John	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Died April 9, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Echbach, Henry	"	July 17, '63	"	Substitute. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 22, 1864. Discharged for disability June 19, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Enbody, Robert K.	"	Nov. 17, '63	"	Substitute. Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to Dec. 10, 1864. Discharged May 2, 1865, pursuant to S. O. 193 of War Dept., A. G. O., 1865.
Ettinger, Benjamin F.	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 81st Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Dec. 21, 1863.
Fitzgerald, Francis	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 20, 1862, at Shepherdstown, W. Va.
Fogel, Mark	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Died May 15, 1864, at Fredericksburg, Va., of wounds rec'd at Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864.
Folancy, John	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Arrested for desertion Aug. 13, 1863. Tried by G. C. M. Aug. 20, 1863. Sentenced to be shot to death. Sentence executed Aug. 29, 1863, near camp at Beverly Ford, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Francis, Henry	Private	Aug. 8, '62	3	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Fullerton, John A.	"	Aug. 21, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 8, 1864. Grave 8149.
Hacker, Theodore S.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Transferred to 69th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Oct. 7, 1863.
Hamilton, Joseph	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Hamilton, Wm. A.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 13, 1862, from Balloon Corps, Georgetown, D. C.
Henesey, James F.	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Substitute. Rebel deserter. Transferred to Camp Chase, Ohio, Sep. 19, 1863. Trans- ferred to Co. A, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Hennis, Robert H.	"	Aug. 21, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 21, 1862, at Shepherdstown, W. Va.
Housemann, Garret. A.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 28, 1864. Grave 7102.
Hurrelmyer, G. W.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted April 16, 1863, while on furlough. (Gottleib W. Hurrelmyer.)
Hutton, John	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 6, 1864. Grave 7965.
Jenkins, John L.	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 27, 1862, at camp near Sharpsburg, Md.
Jones, William J.	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 19, 1862, at Hagerstown, Md.
Kafer, Jacob	"	Sep. 29, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 7, 1864.
King, John	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Aug. 12, 1863, near Bever- ly Ford, Va.
Koltz, Francis	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. H, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Laskey, John	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to V. R. C., Unassigned Detachment, Washington, D. C., Mar. —, 1864.
Links, Frederick	"	Oct. 15, '63	"	Substitute. Prisoner from June 2, 1864, to Feb. —, 1865. Transferred to Co. H, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Linn, Herman	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 24, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Lippencott, Joshua	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 31, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Little, Joseph C.	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. H, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Logan, Henry C.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 10, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Lower, Isaac	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 5, 1863. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Ludlam, Francis A.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Transferred to Co. D, 1st Regt. V. R. C., Mar. 28, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order July 14, 1865.
Madara, W. H.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 24, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Manning, Charles	Private	Aug. 23, '62	3	Deserted Dec. 13, 1862. Returned May 19, 1865. Transferred to Co. H, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Manning, Samuel Y.	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Transferred to 52d Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Nov. 1, 1864.
Middleton, Robert S.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 20, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Miller, Edgar	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. H, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Monaghan, John	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May 2, 1864, per Gen. Orders 91 and 123, War Dept., A. G. O., Mar. 4, 1864.
Moore, George W.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Deserted July 15, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Morton, George H.	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 13, 1864.
Morrison, Thomas A.	"	Aug. 21, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Musselman, John T.	"	Aug. 26, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 21, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Myers, Andrew B.	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 9, 1864. Grave 8322.
McCoy, John	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
McCracken, Ross	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Sep. 15, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
McDermot, Thos. J.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Died Sep. 23 of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Md., Sec. 26, Lot A, grave 22.
McGarrigal, George	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
McGittigan, Jas. S.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McMee, James	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McSwain, John P.	"	July 17, '63	"	Substitute. Rebel deserter. Transferred to Camp Chase, Ohio, Sep. 19, 1863. Mustered out with Detachment Sep. 28, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
O'Brien, Patrick	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
O'Brien, John	"	July 29, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged May 2, 1864, per Gen. Orders 91 and 123, War Dept., A. G. O., Mar. 4, 1864.
O'Connor, John	"	Aug. 27, '63	"	Substitute. Died Jan. 21, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
O'Neil, Edward	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Park, Robert	"	July 17, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. D, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Parker, Jacob L.	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Beverly Ford, Va., April 23, 1864. Discharged July 26, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Phila., Pa.
Pearson, Edwin	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Pfeifer, Charles	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Dec. 21, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Rainese, John	"	July 31, '63	"	Substitute. Arrested for desertion Aug. 13, 1863. Tried by G. C. M. Aug. 20, 1863. Sentenced to be shot to death. Sentence executed Aug. 29, 1863, near camp at Beverly Ford, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Renick, William	Private	July 15, '63	3	Substitute. Deserted Dec. 20, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Roach, Matthew	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Feb. 18, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Rudman, William	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Nov. 20, 1863, near Kelly's Ford, Va.
Sayre, James T.	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 31, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Schlegal, John R.	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 11, 1864, at Washington, D. C.
Scott, George W.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Shit, Frank	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Dec. —, 1862, at Camp Parole, Md.
Shubert, Henry	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. D, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Shuler, William W.	"	Sep. 23, '63	"	Substitute. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.
Simons, William N.	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Siner, John	"	Aug. 21, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 19, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Smith, Charles	"	Nov. 14, '63	"	Substitute. Transferred to Co. D, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Smith, Jacob W.	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Deserted Nov. 19, 1862, from Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Smith, Robert	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died at Beverly Ford, Va., June 14, 1864.
Smith, Thomas	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 11, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Smith, William	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Substitute. Captured at Weldon R. R. Aug. 21, 1864. Deserted Aug. 31, 1864. Took rebel oath of allegiance.
Sobey, Charles F.	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	Died at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, of wounds rec'd July 2, 1863. Buried in National Cemetery, Sec. D, grave 18.
Solts, Penrose	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted Dec. —, 1862, at Camp Parole, Md.
Sords, Jacob	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 26, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Sourmelian, Wm.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Deserted July 7, 1863. Returned Nov. 23, 1863. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll July 1, 1865, at Fort Delaware.
Strang, Isaac	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 18, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Sullivan, John	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 10, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Taylor, Albert J.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Townsend, Wm.	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	Discharged for disability Oct. 14, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.
Tracy, Edward	"	July 15, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 13, 1863.
Werner, Phillip	"	July 30, '63	"	Substitute. Discharged for disability Feb. 29, 1864, at Camp Barnes, Va.
Wilson, Phillip H.	"	Aug. 21, '62	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862. Mustered out with Detachment June 5, 1865, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Williams, John	Private	Nov. 26, '63	3	Substitute. Deserted April 23, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Winnemore, Chas. C.	"	Aug. 7, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. H, 9th Regt. V. R. C., Sep. 10, 1863.
Woodside, George	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate April 12, 1863, near Falmouth, Va. Burial record, died April 18, 1863. Buried in Military Asylum Cemetery, D. C.
Woolbaugh, Jas. R.	"	Sep. 28, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded in action Oct. 1, 1864. Discharged for disability July 25, 1865, at New York City.
Yeager, Edwin A.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 14, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.
Young, James	"	Aug. 11, '63	"	Substitute. Deserted Oct. 18, 1863, on the march.
Zeigler, Charles H.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged for disability Dec. 29, 1862, at Phila., Pa.

Total, 150.

COMPANY "K."

Joseph W. Ricketts	Capt.	Aug. 21, '62	3	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Lemuel L. Crocker	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. C Sep. 20, 1862. Resigned Feb. 26, 1864.
Charles M. Young	"	Jan. 27, '63	"	Promoted from Sgt. Co. F, 23d Regt. P. V., Jan. 27, 1863, to 1st Lt. April 17, 1863; to Capt. June 6, 1864. Died Oct. 29 of wounds rec'd at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864.
Isaac H. Seesholtz	"	Aug. 1, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Promoted from 1st Lt. Co. E Dec. 14, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William M. McKean	1st Lt.	Aug. 21, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Resigned Mar. 25, 1863.
Joseph Ashbrook	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. C to 2d Lt. Mar. 26, 1863; to 1st Lt. June 6, 1864; ap. Bvt.-Major July 6, 1864; pr. to Capt. Co. H Nov. 8, 1864.
William B. Mayberry	"	July 31, '62	"	Commissioned 2d Lt. Feb. 27, 1864. Not mustered. Promoted from 1st Sgt. Nov. 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
J. Mora. Moss, Jr.	2d Lt.	Aug. 21, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
James B. Wilson	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Co. A Oct. 22, 1862, to 1st Lt. Co. B Jan. 12, 1863.
John R. White	1st Sgt.	July 31, '62	"	Promoted to 2d Lt. Co. G Aug. 29, 1862.
Hillery Snyder	"	July 31, '62	"	Discharged for disability Sep. 9, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Geo. W. Stotensburg	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to 1st Sgt. Nov. 8, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Charles A. Reynolds	Sergt.	Aug. 9, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted July 14, 1863, at Williamsport, Md.
Henry T. Peck	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted to Sgt.-Major Jan. 19, 1863.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Joseph R. Harmer	Sergt.	Aug. 12, '62	3	Discharged Dec. 20, 1862, for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Thomas J. Hyatt	"	July 31, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Harrison L. Stiles	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Theodore B. Fryer	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Discharged for disability Nov. 5, 1864, at Phila., Pa.
Samuel Nugent	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Jan. 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Hiram Lake	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Nov. 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Francis Mullin	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Promoted to Sgt. Nov. 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Arthur Paul	Corpl.	Aug. 11, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Joseph P. Davis	"	July 31, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Sep. 30, 1862, at Fairfax Seminary Gen. Hospital, Va.
Charles S. Calhoun	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Wounded at Mine Run, Va., Nov. 27, 1863. Discharged for disability July 6, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
William Gray	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Detachment May 26, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Francis Harmer	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Discharged for injuries June 30, 1863, at Phila., Pa., rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Anthony Huver	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Sep. 1, 1863. Wounded on skirmish line at Cold Harbor June —, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Phillip Partenheimer	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862, and at Laurel Hill, Va., May 8, 1864. Transferred to Co. B, 19th Regt. V. R. C., Aug. 10, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order Aug. 10, 1865.
William L. Gabe	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded and captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted to Corpl. Mar. 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Thomas H. Gabe	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Nov. 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
William E. Kibby	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll June 9, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Henry Meyers	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Mar. 1, 1865. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
John L. Smith	"	Nov. 10, '62	"	Promoted to Corpl. Mar. 10, 1865. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V. June 1, 1865.
John Stone	Mus.	Aug. 16, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Peter A. Hagarty	"	Aug. 6, '62	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Deserted July 14, 1863, on the march.
Alexander, Geo. F.	Private	July 31, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 21, 1862, near Sharpsburg, Va.
Anderson, William	"	July 31, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Aug. 8, 1863, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Anschorch, Henry	"	Oct. 12, '63	"	Drafted. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Ball, Samuel	Private	Aug. 18, '62	3	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Discharged for disability May 23, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Ball, Thomas M.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Baum, George W.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 19, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Bowman, John	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Transferred to Co. G, 10th Regt. V. R. C., Oct. 5, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 28, 1865.
Brophy, Peter	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability June 2, 1863, at Frederick, Md.
Brown, Jacob	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 20, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Burke, John	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Campbell, Joseph R.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Canon, George D.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, and died Oct. 27, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Carey, John	"	July 20, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Clay, Casper	"	Sep. 26, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted April 26, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Clemson, Tilgham R.	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Discharged for disability Jan. 3, 1865, from Hospital at Phila., Pa.
Clifton, Matthias, Jr.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Transferred to 59th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sep. 12, 1863.
Cole, Christian I.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862; at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862; at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 22, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Cole, John C.	"	July 23, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded and captured at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sep. 8, 1864. Grave 8169.
Conlin, Michael	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment June 3, 1865, at Washington, D. C., as Martin Conlin.
Crage, Thomas	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 6, 1862, at Phila., Pa.
Crosby, Henry T.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to Co. K, 6th Regt. V. R. C., Feb. 20, 1864.
Cunningham, Wm. P.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged May 16, 1864, and commissioned 2d Lt. in U. S. Col. Troops.
Davis, Edward	"	Nov. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Feb. 29, 1864, at Camp Barnes, Va.
Davis, Wm. H. H.	"	July 31, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Dennis, Enoch H.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Transferred to 96th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Feb. 11, 1864.
Deville, Albert	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Dodge, Ansel H.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 1, 1862, at Phila., Pa.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Donaghy, Thomas	Private	Aug. 1, '63	3	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment Sep. 28, 1865, at Phila., Pa. Rebel deserter.
Drew, Joseph	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted July 1, 1863, near Williamsport, Md.
Eberly, Israel	"	July 18, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Edwards, Frederick	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Died Nov. 1, 1863, near Warrenton, Va., 1st Div. Hospital.
Eddowes, Thomas I.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Promoted to 2d Lt. 29th Regt. U. S. C. Troops Oct. 14, 1864. Mustered out Nov. 6, 1865.
Eisenhart, Edwin	"	July 23, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Gay, George	"	Nov. 13, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Hallowell, George W.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 5, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Hallowell, Joseph E.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Captured at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Mustered out on Individual Muster-out roll June 30, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Hamburger, John J.	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted April 22, 1864, near Beverly Ford, Va.
Harrison, Joseph C.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Mar. 4, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Hearmes, Israel	"	July 14, '63	"	Drafted. Died Oct. 10, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., while a prisoner of war.
Hebbling, Philip	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Died Mar. 10, 1864, at Richmond, Va., while a prisoner of war.
Holt, James P.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862; at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864; at Five Forks, Va., Mar. 31, 1865. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll June 13, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Houseworth, Val	"	July 22, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Howell, George H.	"	July 24, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Huff, Charles H.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability at Regimental Hospital Feb. 26, 1863.
Hunter, James	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Huver, John P.	"	Jan. 19, '65	1	Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865. Borne as John Huret.
Huver, Thomas	"	Aug. 22, '64	"	Mustered out with Detachment June 3, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Ives, John	"	Sep. 10, '63	3	Drafted. Deserted Oct. 19, 1863, near Foxe's Mills, Va.
Jones, Samuel M.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll May 20, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Justice, John J.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Died July 8, 1865, at Convalescent Gen. Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Kerns, Frederick	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Died Mar. 16, 1864, at Richmond, Va., while a prisoner of war.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
King, Joseph R.	Private	Aug. 11, '62	3	Deserted July 1, 1863, near Williamsport, Md.
Kirchenmann, J. J.	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Died Oct. 7, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md., of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Knorr, John	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged Dec. 26, 1862, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Kressler, Isaac	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Kressler, William	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Lane, William	"	Nov. 14, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Lang, Franz	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Transferred to Co. K, 11th Regt. V. R. C., Feb. 25, 1865. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Oct. 31, 1865.
Lake, Ruben	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Died Oct. 18, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Lawrence, George W.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Transferred to Co. D, 24th Regt. V. R. C., Jan. 25, 1864. Discharged by Gen. Order June 27, 1865.
Leeser, George I.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Wounded at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll June 9, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Lenoir, George W.	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Wounded near Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 18, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Lloyd, John T.	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Mar. 18, 1864, at 3d Div. U. S. A. Gen. Hospital, Alexandria, Va.
Ludy, Samuel I.	"	Aug. 16, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Lukens, Joseph	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864, at Five Forks, Va., Mar. 31, 1864. Mustered out on Detachment Muster-out roll Oct. 13, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
March, Henry C.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Va., Sep. 30, 1864. Discharged for disability June 20, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Marshall, George W.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Transferred to 59th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C., Sep. 12, 1863.
Martin, Thomas I.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Prisoner from July 2, 1864, to April 5, 1865. Mustered out June 5, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll, at Annapolis, Md.
Mathews, Henry	"	Aug. 9, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Miller, Charles	"	Sep. 9, '63	"	Drafted. Deserted Jan. 20, 1864, at Beverly Ford, Va.
Miller, John	"	July 7, '63	"	Drafted. Discharged for disability Sep. 9, 1865, at Phila., Pa.
Miller, Joseph	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment May 30, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Montgomery, Andrew	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Mullin, James I.	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Died Feb. 14, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Murray, Peter	Private	July 30, '63	3	Drafted. Deserted Jan. 29, 1864, from picket line.
McAlphin, Robert	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McCanless, G.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862; at Rappahannock Station, Va., Nov. 7, 1863. Discharged for disability May 3, 1864, at Washington, D. C.
McCormick, Patrick	"	Oct. 15, '63	"	Drafted. Mustered out with Detachment May 25, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
McGovern, Patrick	"	Oct. 15, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
McIlhaney, Samuel	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Discharged for disability April 15, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
McKenna, James	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
McKnight, James	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 15, 1864.
Ogden, Richard C.	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Deserted Jan. 1, 1863, from Camp Parole, Md.
Oliver, Richard	"	Jan. 9, '65	1	Transferred to Co. F., 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Pattison, Robert	"	Aug. 13, '62	3	Deserted July 4, 1863, near Frederick, Md.
Percival, Thomas R.	"	Aug. 4, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 11, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Pickens, James	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 1, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Riley, William	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., Mar. 29, 1864. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865. Also borne as Wriley.
Rose, Robert	"	Aug. 28, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded and captured at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 29, 1864.
Roster, John	"	July 30, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., Mar. 29, 1864. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Saxton, Charles	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Captured at Peeble's Farm, Va., Oct. 1, 1864. Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Schwoerer, Ambrose	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Deserted Oct. 1, 1862, near Sharpsburg, Md.
Schwoerer, Henry	"	July 31, '62	"	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate April 15, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.
Shaw, Samuel, Jr.	"	Aug. 8, '62	"	Discharged for disability Feb. 24, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Shields, John C.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Transferred to Co. D, 11th Regt. V. R. C., Mar. 16, 1864.
Sigel, August	"	July 31, '62	"	Deserted Aug. 7, 1862, at Camp Union, Phila., Pa.
Simmers, Charles	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Discharged for disability Jan. 6, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
Siner, Thomas	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Discharged Feb. 19, 1863, at Phila., Pa., for wounds rec'd at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Smith, Benjamin F.	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Deserted July 4, 1863, at Williamsport, Md.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Smith, Charles	Private	Sep. 9, '63	3	Drafted. Discharged for disability April 21, 1864, at Carver Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Stockton, Daniel	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Stockton, William D.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Swartz, Levi	"	July 23, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. —, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865. No record of transfer found.
Swartz, Samuel	"	July 23, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded May 18, 1864. Transferred to Co. E, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Toland, Hiram C.	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864. Died at Phila., Pa., May 31, 1864.
Tyson, Thomas	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability Mar. 16, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Vice, Jonathan	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Deserted July 4, 1863, near Frederick, Md.
Walraven, Stanley	"	Aug. 11, '62	"	Died at Warrenton, Va., Nov. 16, 1862.
Wallace, Alonzo R.	"	Aug. 5, '62	"	Deserted Sep. 20, 1862, near Sharpsburg, Md.
Warner, Lewis	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Died Nov. 21, 1862, at Alexandria, Va.
Welch, James	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.
Wilkins, Charles	"	Sep. 10, '63	"	Drafted. Transferred to Co. G, 91st Regt. P. V., June 1, 1865.
Wilson, James	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Deserted Sep. —, 1862, at Washington, D. C.
Wiseman, Henry	"	Nov. 16, '63	"	Drafted. Absent sick at muster out of Co. No record of discharge.
Wolfenden, Edward	"	Aug. 13, '62	"	Mustered out with Co. June 1, 1865.
Wright, Charles	"	July 15, '63	"	Drafted. Wounded at Five Forks, Va., Mar. 31, 1864. Mustered out June 2, 1865, on Individual Muster-out roll at Washington, D. C.
Young, William	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Wounded at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862. Discharged for disability May 4, 1863, at Phila., Pa.
Zimmerman, C. H.	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	Killed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sep. 20, 1862.

Total, 153.

UNASSIGNED MEN.

Bier, John	Private	Mar. 7, '65	1	Substitute. Deserter from 118th Regt. P. V.
Burke, Christian	"	Aug. 28, '63	3	Substitute. Discharged for disability Dec. 17, 1863, at Camp Convalescent, Va.

Total, 2.

SUBSTITUTES

For Drafted men, who Deserted while on their way to join the 118th Regt. P. V., at Camp near Bealton Station, Va., on or before Aug. 6, 1863, and prior to Dec. 4, 1863.

Acton, William	Private	Sep. 24, '63	3	Deserted Nov. 26, 1863, at Relay House, Md. No further record.
Barker, William E.	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Bennett, William	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.

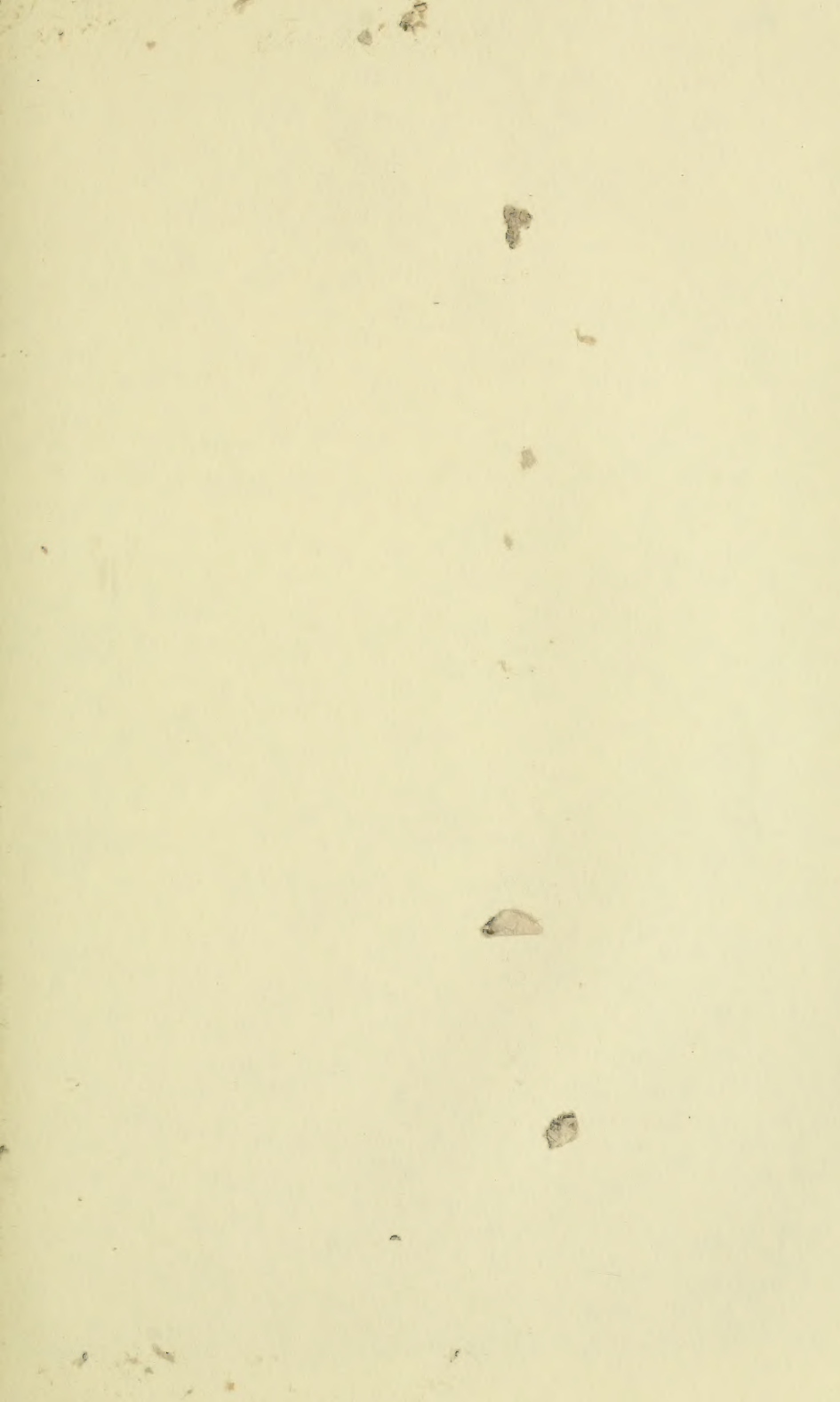
<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
Denson, Thomas	Private	July 31, '63	3	No further record.
Bowland, William	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Bosquier, Charles	"	July 29, '63	"	No further record.
Brown, Charles	"	Sep. 26, '63	"	Deserted Nov. 27, 1863, at Alexandria, Va. No further record.
Brown, George	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Brown, Mark	"	Sep. 26, '63	"	Deserted Nov. 27, 1863, at Alexandria, Va. No further record.
Byrne, Edward	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Carroll, Richard K.	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Champlain, Jerome	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Cobb, I. R.	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Conrad, George	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Crawford, George	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Doughaney, Morris	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Dubois, Charles	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Edmund, Francis	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Elliott, William	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Garrett, George	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Hanson, James	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Harris, Richard	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Harrington, Ovid I.	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Harvey, Thomas	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Hill, William	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Kitchen, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Kriss, Amos	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Kuhm, George	"	July 15, '63	"	(Alias G. Weik.) Arrested Aug. 13, 1863. Tried by G. C. M. Aug. 20, 1863. Sentenced to be shot to death. Sentence executed Aug. 29, 1863, near camp at Beverly Ford, Va.
Lai, Emile	"	July 30, '63	"	Arrested Aug. 13, 1863. Tried by G. C. M. Aug. 20, 1863. Sentenced to be shot to death. Sentence executed Aug. 29, 1863, near camp at Beverly Ford, Va.
Lambert, John	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Larken, Peter	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Leishorn, Peter	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Manning, John	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record,
Marshall, Henry	"	Sep. 24, '63	"	Deserted Nov. 27, 1863, at Alexandria, Va. No further record.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Enrol- ment.</i>	<i>Term, yrs.</i>	
McDonnell, Patrick	Private	Aug. 1, '63	3	No further record.
Miller, Frederick	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Miller, John	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Miller, John G.	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Millon, Dennis	"	July 29, '63	"	No further record.
Morton, Joseph	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Muller, Thomas	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Murry, John	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Nixon, Benjamin	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Price, William D.	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Schlegel, Christian	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Smith, James	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Smith, James	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Smith, John	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Smith, John	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Stewart, James	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Taylor, Rolla	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Taylor, Wm. Thos. L.	"	July 30, '63	"	No further record.
Turner, John	"	Aug. 1, '63	"	No further record.
Ullrich, Michael	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Walter, Charles	"	July 31, '63	"	Arrested Aug. 13, 1863. Tried by G. C. M. Aug. 20, 1863. Sentenced to be shot to death. Sentence executed Aug. 29, 1863, near camp at Beverly Ford, Va.
Wettson, Frank	"	July 31, '63	"	No further record.
Wilson, Michael	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.
Wilson, William	"	July 15, '63	"	No further record.

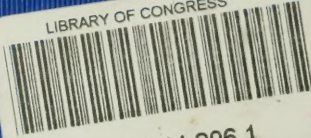
Total, 58.

SUMMARY OF ROSTER.

Field and Staff	25	Co. G	145
Co. A	156	Co. H	158
Co. B	139	Co. I	150
Co. C	137	Co. K	153
Co. D	146	Unassigned men	2
Co. E	147	Substitutes for Drafted men	58
Co. F	137	<i>Total</i>	<i>1553</i>



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